THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Bill Evans

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s,

How the Catalytic Exhaust Converter contributes to savings.

The Catalytic Converter was conceived to help us meet this year's more stringent EPA requirements for hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions . . . which it does. As a matter of fact, as these emissions pass through the converter, a catalyst of platinum and palladium—the same metals found in fine jewelry—acts to chemically change these emissions into water vapor and carbon dioxide, the gas that makes the bubbles in soda pop.

At the same time, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the Catalytic Exhaust Converter, we were able to recalibrate the engine for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-up and smoother overall performance.

Unleaded gas can save you money on maintenance, too.

If you were to use regular gasoline with The System, the lead in it would, in time, form a coating around the catalyst, spark plugs and valves that would reduce efficiency. But by using unleaded gasoline, you get cleaner air, your spark plugs last up to 22,500 miles, you can go up to 7,500 miles between oil changes, and your tailpipe and muffler should even last longer, to say nothing of prolonging the life of the catalyst.

The muscle behind The System—GM's High Energy Ignition.

Electronic ignitions have been around for some time now, but there's never been anything to match our new High Energy Ignition (HEI).

To begin with, its name comes from the fact that it can deliver up to 35,000 volts, against only 25,000 volts for th older ones. Since it can deliver higher voltages, it can fire marginal fuel mixtures under adverse conditions and give yo quicker starts with less drain o the battery. What's more, there are no points to require periodic replacement and no ignition condenser to wear out. Think how much that alone will save you on tuneups.

The HEI is virtually impervious to moisture, dirt and road splash, so even in damp or wet weather you should get quick starts.

It's pretested as a complete unit, so there's less chance of human error in the assembly process.

And as we mentioned earlie spark plug life is lengthened so you'll get "new car" performance longer.

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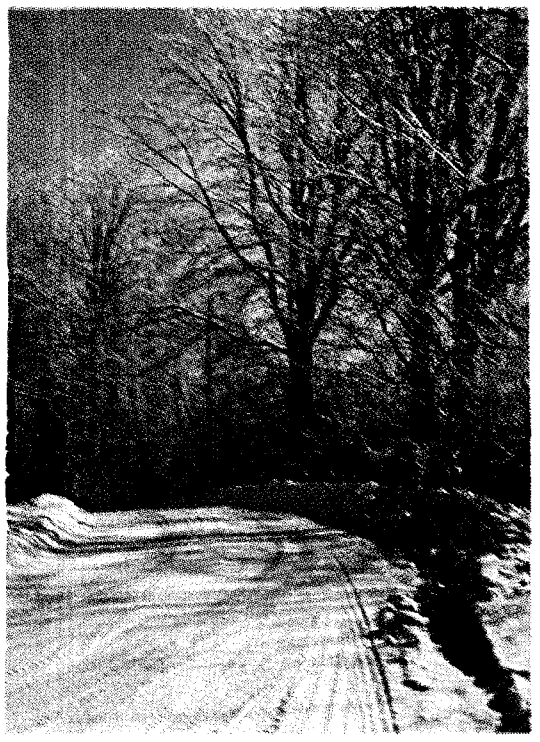
he System as a warm heart.

cold weather, an automobile ngine simply needs more asoline during starting and



arm-up to overcome the asoline's slower vaporization. ut for 1975, many GM engines ave a new Fast Warm-up apability that allows the choke disengage faster.

This, combined with the fact at our new High Energy nition will ignite gasoline/ ir mixtures over a wider range f temperatures, means you an help stretch your gasoline ollar.

The rest of The System helps, too.

While perhaps not as dramatic as our Catalytic Converter and High Energy Ignition, we think you'll also appreciate a few other things we've done to improve gas mileage and performance for 1975.

First, we recalibrated the Torque Converter on our Turbo Hydra-matic transmission to respond more positively and activate quicker. By making it more efficient, you can get better fuel economy and more positive throttle response.

In addition, the GM Specification Steel-belted Radial Tire is available on all 1975 GM cars. It offers better traction in snow and wet, plus lower rolling resistance. The sum total is that you get longer tire life and better operating economy.

GM
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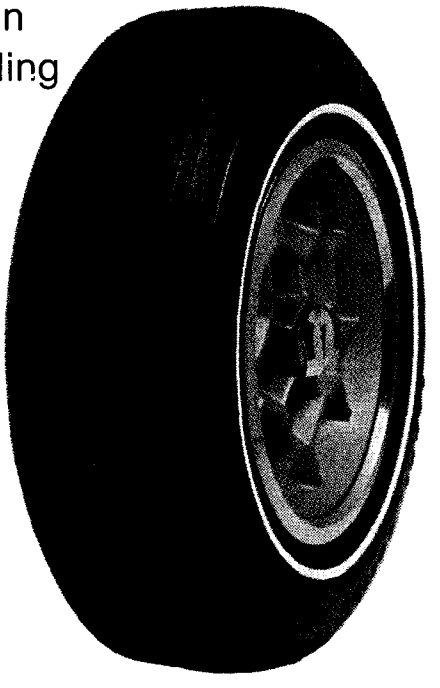
"You Can't Beat The System."

It's an old saying, but with the new Maximum Mileage System, we think our new GM cars offer you a big plus this year over previous years. You'll like the performance we've restored. You won't have to go in for service as often. You'll enjoy improved operating economy. And you'll be driving the cleanest cars in General Motors history.

For 1975, we can say more proudly than ever . . .

We want you to drive what you like and like what you drive.



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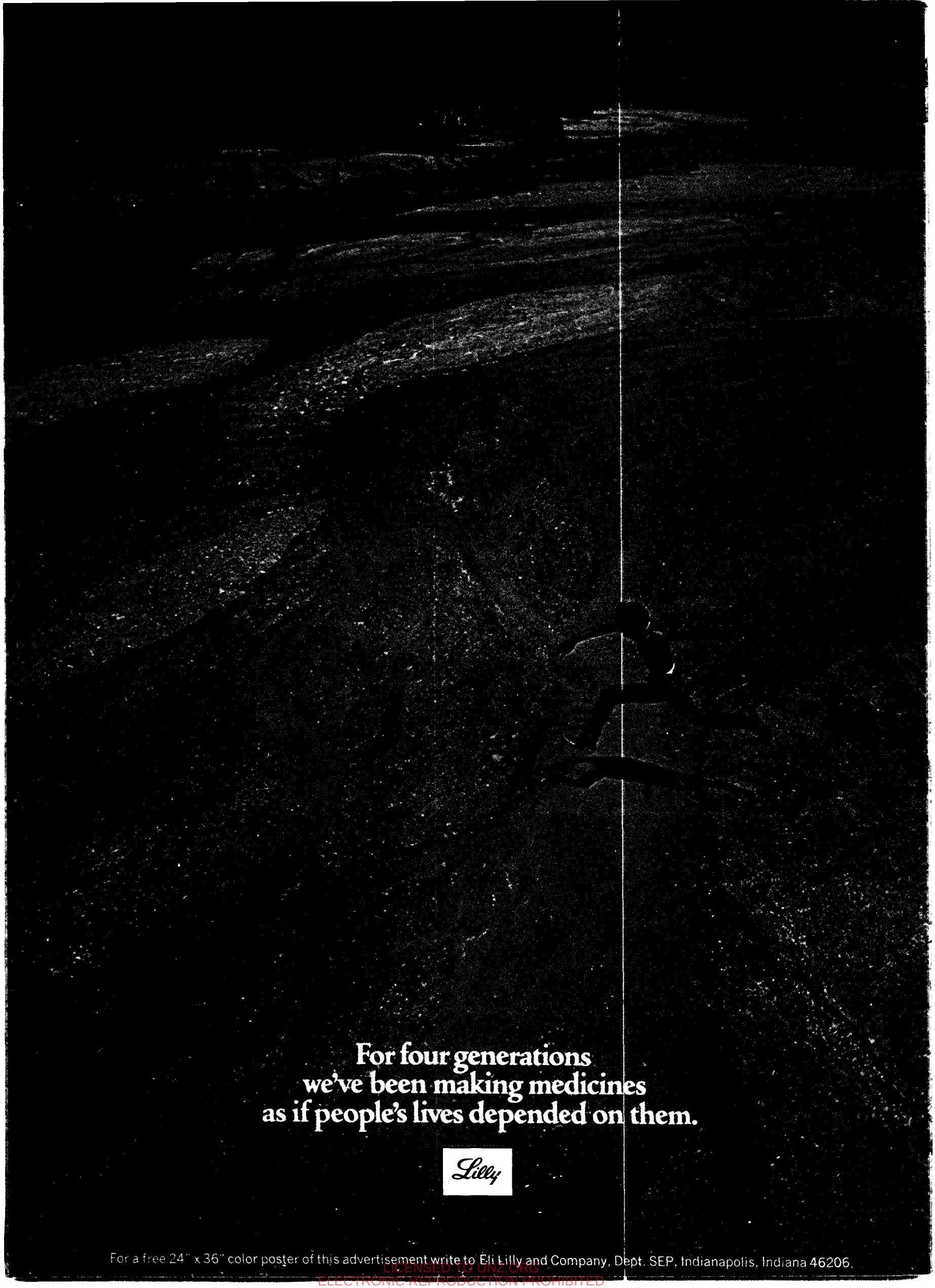

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Cover Painting of Mary Tyler Moore by Bill Ware

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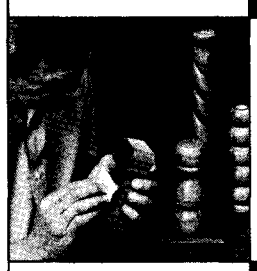

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Letters to the Editor

SEP As Reading Teacher

I am eighteen years of age and enjoy *The Saturday Evening Post* tremendously. I collect old issues and am attempting to make as nearly complete a set as possible. Yours is actually the only magazine I purchase on a regular basis.

The owner of the store where I purchase it told me that when she was in her teens, the students at school were taught by reading *The Saturday Evening Post* with all its fine features. She attributed her love of reading today to that early pattern. She added that as her children grew up, she made this magazine required reading in her home.

What a terrific magazine! I know that there are few things that give me as much pleasure as reading the *Post* with its art, stories of then and now and other prize features at a bargain price in today's economy.

If you could print some good Western stories as you used to, my pleasure in *The Saturday Evening Post* would be complete.

Barry J. Rosenstein
Brooklyn, New York

Epileptic Alert

I would like to thank you for your answer concerning epilepsy in "Medical Mailbox" in the April issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

As an epileptic, I am glad to see correct and simply stated information in a magazine with such a large number of readers.

In your column you might mention the Medic Alert Foundation. Their bracelets and cards have been very helpful to people such as myself. Keep up the good work.

Judith Keaton
San Francisco, California

Launching An Era

My family and I enjoyed George Frazier's write-up, "Scott Fitzgerald: The Gatsby Legend" very much. I got "hooked" on Fitzgerald and his absolute genius for being able to put into words the most seemingly abstract observations and feelings when I was a teen in the late 1940's. I've never outgrown my fervent admiration for his stories and novels and still reread them frequently. Now my own teenagers appear to be caught up in this newest resurgence of interest in him; a sixteen-year-old son who is reading with fascination the new book of the combined "Basil" and "Josephine" stories, and a fourteen-year-old daughter who just went on a "field trip with her high school class to see *The Great Gatsby* and reported that it was "wonderful."

It is ironic that a man who aged so fast physically in life would be so ageless in death.

Your magazine was a staunch supporter of his through good times and bad, the mark of a true friend. So much of his work was written for the *Post*. Since you did support him through some of those rough years he had, it must make you feel good to know you gave sustenance to one of the purest talents ever kept alive through every sort of personal and professional hardship!

Sally Stickney Kyzer
Westminster, California

See What C Can Do

Having read your article, "Vitamin C and the Common Cold" (April 1974), I would like to add my experience with this food supplement after many years of use.

I take a minimum of 500 milligrams of vitamin C three times a day with meals, and double this if I "feel" a cold coming.

I have also found that vitamin C is helpful in dealing with other health problems. At age eighty, my circulation system and heart performance amaze my doctor.

Too, I have found that massive doses of vitamin C prevent the formation of plaque or tartar on the teeth and dentures (I have all my original teeth except four) and that the daily use of vitamin C also prevents the return of hemorrhoids, which have been a lifelong plague.

Most of my doctors have indicated that they feel my vitamin regime is unnecessary but all have said, "Well, your kidneys will dispose of what your system cannot use without harm." My present doctor says, "You are your own best laboratory and why change a system that keeps your circulation on a par with that of a man half your age?"

It is unquestionably true that "one man's meat may be another man's poison," but the observant pill popper should be able to judge his own feelings and results. Some vitamins must be taken with care (especially vitamin A capsules), of course, and only on the advice of a physician. However, the vitamins niacin, B_1 and C are basically food supplements and not drugs—which is a distinction that should be kept in mind.

Paisley T. Hines
Greensboro, North Carolina

Natural Concern

The home-birth account by Susan Eisenhower Bradshaw in the May '74 *Post* was just great. It was wonderfully written. I had to take time out (from laundry sorting, cooking, cleaning) to commend you before the day gets on.

I am the mother of six children ranging from twenty to eight ("all wanted") and very actively involved in La Leche League here in the Utica area (central New York State).

Your article will be cherished by all those young people who are espousing more natural deliveries. Here in Utica we *still* do not have rooming-in!

One of our La Leche members did have a home delivery last July but not on such a fine arrangement as they have in England. Midwives are unknown here.

I will be looking for more news of Mrs. Bradshaw and her family.

Bess Jones
New Hartford, New York

Approving Seal

Upon reading "The Quality of Mercy" by Rob Park (June/July 1974) I was reminded of a *true* story of compassion from the life of the late Niels I. Poulsen, Brigadier-General in World War II and one of our Ansonia heroes.

Poulsen was stationed in Alaska at the time. One day a seal was beached on the rocky coast. I have forgotten the cause of the mishap—perhaps a severe storm—and I have been unable to verify this cause from his family, for they have not located this story in the voluminous records of his experiences.

At first the stranded seal struggled a bit to try to reach the water; then, exhausted, he lay back in a comatose condition. Seeing his plight, Poulsen gave it a shot of Adrenalin. The dose worked. Very soon the seal came alive, made the sea, swam out a distance, turned, swam back close to the shore, raised his head and flippers as if in grateful salute, turned again, and sailed away into his element.

How like Park's this true story is! Big men do have a reverence for life—all life.

Lois Jeynes Denny
Ansonia, Connecticut

Xerox in Medicine

I have just finished reading the June/July issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Your comments and interest in the subject of breast cancer are most appreciated by us at Xerox. We have tried to bring the use of xeroradiography to this specialized area, because we are convinced of its diagnostic value for the entire medical field.

You may not have realized it but Detroit is really the genesis of Xerox's interest and activity in this area through our work, which has continued through today, with Dr. John Wolfe, Chief of Radiology at Hutzel Hospital.

William R. Brown
Xerox Corporation
El Segundo, California

Quality Control

When a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* recently wrote to Arthur R. Taylor, President of CBS, attributing to him comments that had actually been made by John A. Schneider, President of the CBS/Broadcast Group, we took occasion to read the Message from the Editor in your June/July issue.

The error, we note, was not your reader's, but that of the *Post*. While Mr. Taylor and Mr. Schneider are in agreement as to the views you quoted, they were from a Schneider speech to which Mr. Taylor added an introductory tab. Mr. Schneider's name is conspicuously absent from your text.

I should also point out that you were not correct in your final quotation. Mr. Schneider said: "I do not think that the First Amendment and freedom of the press are in any imminent danger. I do not fear any drastic moves against the indepen-

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dence of television news. However, I feel that some people are moving in a direction that may impinge on those freedoms." In using the last two sentences of this quotation, you chose to eliminate the next-to-the-last word and substitute *our*.

Let me assure you that what you describe as the beginning of a "a process of introspection relative to the swelling criticism from the electorate" is not at all new for American journalism. All of us, whether in the print or broadcast media, have our work constantly exposed to the judgment of the reading, listening and viewing public. All of us, and I am sure that this includes *The Saturday Evening Post*, are constantly aware that in the multiplicity of voices and media conveying information to the American public we will and must be judged by the quality of our work.

Given the opportunity to select, the American public has consistently demonstrated its confidence, through the volume of audience attention, in broadcasting in general and CBS in particular. In this regard, the title of Mr. Schneider's remarks might well have been included in your article: "The First Amendment: 'Not for the Good of the Press but for the Good of the Public.'" With all good wishes.

E.K. Meade, Jr.,
Vice-President
Columbia
Broadcasting System, Inc.
New York, New York

The Post *did refer to CBS's Mr. Schneider by title instead of by name. Mr. Schneider's speech, however, was sent to us by Mr. Taylor and had his card attached. We regret the apparent misunderstanding.—Ed.*

Closer Than You Think

Gene Bryan and *The Saturday Evening Post* should be commended for capturing much of the spirit and bigness of the "Old West Trail States" in the article published in the May 1974 edition of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

However, I would like to correct one statement concerning the nearest Amtrak station to Medora and the Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park.

In the article it stated that Bismarck, the capital city and 133 miles east of Medora, was "the nearest commercial air terminal and Amtrak station." Dickinson, which is located only thirty-six miles east of the historic city, has the nearest Amtrak station. In addition, this city, which boasts a population of approximately 13,500, has daily Amtrak service and car rentals available as well as a hotel and numerous motels.

John E. Neckels
Dickinson, North Dakota

Meet a mileage expert who can help you save gas with AC

Your mileage expert is likely to be your favorite service station dealer or mechanic. He's a good man to know. He'll show you how to help make your car perform better... and how to help get your mile's worth out of every gallon you buy.

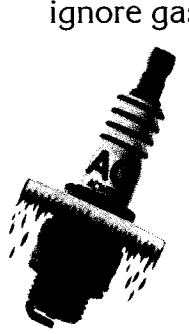
He knows if you have just one misfiring spark plug in an eight-cylinder engine, you can be robbed of more than two gallons of gasoline out of every twenty you buy.

Meet Lou—Lou, of Lou's Service, is actually Norm Alden, well known motion picture and television actor. Norm has been portraying the typical service station operator/mechanic on behalf of AC Spark Plugs and AC Oil Filters on national television. This fall, "Lou" is back, bigger and better than ever . . . on CBS/TV National Football League action, Lou is reminding car owners of the advantages of installing AC Spark Plugs and AC Oil Filters.

He can tell you that a tune-up with new AC Spark Plugs can help improve your mileage.

AC has the right spark plugs engineered for most every car and for your kind of driving. So stop in and see your mileage expert . . . he knows which AC Spark Plugs are right for you.

In times like these, who can afford to ignore gasoline-saving advice like this?



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YOU SPRECHEN FLUENT DEUTSCH IN EINE HOUR

By Charles Brady

I have developed a radical method of teaching German which will make it possible after sixty minutes of study for the average American student to speak the language like a Heidelberg professor. I call my system the Brady All-Round Deutsch (BAD) language course.

It was motivated by the blatant use of American words and phrases in German newspapers (Das Deutsche know-how), advertising (Sauerkraut Hair Spray fur das Pretty Look), and television (Ein talk show live aus Hamburg). I have formed hundreds of these Americanisms into a vocabulary and combined it with an appropriate German grammar and word list. This, then, fitting Americanisms to German, is the key to the BAD course. An example. A German says: Ich bin glucklich. I am happy. Glucklich is a difficult word for Americans to pronounce and remember. Most Germans understand the word happy so the BAD student learns: Ich bin happy!

A Berlitz instructor once told me, "If you can speak English, you can speak German." At BAD the motto is "If you can speak American, you are already speaking German." The Germans already speak American. They just don't know it.

Well, not *all* Germans. In fairness I must admit that the BAD course will get one through most, though not all, of Germany. Like any other land, Germany has its backward areas. For example, in Bavaria the natives not only do not speak American, they are still trying to learn German.

But BAD should be good for the tourist industry. Previously millions of Americans who did not want to hassle a foreign language visited only those lands where English was spoken (Great Britain, Ireland) or a form of English was spoken (Australia, Texas). Now with BAD schools soon to open throughout the United States, Germany can expect the greatest rush of Americans since the spring of 1945.

It was in Berlin that I developed the course and there that I found my first student. He was a young American from upstate New York who was stopping Berliners on the Kurfurstendamm and confusing them with the question, "Wo ist der Flughafen?"

"You mean airport," I said, when he approached me.

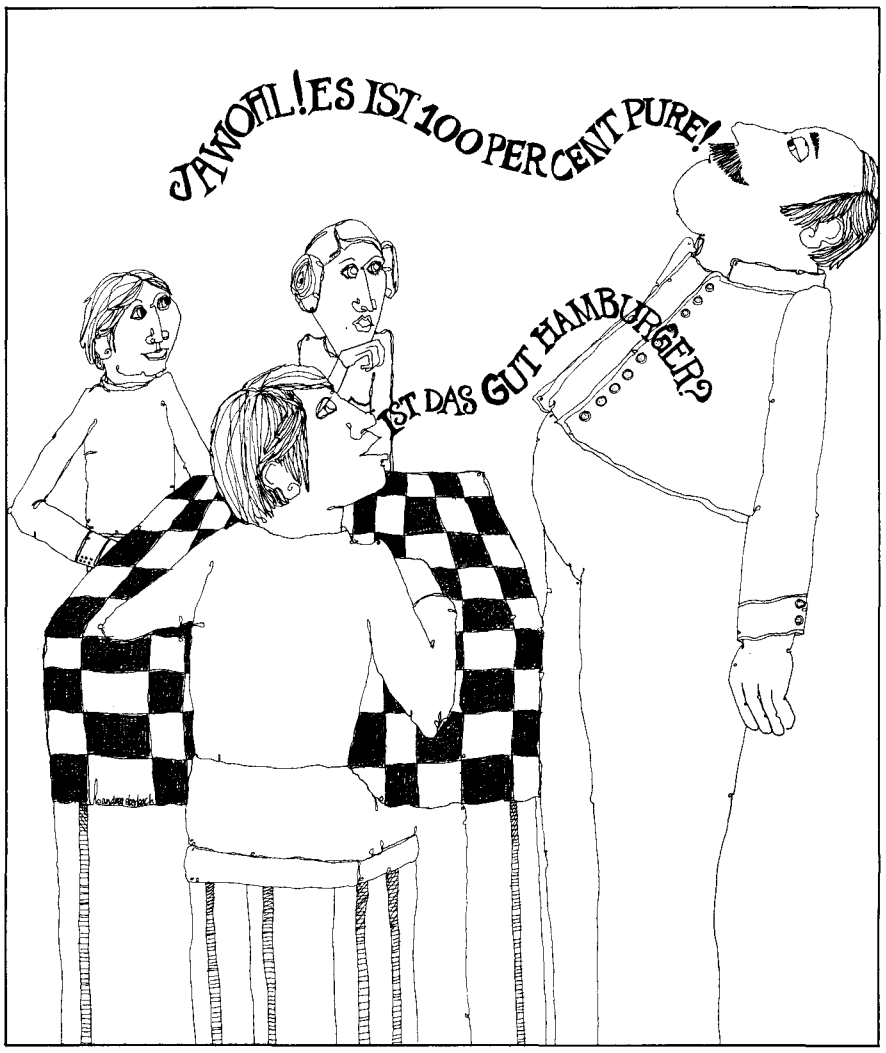
"I thought Flughafen was the airport," he said wearily.

"Wrong," I said. "Berliners are a cosmopolitan people who wouldn't be caught dead understanding an old-fashioned word like Flughafen."

"I didn't know," he murmured, his cheeks flushing.

"What do you think would happen if you stopped a New Yorker and asked, 'Where is the Aerodrome?' "

"I see what you mean," he said.



I signed him on the spot and gave him the American and German vocabulary lists to study.

"Is the final exam written or oral?" he asked, looking over the text papers.

"Oral," I said. "It consists of engaging a German girl in conversation and making a date with her."

He looked up quickly from his studies. "This is a helluva school you got here," he said leering.

"I thought you'd like it," I said smiling.

It took him, my first student (his name was Mr. Deming Payne), an hour and a half before he was ready for finals. This was an overrun of thirty minutes and at first I feared it was the fault of the course. But I was delighted to learn later that the overrun resulted from Mr. Payne's below-average IQ.

At the Cafe Schloss-Marquardt, a sidewalk cafe on the Kudamm, we took chairs at a table where a beautiful blonde girl was seated reading a book and sipping a coffee. Teaching Mr. Payne was strenuous work and I looked hungrily at the menu. He looked hungrily at the girl. The waiter came.

"Jawohl!" said the waiter.

I led off to give my student time to collect his wits. "Ich mochte ein quick lunch," I snapped authoritatively to the waiter.

"Jawohl!" he said, clicking his heels.

"Ein hot dog mit pickles und mustard und ein Pepsi-Cola."

"Jawohl!"

The waiter looked expectantly at my student and Mr. Payne's big moment had arrived. Without a sign of nervousness he began ripping off fluent German. "Ist das gut hamburger?" were his first memorable words.

"Jawohl!" answered the waiter. "Es ist 100 percent pure."

"Ich mochte ein hamburger und ein Coca-Cola," Mr. Payne said, speaking the language briskly with all the confidence of a BAD student.

I gave him the thumbs-up sign. He had a cocky smile as the waiter left. "He probably never guessed I was an American."

"You sounded exactly like Wernher von Braun," I said proudly.

"Hello!" said young Mr. Payne to the girl, flushed with confidence. "Ist das ein love story oder ein thriller?"

The beautiful blonde girl looked up and laughed. "Es ist kein bestseller," she said, holding up a textbook. "Es hat kein happy end."

"Sind Sie ein college girl?" Mr. Payne asked.

She shook her head. "Ich habe einen job. Ich bin sales und service representative fur IBM."

The waiter set a Coke and a Pepsi-Cola on the table. Mr. Payne noticed the girl's empty coffee cup. "Mochten Sie ein drink?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Okay. Aber kein long drink. Ein martini."

"Ein martini ist fur anytime, anyplace," Mr. Payne said.

"Ein martini ist sehr correct," I added.

The waiter brought our food. "Ein martini on the rocks," the girl said to him.

"Jawohl!" he clicked his heels, about-faced, and marched to the bar.

Continued on page 141

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Pepsi cares about kids... that's why Stan Smith's on the job.

Stan Smith and the Pepsi-Cola Youth Sports Program are giving a lot of kids something they can keep for a lifetime. Stan's the director of our program—bringing tennis, skiing, bicycling and soccer to neighborhoods all over the country. Local communities and the Pepsi-Cola Company provide the facilities and equipment—the kids provide the enthusiasm, energy and interest. When young people compete in the Pepsi-Cola Youth Sports Program, they learn skills and sportsmanship that they can use tomorrow—while they're having a lot of fun today.

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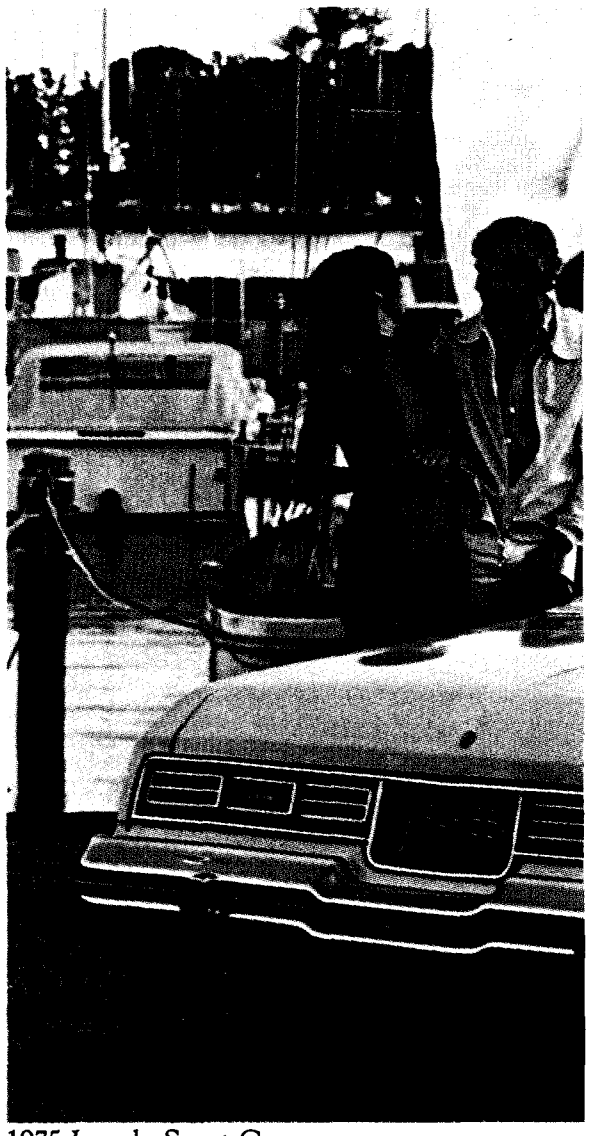
1975 IMPALA.

IT RUNS LEANER. IT RUNS CLEANER. IT SAVES YOU MONEY EVERY MILE.



1975 Impala Sport Coupe

All the benefits of full size, plus new economies, too.

Impala for '75 still provides a lot of room, ride, comfort and usable trunk space for the many thousands of people who can't settle for less than a full-size car.

It also has the new Chevrolet Efficiency System, built into every 1975 Impala, which represents a significant step toward economy. The System is a group of interrelated engineering improvements designed to help clean the air and save you money.

Run leaner? Run cleaner? What's that mean?

For instance, when businesses run leaner, they run more economically. That's what our 1975 Impalas are designed to do, and that's why we've

adopted the phrase *run leaner.* By *run cleaner* we mean the 1975 Impalas are designed to meet the stiffer new Federal emission standards, with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-lead fuel.

Improved fuel economy.

All 1975 Impalas with standard V8 engines are designed to bring you improved fuel economy, thanks to the new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling, GM-Specification steel-belted radial ply tires.

Models with available V8s are also designed for improved fuel economy; but because of its high-performance capability, our 454-cubic-inch V8 will show limited improvement.

Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition,

standard on all 1975 Impalas, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition systems deliver. We wanted to make it possible for you to approach your Impala with greater confidence on cold, wet or humid mornings.

Faster warm-ups.

Chevrolet's new Early Fuel Evaporation is designed to reduce stall and chugging when you first start out. EFE uses exhaust gases in a more sophisticated way to warm the incoming fuel-air mixture. This makes warm-up not only faster, but smoother.

Better performance.

Clearly, 1975 Impalas are designed to be better performers than those of the last few years.

And with catalytic converters now taking over most of the emission control job, our engines can do what Chevy engines have long been famous for: Deliver smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

With High Energy Ignition, there are no points to replace, and there's no ignition condenser to replace. Spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent

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adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lubes.

For 1975, we've been able to extend our recommended maintenance as follows: *Oil change and chassis lube*—every six months or 7,500 miles (an increase of two months or 1,500 miles). *Oil filter change*—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 miles (an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change, 3,000 miles for each later one). *Automatic transmission fluid change*—every 30,000 miles (an increase of 6,000 miles).

All that and cleaner air.

With Chevrolet's catalytic converter, we've met the new Federal emission reductions: Exhaust hydrocarbons down 50% from 1974, carbon monoxide reduced 46% from 1974.

We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

As you've seen, this is a serious ad, written to be as helpful as we can make it at announcement time. But it's far from the last word you'll hear from us about the new Chevrolet Efficiency System.

It's important for you to learn about the System, of course. But it's important to remember this: The engineering facts and figures we have at this writing support what we're telling you. However, as we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information than we can now. So as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours. With that understanding, you can see that today is no more than step No. 1 in introducing the System to you.

Impala makes more sense than ever.

We believe the engineering improvements we've described here, combined with the virtues that have made Impala America's favorite car, make Impala for '75 a truly great value. And (we'd like to immodestly add), Impala for '75 looks pretty good, too. Take another glance at the pictures on these pages and notice Impala's sporty roof line and stylish new grille. Then take a better look at your Chevrolet dealer's soon.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

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MANSFIELD OF MONTANA

The Senate Majority leader is hewn from bedrock America.

By Paul Healy

Paul F. Healy has been the top White House correspondent for the **New York Daily News** ***since the Kennedy administration and written extensively about White House affairs. Past articles for the*** **Post** ***have included pieces on Lyndon B. Johnson, Richard M. Nixon, John F. Kennedy, and Barry Goldwater. His most recent article, "Sunday Afternoon With the Ronald Reagans," was in the April 1974 issue.***

When I called on Senator Mike Mansfield for an in-depth interview, I had no idea how long he would put up with me. Mansfield is known in the news media as the "fastest gun in the West" (and East, South, or Midwest, for that matter). On televised panel shows, he snaps off answers so quickly that reporters sometimes run out of questions before the program time is up. Like a fellow Montanan, the late Gary Cooper, the senator favors monosyllabic replies, such as a "Yep," a "Nope," a "Can't say," or a "Don't know." He never evades, digresses, amplifies, or filibusters.

An additional obstacle in my path was the fact that—again unlike most other politicians—Mansfield dislikes personal publicity and does not even have a press secretary.

On the quiet Saturday morning of our interview, however, he looked content and amiable as he welcomed me from behind his desk in the Old Senate Office Building. He was, for Mansfield, sportily attired—corduroy trousers and pinstriped shirt open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up. His necktie was draped over a nearby briefcase and his ubiquitous pipe was in his hand.

Mansfield is in his fourteenth consecutive year as Senate Majority Leader, an unsung record in U.S. history. I asked if this made him feel tired.

"Yeah," he agreed with a rueful smile. The leadership today is a heavy burden. And Montanans are writing him more than ever—not about Watergate or foreign crises but about such closer-to-home concerns as veterans' pensions and taxes.

Mansfield accepted the leadership post reluctantly in January, 1961, only after special urging from President-elect John Kennedy. Some observers thought that "Mike is too nice a guy" to step into the hot spot where Lyndon Johnson had performed like a ringmaster before becoming Vice-President. As Democratic Whip, Mansfield had been nominally number two in his party in the Senate but he had languished in the shadow of LBJ's one-man show.

Mansfield was, and is, extremely popular with his colleagues but there are those who wish he resembled St. Michael the Archangel more than St. Francis of Assisi. To be sure, he is modest and mild-mannered, with a face as ascetic as an El Greco painting—plain and bony, with a high forehead and a thin, firm mouth. Mansfield, however, detests the sainthood quips, according to an associate. After all, he does—on rare occasions—take a drink, cuss and get angry.

I asked him if the years had changed his original views on how to "lead" a collection of rugged individualists.

"Not at all," he replied quickly. "My philosophy lies in giving recognition that they are senators, and not shoving anything down their throats. I think the Senate's record of the past thirteen or fourteen years will stack up against any period in the history of the republic.

"Johnson and I were quite different. I don't believe in putting pressure on a member. I ask him to give the leadership the benefit of the doubt if he can see our point of view. If I got a Senator to switch through pressure tactics, he might do it, but he wouldn't like it, and he might not do it a second time. It's a long-range view. Animosities will not develop, and senators will be senators."

He added, with a reflective pull on his pipe, "Even if I had not served under Johnson, I would feel the same. You have to be yourself."

Mansfield has been Majority Leader now more than double LBJ's six years. I asked him if, in fourteen years, he had ever put the pressures on for a senator's vote.

"I wouldn't know how, wouldn't be good at it, and the Senate would pay the price in the long run," he shot back.

He continued slowly: "I think the best way to operate in a body of your peers is to work for what can be achieved by logic, persuasion, and accommodation."

Mansfield stressed that he and Senate Republican leader Hugh Scott realize that "as leaders we are subject to the rest of the membership of the Senate, and have to keep ourselves under control . . . to get the Senate to do what is best for the institution of the Senate. This is a very important factor, because a single senator has such great powers he could make it difficult, and if a number of senators got together, it could make the institution an anachronistic body.

"Scott is a very good man to work with," he said. "We lay our cards on the table and don't pull any tricks on each other. Under Johnson

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sometimes—I won't mention any names—the cards were not always on the table. When LBJ was around, he kept all the reins in his hands. What I learned was through observation, and not through training."

Noting that the Senate glories in its often windy "unlimited debate," I asked whether a senator can actually affect the outcome of a vote through sheer oratorical argument.

"In all my years down here," Mansfield responded, "I have seen just three men change votes—and all in one instance only. Walter George did it on a foreign policy matter I can't remember. Alben Barkley did it on my resolution to create a joint Congressional committee to check up on the CIA. I had fifty-four signatures on the resolution but when Barkley got through talking against it on the floor I wound up with only twenty-eight votes! The third senator was Ed Muskie, who sold the model cities bill by the way he mastered the debate and then switched a lot of ambivalent votes to his side."

Mansfield pointed out that Muskie had worked hard for legislation in which his own state, Maine, had no interest. The hardest time for a senator, he said, is the case where he should vote in good conscience *against* the wishes of his constituents. That "difficult choice" happened to him on the gun control bill in 1968.

Mansfield recalled that he got between 25,000 and 30,000 pieces of mail from Montana against the bill, the biggest outpouring he has ever had.

"You couldn't explain it to them," he said. "It was too emotional. The legislation took away none of their rights, and was no problem out there, where people are trained to use guns. It was directed at urban crime areas, and all it did was provide a closer check on gun sales to help the legal authorities track down murderers."

Did he try to educate Montanans on the issue before casting his vote for gun control?

"I never try to 'educate' anybody," he answered. "I've always gone on the theory that I should listen to the other fellow, recognizing that he might be right. There are always two sides to every question—if not more. People sent me here to use my best judgment. I explain why, and let it go at that.

"I guess I've done very little leading in my life," Mansfield mused wryly, with no trace of regret. "I was a seaman second class in the Navy, a private in the Army, and got as high as private first class in the Marine Corps."

The extraordinary experience of serving in three service branches happened to a rootless transplanted New Yorker. Mansfield was born in New York City on March 16, 1903, the son of Patrick and Josephine (O'Brien) Mansfield, both natives of Ireland. His mother died when he was six and his father, a hotel porter, packed him off with his two sisters to Great Falls, Montana, to live with two uncles.

"In 1917 there was a war on, and I wanted to get into it," he remembered. "I told the Navy recruiting station I was eighteen when I was really fourteen."

After seven Atlantic crossings in transport service, young Mike was discharged by the Navy in 1919 and restlessly joined the Army. After a dull one-year hitch, he next tried the Marines and "hit the jackpot"—service in the Far East.

"I loved the sights, sounds, smells, and the people of China," he said. It was the start of his long preoccupation with Asia.

Mansfield returned to Montana in 1922 and took the only job open to him—a mucker in the Butte copper mines, 2,800 feet below the ground. Within a few years, ambitious for more daylight, he was doing two other things at the same time, making up his high school credits (he had none) while studying for a bachelor's degree at the Montana School of Mines. He also found the time and energy to play on the college football team, a rangy, twenty-four-year-old six-footer at left end.

Mansfield's pursuit of higher education was inspired in part by his high school teacher, pretty Maureen Hayes, a graduate of St. Mary's College of Notre Dame. They were married in 1931. Both are Roman Catholics. They have one daughter, Anne, now living in England with her husband, Robin Marris, a professor of economics at Oxford.

In 1934 Mansfield earned a master's degree in political science and came out of the mines. For the next nine years he taught Latin American and Far Eastern history at Montana State University. In 1942 he was elected to the House.

Four times Mansfield was reelected, and in 1952 he ran for the Senate, where he has served ever since. He continued to specialize in foreign policy, particularly the Far East.

Mansfield told me how he was summoned to the White House by President Roosevelt in 1944, when he was still a green freshman. He still seemed astonished as he described the scene. "I was ushered into the President's study and without any ado he said, 'Mike, I have asked you to come here to request that you undertake a confidential mission for me to China. I've had economic and military reports but what I want is an overall picture and I think you are the man to get it for me. I have been watching your work in Congress.' "

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Under secret instructions from FDR, Mansfield was flown in a bucket-seat military plane to interior China for meetings with the American and Chinese generals as well as others. His report, among other recommendations, concluded that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, despite his shortcomings, was the only man who could reunite that war-torn country because "he *is* China."

Mansfield recalled Roosevelt in 1944 and 1945 as "a sick man. I guess the strain was terrible, and it showed."

I asked for his impressions of the other five Presidents he has worked with. He called Harry Truman "a good, down-to-earth man who lived up to the name of his birthplace, Independence, Missouri." He said, "Before the Japanese war ended he called me to the White House with Senator Elbert Thomas, of Utah, another ex-professor, and asked if Emperor Hirohito should be returned to Japan. We said yes; we thought he would be a solidifying factor."

As for Eisenhower, Mansfield continued, "I liked him. I thought he could have done more than he did, due to his father-figure prestige, but as I look back, I think he did extremely well."

Mansfield was the Senate Democratic delegate to the 1954 Manila Conference, where the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization was created. At a reception during the conference, then Secretary of State John Foster Dulles pulled him into a corner and confided that Admiral Arthur W.

Though many a schoolboy has fallen in love with his teacher, few of them have married her. Mike Mansfield did. Maureen Hayes Mansfield was Mike's teacher when he was making up high school credits.

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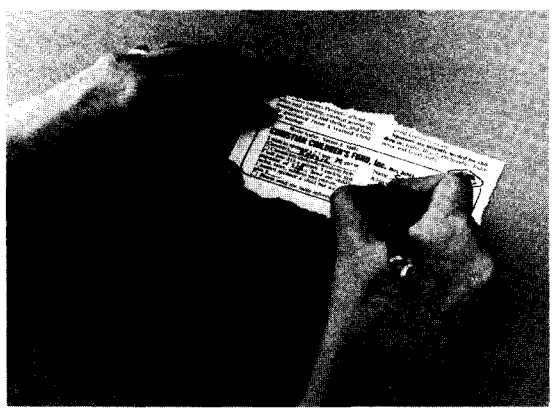
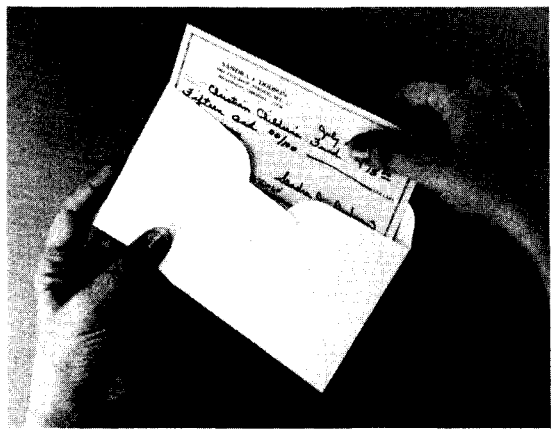
Advertisement

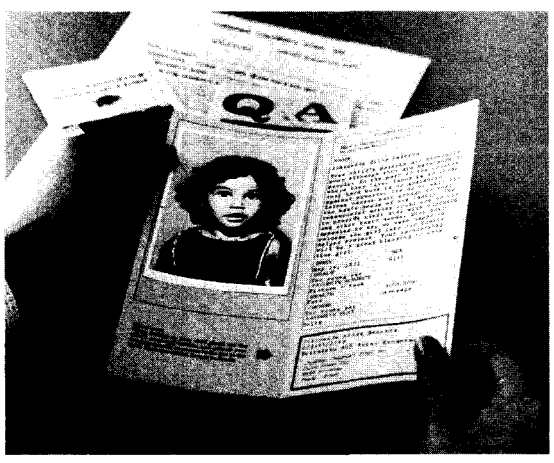
What happens when you decide to sponsor a child?



1 First, you fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page to describe the child you'd like to sponsor. (The cost is only $15 a month.)

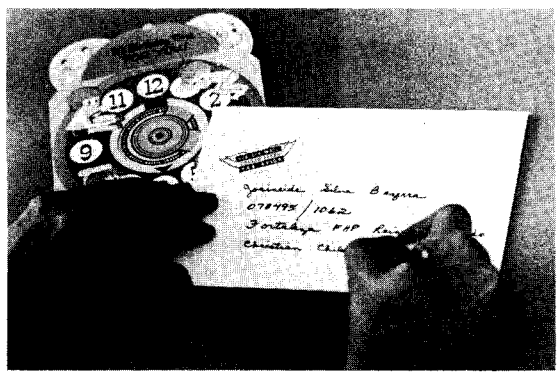


2 Second, you put the coupon in an envelope along with your first monthly payment and mail it to: Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Virginia 23261.



3 And third, in about two weeks, you will receive your sponsored child's photo and background information, plus details about the project where the child is being helped.

This young fellow in Kalimpong, India, is one of the lucky ones—he already has a CCF sponsor.



4 Fourth, you may write directly to your sponsored child, and your letters are answered. Correspondence is translated and sent to you from overseas—the child's original letter and an English translation. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)

5 Fifth, both you and the child you sponsor can benefit from the person-to-person relationship that grows as you and the child get acquainted.

Of course, the material assistance you send is vital, but your sponsored child also needs the personal warmth of knowing that you care.

Please, decide *today* to sponsor a youngster through Christian Children's Fund. A child is waiting . . .

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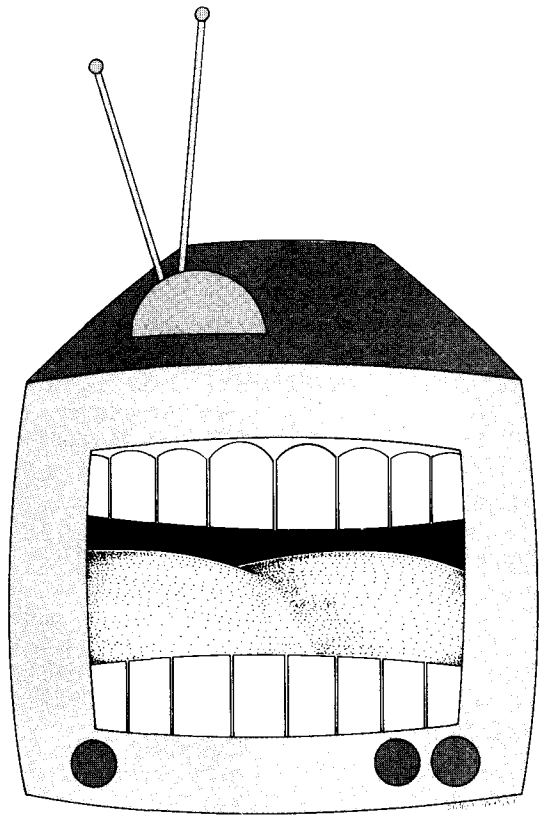
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A TV CONSERVATIVE

No matter how they claim to cut it, TV's point of view almost always seems to be on the bias, says critic.

By David Brudnoy

David Brudnoy has taught history and politics at several distinguished universities, including Harvard's Institute of Politics. Since 1972 he has been National Affairs Commentator on WGBH-TV (PBS), and since 1973 he has also been a commentator with WNAC-TV (CBS), both located in Boston.



In November, 1969, at Des Moines, Iowa, then Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew delivered a speech which occasioned such howls of protest from the media, one might have thought he had called for Jane Fonda's burning at the stake. Instead, Mr. Agnew had unburdened himself of the initial salvos in a skirmish that escalated into war between himself and like-minded observers of the national scene, on the one hand, and on the other, the three major networks and eventually public TV as well.

Network distortion, conscious slanting of the news and so-called "public affairs" programs constituted the main focus of that Des Moines address and those which followed. To hear the media executives tell it, the speaker had lost his marbles, or had discerned a sprite that wasn't there, or had for the sheerest of political reasons *invented* an ogre to stomp on it.

But Mr. Agnew's speech was merely the first widely noted public condemnation of what might be fairly described as the left-wing bias of American television news coverage. Politicians are often convinced that media news treats them unfairly. Liberal politicians since Franklin Roosevelt have regularly expressed dissatisfaction with what *they* saw as a right-wing bias in news reporting. Such has often been the case. Although the major opinion organs are now in liberal (or left-liberal) hands, it was not always so; nor can one deny that the majority of today's newspapers (we are not now considering their influence, but rather their number) might well be characterized as conservative, as opposed to liberal, in editorial tone.

Things have changed, however, from the days when the Democratic Roosevelt thought himself badgered by the most significant American journals of opinion. *The New York Times* has altered since then, as also have *Time, Harper's, Atlantic, The New Yorker* and newer journals like *Newsweek,* all moving left in recent decades. Moreover, the most important media outlets in contemporary America, those which most Americans say give them the preponderance of their news (and thus, media opinion as well) are television stations. In almost all cases these are either wholly owned subsidiaries or, more often, affiliates of CBS, NBC, ABC, or member stations of the Public Broadcasting Service, PBS.

Contrary to myth, newspapers are not wholly protected by the first amendment. True, the Supreme Court did reverse the Florida court decision that newspapers provide equal space for rebuttal by political candidates attacked in their pages—a requirement that would drastically impinge upon the First Amendment. Still, there are various civil rights and "fair practices" laws which interfere with the nature of advertising in newspapers.

Broadly speaking, however, newspapers *are* protected by the First Amendment prohibition of abridgement of the freedom of the press. In addition, there is no *theoretical* limit to the number of newspapers that may exist in any community; in point of fact, however, there are more TV and radio stations in America than full-fledged daily newspapers. Nevertheless, what a newspaper says and the slant it takes receive protection from the Constitution, and any newspaper may be bought out by someone of another philosophy, or competed with by anyone in the community.

Not so with television and radio, which are the focus of this examination of media bias. Radio and VHF television frequencies are limited in number, and UHF frequencies are as yet little used. TV and radio operate, therefore, on what is commonly called the "public's airwaves." Accordingly, with those considerations providing the rationale, the airwaves have become *regulated*—by government.

The 1964 Fairness Primer of the Federal Communications Commission requires that "fairness [be] achieved on [any] specific issue. Thus where complaint is made, the licensee is afforded the opportunity to set out all the programs, irrespective of the programming format, which he has devoted to the particular controversial issue during the appropriate time period." This Fairness Doctrine *does* apply to public television too, though you might not realize it by watching public TV.

Pending the probably Utopian solution of extending full First Amendment freedom to the deregulated and vastly expanded TV and radio media, it is a just and necessary doctrine. A just doctrine, but often more honored in the breach than in the observance. As syndicated columnist Kevin Phillips observed recently, the national TV and radio news media have become "the cutting edge of liberalism." Especially is this so in those nightly news programs from which the vast majority of Americans receive the heftiest share of their daily exposure to news. Just before his death, former NBC newsman Chet Huntley said, as reported in *The Wall Street Journal,* that the hostility of the major media to the present Administration is obvious. From the horse's mouth . . ..

What news writers decide is news, what station executives figure is worth telling the American people, what Walter Cronkite, Harry Reasoner, Howard K. Smith, John Chancellor, and their lesser colleagues wish to emphasize: *that* is news. With the sole exception of Smith, who describes himself as a liberal but comes across at least as a *tad* to the right of his fellow anchormen, the leading lights of network TV are liberals, as are most of the news writers, those unseen but crucial determiners of what America learns via TV and radio.

The average viewer, who pays only cursory attention to the mechanics of what he sees and hears on his radio or TV, may think that the news somehow just issues forth from a machine—most citizens know about the wire service terminals in operation in every newsroom—and goes out over the airwaves in an "objective manner." Not so, not in the least. Newspapers decide *which* news events to feature; and any person fortunate enough to live in a city with at least two newspapers exemplifying differing philosophies (not as common nowadays as heretofore) can see that newspaper A highlights certain

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events which newspaper B relegates to the nineteenth page. So television and radio news directors and writers make *conscious choices* of what information and opinion to feature, based sometimes (although not always) on their particular ideologies.

In an average half-hour news program, whether local or network, less wordage is aired than appears on one-half the front page of *The New York Times.* And that—a few thousand words, in between commercials, on stories picked from many times the number shown to the viewer—is *the news* for much of the United States.

During the 1968 election campaign, *TV Guide* Contributing Editor Edith Efron monitored the nightly news coverage of the three commercial networks. Upon which, she concluded in her landmark book, *The News Twisters* (1971), that the networks had demonstrated a manifest bias in favor of Hubert Humphrey and liberalism, and were strongly against Richard Nixon, George Wallace, conservatives, and extreme left radicals. Miss Efron's research and analyses were based upon a program-by-program word count and sophisticated interpretation of the *meaning* of words. They have been supported by several independent studies, even some which started out with the intention of discrediting her. But she was treated to a vicious campaign by one of the networks aimed at embarrassing and destroying her credibility. Miss Efron tells that sordid tale in *How CBS Tried to Kill a Book* (1972): a chilling story and one not yet played out. When I requested and received material that former CBS president Frank Stanton personally told me would "prove" the wrongness of the Efron studies, I found a bundle of trivia which, I later discovered, has successfully been refuted by Edith Efron herself, and by others.

I have been connected as a commentator for nearly four years with the nation's most respected public TV station, and for the past year also with the leading news station in Eastern New England, a CBS affiliate. In a 1973 series of articles in the astute Washington weekly, *Human Events*, and in other pieces elsewhere, I documented the particular biases of educational television, whose sins of omission and commission Miss Efron did not investigate in her own books.

For my pains, my first extensive *Human Events* article on this subject received a rejoinder in the prestigious liberal weekly, *New Republic.* In the article in that journal entitled "Toward a Servile Public Service" (March 10, 1973), the burden of my case was ignored, while a red herring, my doubts about the wisdom of taxing the American people to pay for public TV, was

Continued on page 133

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THE CARPENTERS:

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A brother-and-sister team fools its critics and picks up all the marbles.

By Frank H. Lieberman

A typical hot Southern California afternoon. Smog. Bright sun. A bumper-to-bumper drive back from suburbia to the press agent's Beverly Hills office. ("You'll have no trouble writing about them. The few hours you just spent with them plus all that other time. . . . ")

Continual talk about how fantastic Richard and Karen Carpenter are added to the haze in the air. Every time a song finished on the radio, he pushed a button to find something else. "The commercials are awful." I was thinking more about food. My interview with the Carpenters, one of many the past few months, was at 11:30 a.m. It was now 3 p.m. They didn't feed me. I was starved.

Great. Honest. Real. Just normal kids. The adjectives continued to flow like a press release. So did the acid in my empty stomach. It was easier to nod in agreement. "If you need anything else, just call my secretary and she'll set up a phone call with them . . . I don't think you will, though; they did answer all your questions very completely and openly."

Finally. The Beverly Hills office. Downey—the Carpenters' retreat, about a thirty-minute drive from downtown Los Angeles—seemed a day's ride away. An ice cream store across the street. And no ticket on my car. It was worth it after all . . . I guess.

Listening to the tapes, I wondered what it would be like living in that fancy house with its luxurious Japanese garden and high, insurmountable wall around it. The wall wasn't really there . . . or was it?

"We've been called sticky sweet, Goody Two Shoes and squeaky clean," said Richard in an interview at the time of their first White House appearance. "But it's all relative, isn't it? We came along in '69 right in the middle of acid rock, when all the performers had this negative sort of 'take me as I am' attitude, never concerned about their stage appearance. And then we walk out, just normally clean. I mean, most people shower, right?"

Of course, that afternoon Richard and Karen had looked immaculate. They have every time I've been around them. Were they dull the first time I saw them at the Hollywood Bowl. It had to be one of the most boring concerts of all time. But that audience loved them. They cheered. And cheered. Two encores, if I remember correctly. My review wasn't very complimentary.

I looked up the telephone interview I had with them prior to that concert. Boy, did some of the answers illuminate today's session. Egads. Honest, real. All the press agent's (the same one all the four years) terms. I used them, too. Maybe, just maybe, he was right. Nah, nobody's perfect. Are they?

The career of Richard and Karen Carpenter is a story of blind faith, of being musical mavericks during the heyday of glitter rock, and of waiting and believing in themselves and their sound. (They sure do. I listened to other interviews with people ranging from an underground Los Angeles paper to a totally naive older woman's free-lance assignment. The answers were all the same, just like the way their music has been described.)

The Carpenters' music has been called by many labels—soft rock, easy listening, pabulum or homogenized rock. Critics shout it's commercial; others say it's reliable. But no matter. It's successful, and despite contrary claims, success is what it's all about.

Is that the key to the music industry? Dollars and cents? Do great sales dictate creativity? In many cases, yes. In the Carpenters' situation, I don't think so.

The Carpenters' popularity increased as reaction to harsh electronic hard rock began. In contrast to rock's loudness, the Carpenters' musical effect is to soothe, to pep up or to amuse. It is quieter, using the same electric guitars, drums and horns as rock, but not as loudly. In contrast to the angry anti-establishment lyrics of many rock songs, the Carpenters lean to songs that talk about love in the rain or sitting atop the world.

I'm on the top of the world
Looking down on creation
And the only explanation I can find
Is the love that I've found
Ever since you've been around
Your love's put me at the top of the world.©

At age twenty-seven and twenty-three respectively, the brother-and-sister combination claims fourteen gold records ($1 million in sales each), three Grammy awards, and the loyalty of a huge contingency of fans.

Karen twirls her hair. Stares at the ceiling. Glances at the many gold records hanging on the wall. She was tired of the interviews the press agent had arranged. Sure, he was doing his job. But she was home. No airplanes. No Holiday Inns. She makes a face at the woman doing the interview, later saying, "I hope she didn't see me. But those questions! Who cares?"

Richard returns from escorting the woman to the door. Her time was up. I had another crack at them. But then, I was different (though the answers seemed the same). After all, I was writing a tribute (the Carpenters were paying for it) about Richard and Karen for a national record trade publication.

I kept picturing all the interviews and the time I had spent with the Carpenters. It was late evening and I couldn't wait to finish transcribing the tapes.

Richard was explaining their success. "We've built a large following because it seems that the people understood us, and most critics didn't. [Me neither, at least at first.] I love rock, I enjoy Zappa, the Beatles and dozens more. [The shelves loaded with various types of albums proved his point.] I know we're not rock. We're pop. But we're not that kind of bland, unimaginative pop music that is so often associated with the term 'easy listening.' We don't just cover [copy] other people's recordings. I think we are a little more creative than that. We do our own arranging, our own orchestration. We try to bring our own interpretation to a song."

© From "Top Of The World," Richard Carpenter and John Bettis, Copyright 1972, Alamo, Inc., Hammer and Nails, Inc., Sweet Harmony Songs. Printed by permission.

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The perfect sound. Nah, nobody's perfect. Are they?

My wife reminds me of the late hour. "Just a few more minutes." Simple answer. Effective. Like the Carpenters' lyrics, I thought, but they are only words. Isn't there more to a performer, whether it be a solo artist or a group? Yes. Then couple the Carpenters' musical intention with their public relations image . . . and instant establishment success.

Soft rock stars, like the Carpenters, are proud to belong to the establishment. Right? Their lifestyle as well as their music reflects traditional middle-class American values. It's not personality that sells their records. I know for sure it's not their gimmicky theatrical antics on stage. They simply don't have any.

Maybe it's because Karen would rather eat a candy bar for quick energy instead of an amphetamine. Or maybe it's because they're made of sugar 'n' spice and everything nice.

Richard describes their image as "garbage" with the accent on the "bage." He admits they've had to put up with a great deal of social image "with our music coming in second. It has nothing to do with the music, how we record or play it. It's mostly garbage that came from the early literature. I never cared for it, and still don't . . . pushing this ridiculously clean image that hardly anybody fits."

> I have never been hurt by anything I didn't say.
>
> —*Calvin Coolidge*

Both claim they're "starting to overcome it." Judging by the editing of the record publication story they did, the process may be a slow one. Richard says that he and Karen "have reached the point where we can't hide our feelings just because somebody is not going to like it. We are expressing our minds, and I don't think our thoughts vary that much."

Life for Richard and Karen Carpenter is their music. It has given them everything they've wanted. They realize as entertainers they owe the public "something" for accepting their talents, but insist "this doesn't give the public the right to decide what we do with our lives or how we should think."

Richard cited an example, an incident in Tulsa that provoked his way of thinking.

"We were rehearsing in a Tulsa auditorium and the air conditioning went out. Some people sneaked into the hall and noticed we had beer cans on stage. They wrote us a nasty letter saying how dare we drink beer, that they were appalled and that it changed their image of us."

Wouldn't those folks be shocked if they saw the inside of the lavish Carpenter home. There are a couple of well-stocked bars and a sensational wine collection. And there's even a pool table. Not the image of those pure, wholesome singers,

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that's for sure. If Karen hadn't answered the door once with her hair in curlers, wearing a long, blue robe with SUPERSTAR lettered across the back, I would have figured she slept in cellophane.

Richard and Karen are both concerned with their appearance, especially when it comes to publicity pictures. Watching them pick prints from a photo session is like a Looney Tunes cartoon. They can't be touching each other. "Someone might get the wrong impression. Like we were married instead of being brother and sister."

Richard is good-looking, according to a survey I conducted with some of my female friends. The males I checked with felt Karen was "a cute cookie who needed a new hairstyle and some different clothes." Karen's stage wardrobe is limited because of her first playing the drum and then coming to the front to sing.

But despite the limitations, the Carpenters' stage presentation draws capacity crowds throughout the world and usually excellent reviews. They magnificently re-create their record sound on stage. And again, Richard is the mastermind.

The Carpenters attempt to be perfect in their answers; so convincing. It leaves you wondering, is it all that good? There must be flaws. There's always gossip. But nothing is ever proven. Maybe it's different now since their folks moved to another house, built for them by Richard and Karen. Maybe now there are big, swinging parties.

I checked. There was . . . the usual gala Christmas party and then back on the road and more recording sessions.

Like thousands of other young Americans pounding away in basements across the country, the Carpenters turned on to the idea of making it big in the music business early. Richard started music lessons at age twelve and studied classical piano at Yale while the family was living in New Haven, Connecticut, where both were born.

While Karen's interest was in everything but music, Richard loved it all and had access to his father's extensive music collection, which included classics, big bands, jazz, Les Paul and Mary Ford, Red Nichols, and Spike Jones.

Richard's initial musical group venture was without Karen. He was sixteen "and only wanted a car."

"The first group I was in was horrible," smiles Richard, who also maintains a love for fast cars. "My hair was plastered back [he now, of course, subscribes to the dry look] and I wore glasses [now it's contacts only]," he explained. "With two guys in their twenties, we formed a group and got a job at a New Haven pizza dive . . . and were we horrible. I played the basic changes to most tunes and threw in arpeggios because of my technique. I was just learning substitution and just getting into improvisation."

The family's move to Southern California ended Richard's fling, but it didn't take him very long to launch his West Coast activities.

It was 1963. Richard was a senior at Downey High School and continued his piano studies at the University of Southern California. He had hitched on to another group—similar to his previous one—and played at all the typical nightspots in the area.

There was no turning back. Any chance to get involved with music got top priority, even to the point where Richard got out of gym class to join the marching band at school.

"I'm still not athletically inclined," grins Richard with a nod of agreement from Karen, who also avoided gym class the same way.

Karen, the idol of thousands of girls for her cuteness, her career, and for having an older brother, started drumming when she was sixteen. Through subsequent group transformations, first as the Carpenters Trio (with a friend), then as Spectrum, a larger band, she developed into the lead singer.

"But we were all so young, we couldn't get any work," recalls Richard, "so we entered the Hollywood Bowl Battle of the Bands—Los Angeles's super-competitive, nonpro musical derby—as a jazz instrumental group."

"It gave us encouragement," adds Karen, "but nothing really developed from it as far as a career was concerned." All despite winning several trophies, including the sweepstakes.

Fifteen minutes of problems and then a comparison. "It was much easier back then," reflects Richard. "There was no pressure because we didn't have any single hits and we weren't working. Who heard of you . . . no one. There was time to rehearse, to record. If a good song came along we'd take our time to do it. That's why the 'Close To You' album is so nice and meaningful to me."

Spectrum had become The Carpenters by 1968. Karen and Richard were doing all the singing, and they were still without a contract. Then in 1969, a friend of a friend of a friend, as Richard describes it, brought one of their tapes to Herb Alpert at A&M records. He liked their work and signed them.

The Carpenters' first album was "Offering," from which the single "Ticket to Ride" was released. The second lp was "Close to You," which has sold four million copies.

Again it was Alpert who was the messenger from heaven, presenting them with the opportunity to record "Close to You."

Burt Bacharach had brought Alpert the song which he wanted the singer-trumpeter to record on his own. (The song had been written six years earlier and lay buried in Dionne Warwick's first album.) But Alpert decided against it because he didn't want to sing the line, "sprinkled moon dust," and gave the lead sheet to the young Carpenters, who were rehearsing on an A&M soundstage.

Richard tells the story of how it sat on his piano for weeks before they recorded it and some more incidents about their highly successful career. Included was their 1970 appearance on "This Is Your Life."

"I didn't even know who Ralph Edwards was," laughed Karen when recalling the television show. "And I didn't know it was back on the air," chimed in Richard. "We both thought it was a bit strange to be on that show," he added. "After all, we had only been in the limelight for six months at that time."

The Carpenters' success has sprung from Richard's devotion and belief in the unusual sound he created. He is the mastermind behind it all. Yet he isn't the star. In fact, on the early albums, despite doing all the work, he didn't receive any credit.

Does it bother him? He answered, "That's not right. Let me start again." Another try. Hesitation. "My end of the thing is not a whole ego-building thing as far as what the public realizes. Karen is the star. She's the one who gets the letters and requests for autographs. I don't get much attention, everyone's mostly interested in Karen . . . she's the lead singer and the featured part of the act."

A phone call curtails him. Then a drink—soft, of course. Karen leaves to get ready to head to the recording studio for an afternoon meeting. I play back the tape so Richard can regain his thoughts. He continues as if he had never stopped.

"My end is selecting material, arranging, orchestrating, production, names of the albums, selecting personnel for the group, the order of the show and how to improve the show. They, the audience, don't realize what I do. They don't know I've written several hit songs; it's always Karen. Which is fine. It's the same way with Donny and the Osmonds. But to me, I know what I've done. Even though a lot of people and critics don't like it, the fact is it's very commercial. It's well produced and it feels nice to me that I selected an unknown song and made it a hit. That makes me feel good, and sure, it feeds my ego."

The Carpenters' newest album is also Richard's product. It's entitled "The Singles 1969-1973" because he doesn't like the term "greatest hits."

"I feel it's really an overused thing," he says. "Individuals and groups with two or three hits all of a sudden put them on one album, use filler for the rest, and title it 'great.' This album contains eleven true hits, yes, but it wasn't just slapped together. We've remixed a

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few, recut one, and joined a couple of others. It's simply something I feel we owe to our audience and ourselves."

Following the "Close to You" success came "We've Only Just Begun" and then "For All We Know" from the motion picture *Lovers and Other Strangers*. Along with being their third consecutive gold single, the tune won an Oscar for best song of the year (1970) from a motion picture.

In quick succession came "Rainy Days and Mondays," "Superstar," "Hurting Each Other," "It's Going to Take Some Time," "Goodbye to Love," "Sing," "Yesterday Once More" and "Top of the World." They won their third Grammy award in 1971 for Best Vocal Duo.

"Music will always remain a part of our lives," says Richard. "How much of an impact we'll have is hard to say. Acts have gone up and set records, and then all of a sudden the public has had enough of their sound. They never totally leave, but they don't enjoy being at the top. It's not the happiest thing to think about, but it's fact.

"That's why I keep the public in mind and try to stay on top of all the successful products. I pay close attention to what our public seems to like and really respect their wishes. What so many critics and artists forget is that the public puts you on top and in the limelight. Going along with them isn't copping out, especially when you enjoy your music and what you're doing like we do."

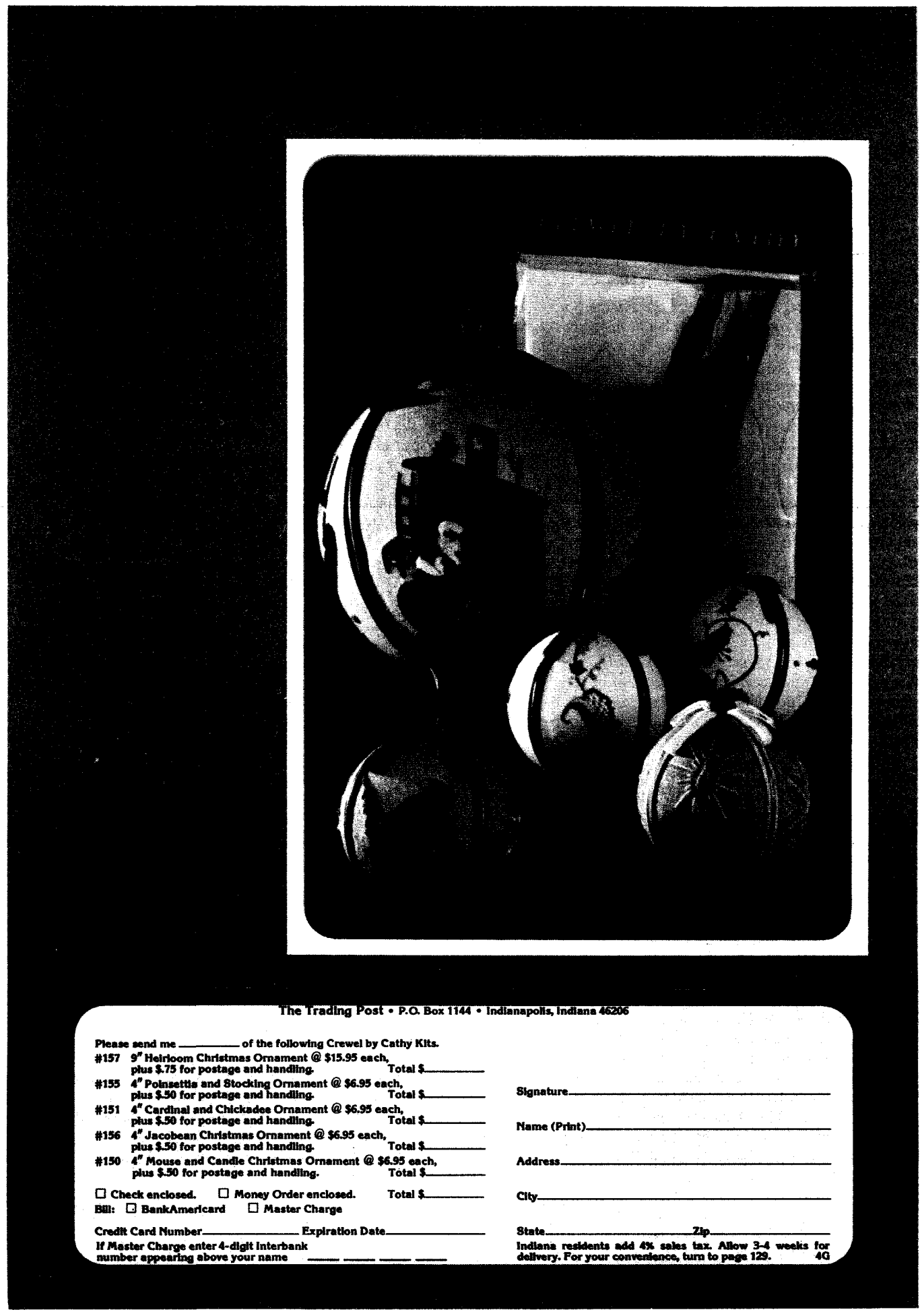
Another thing Richard and Karen cited is that many people forget that they're normal people.

"The rock thing has made so many people's thinking so freaky," says Richard. "We come along as average people and because we're not painting our face, and because we dress up for a performance, we're not 'hip.' I know the music business is always searching for a new leader. Everyone 'who knows' claims there has to be something new and different. There has to be a new Beatles; or an attempt to make glitter rock the new trend setter.

"Maybe there doesn't have to be something or someone new for a while. Sure, the 40's had Sinatra. In the 50's it was Elvis. The 60's belonged to the Beatles. So naturally something is expected for the 70's. And in trying to find that special thing, the oldies, the roots of rock, have been pushed into the limelight.

"I feel as long as everyone is searching, it just isn't going to happen. You can't manipulate success and tell the public, 'Look, here's your new leader.' When glitter rock hit, the 'who knows' were claiming it was the force of the 70's. While it's very successful, it obviously isn't to the 70's what the Beatles were to the 60's. Obviously they were wrong.

"What these people don't realize is that Sinatra, Elvis and the Beatles still have the same magnitude today. They haven't faded . . . their makeup hasn't worn off."



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WEEK OUT O

Marianne Andrea is a member of the Poetry Society of America and has in addition to her poetry published many short stories. After teaching for several years, she decided last year to devote her full time to writing. Her story, "A Dream for Antonia," appeared in the August/September issue of the Post.

It was on a day in late summer when he received a rather odd communication from an unspecified postal department that read: Due to unforeseen circumstances your mail delivery will be interrupted. It was unsigned and the postmark was blurred. Professor Peters was first irritated then intrigued since he didn't in the least believe it. But he did inquire at the nearest post office. As it happened the supervisor knew nothing about this, was equally mystified and in fact was uncertain about Dr. Peters's address altogether; he suggested that he see someone higher up in the G.P.O. Dr. Peters was amused when he left since the man appeared both flustered and honest and totally without guile.

It didn't disturb him until next morning when there was no mail for him at all; the situation seemed a little bizarre, for he was expecting word from his publisher, replies from friends abroad and particularly a letter from a woman, an old friend with whom he had only recently reestablished contact and from whom he was anxiously waiting for a reply to his recent invitation. In fact Professor Peters was almost childlike about his daily correspondence. It was much like a hot croissant with steaming coffee and quince jam. To have breakfast without reading his mail was to remain both dissatisfied and actually hungry (apart from the frustration of remaining in total ignorance of his immediate concerns). It is not difficult to imagine what he felt when the postman did not stop at his door. And after puzzling the matter a moment, he decided to breakfast out and stop at the G.P.O. as was suggested.

As he walked along the streets he noticed that everything appeared exactly as usual. The semi-private houses on his street gave way to shops as he crossed and turned the corner, people were engrossed in their own worlds, rushing to work, opening shops. There was more than the usual amount of traffic, and all of this he had seen a thousand times before. And yet, a kind of malaise pervaded his very breath, a sense of boredom and repetition. He hurried to the post office first. After he was shunted to various persons who disclaimed knowledge and responsibility, James Peters's irritation increased proportionately. At the final confrontation of the chief supervisor, Peters lost his temper and cried out, "Someone here must know something! Stop passing the proverbial 'buck.' " He was asked to sit down and told in patient, indulgent tones that such procedures are not consistent with postal regulations and it was suggested someone might be playing a hoax. For the first time Professor Peters recognized a possible truth. He restored his composure, thanked the supervisor and left, his steps ringing hollowly on the marble floor. He was in fact anxious to escape the series of painful confrontations.

He walked briskly, his cheekbones moving under taut skin. In the coffee shop where he usually breakfasted he noticed a colleague, Dr. Jenung, who taught languages. They were not much more than acquaintances, but Professor Peters was greedy for human companionship by now and went to his table.

"Good morning, Jenung." He made a motion to share his table. "May I join you? An odd thing happened . . . ." But Dr. Jenung looked up with such a puzzled expression—almost a hostile one—that Peters was nonplussed. "Dr. Jenung, don't you remember me? It may have been some time, but we know. . . ."

"Excuse me, sir, I do *not* know you."

Peters was so astounded he turned and walked out of the restaurant. Surely there was something odd about the man; he always suspected that and, for whatever reasons, it was clear he didn't want to be disturbed. Peters entered the nearest restaurant and sat for a long time over his belated breakfast. It was difficult for him to do any clear thinking, and he lost himself in the morning *Times*. Later, at home, he busied himself with proofs and consoled himself over his solitary dinner with the thought that the following day he would be swamped with mail. The next morning he slept much later than usual and missed seeing the postman. But in opening his box Peters found it as empty as the previous day and a strange stricture passed from his chest to his stomach. Two days without mail, or for that matter without phone calls, had ominous undertones; apart from the circumstances, there was a sense of gravity about the last two days. Professor Peters spent most of the day at home, thinking, wondering, inventing excuses, pretending that he was exaggerating the whole incident. That evening he went for a long walk, planning to visit his club, but then at the last minute he decided to collect himself sufficiently before sharing the absurdities with his friends. He therefore stopped at a bar, had two double brandies and went home.

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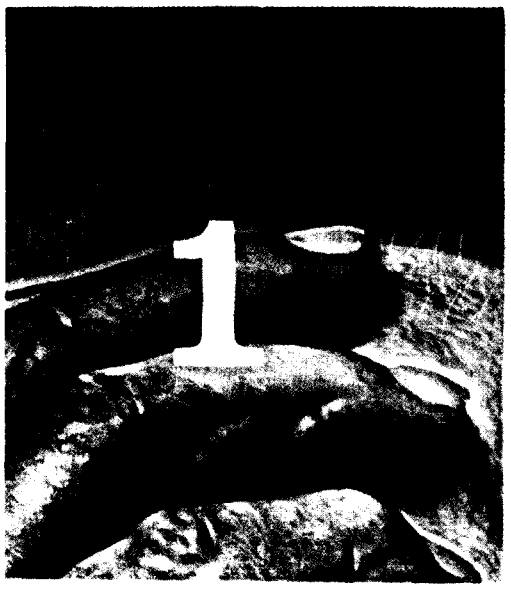
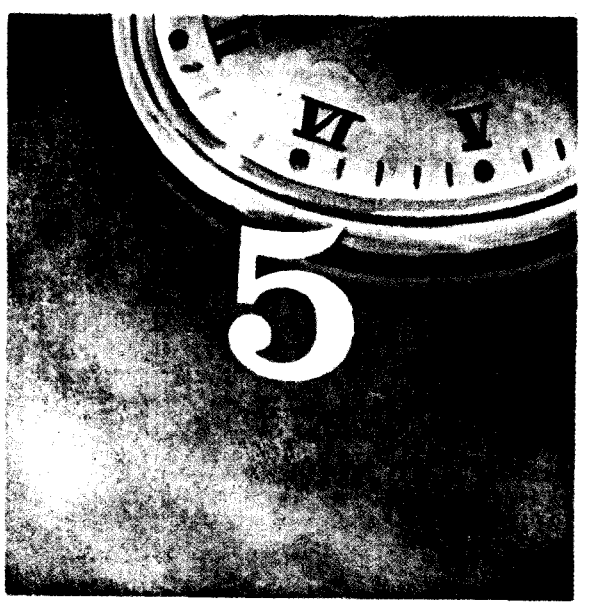


TIME

By Marianne Andrea

Illustrated by Gene Boyer



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On the third morning Dr. Peters rose very early. It was barely seven, the postman wasn't due until nine-thirty. He had coffee at home with a slice of toast, busied himself with some paper work, but kept an eye on the street. He saw the postman stop at the corner house, then the house next to his, and he waited for him at the mailbox. The postman did not stop and was proceeding to the house across the street. He ran after him, called him by name and asked why he didn't stop. The man turned around and stared at him oddly.

"I don't know you, sir; I have nothing for you."

"That's impossible! You've been delivering my mail for five years. Don't you see my name? James Peters, it's right here on the box."

The man looked at him with sad, grave eyes and backed away. "I don't know any James Peters; there must be some mistake." The two confronted each other in hostile silence and the postman walked away quickly, not looking back. Professor Peters stood in the street, trembling, irritated, frightened. He climbed the stairs to his rooms, took a strong sedative and lay down to think. But thinking was impossible. He rubbed his temples and the back of his neck and began to feel a chill. Unable to remain quiet, he jumped up to call his friend Dr. Provost, who was also his physician. The telephone was totally dead. Phones do get out of order, but this was no mere coincidence; by now it seemed like an unholy conspiracy, the forces of which were inexplicable. Peters quickly shaved, dressed and ran out of his house, not knowing where to turn or where to go first. The corner clock showed five past noon. Provost would be coming for lunch from the hospital. He went to a nearby telephone booth and dialed his friend's number, then just as suddenly changed his mind and decided to walk to his house. The twenty-minute walk would be an opportunity to think just how he would present his problem.

Provost was an old friend, understanding and perceptive. He was very comfortable to talk to, and Peters was anxious to share the events of these last few days. In fact, he felt a decided need for perhaps some physical consultation. He rang the bell, was admitted by the housemaid who asked him to come to the waiting room. This was unusual since he was always admitted to the doctor's personal quarters. In a few minutes Provost came in, but instead of pounding his shoulder as was his custom, he stopped short, frowned, and said, "These are not my office hours; but if it's an emergency, step into my office. Your name please?"

These simple words were a calamity, and unable to contain himself, Peters cried out. "My God, Paul, are you insane? What kind of joke is this? Don't you recognize me?" He took a step toward him and at the same moment Dr. Provost stepped back toward his desk.

"My dear sir, I'm afraid there's some mistake. I

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haven't the vaguest idea who you are. If you're not ill I'm afraid you'll have to leave—I'm exceedingly busy today."

"But for God's sake," he implored, "you've seen me a thousand times. I'm James, James Peters, and I come here for dinner every other week. Please, what have I done to you?"

"Now look, using someone else's identity won't help; you must understand *I don't know you,* and don't try forcing your way by reciting certain facts which you or anyone might have found out. I don't want any trouble and I'm asking you to leave."

In a rage Peters yelled out: "You're a damned liar, Paul! Either you're testing me or you're in some sort of plot. I'd never think it of you, but I'll get to the bottom of it." He ran for the door, slammed it and almost tripped rushing down the stairs. As he left he kept asking himself—what did he mean? How did I change? Something must have been visible to Paul as well as to the others. This was a clamp, a finality that knit all the events of the past few days into one single terror. Peters began to tremble, and hailing a cab, he gave the driver his address.

Staring up at the dark ceiling, broken by shafts of occasional lights from passing cars, Peters felt the circle narrowing. Something was happening that did not happen in the twentieth century. Perhaps under the cabalism of the Middle Ages with satans and saints appearing in the mysteries of the supernatural, but not today in the age of science and reason. The four or five days of unrelieved silence were beginning to crush him. How did one go about seeking explanations of forces beyond the reasons known to modern man? All sorts of ideas like dark furies began to settle. A conspiracy—some horrendous practical jest; a crime committed in the name of James Peters; his face—broken into a strange configuration; a revenge of long forgotten, but powerful enemies. . . . But reasonable causes did not make reasonable effects. Sleep was possible only under strong sedation. The last thought Professor Peters had was that he was either going quite mad or was dreaming all this. Was there perhaps truth in the idea that Lucifer could indeed cast one out of touch with reality?

The following day began exactly as all the others—not a scrap of mail, not a single phone call (in fact the phone remained quite dead). No one came to ring his bell. Dr. Peters usually spent Saturday afternoon at the library; then, if he had no engagements, he had dinner at the Soho-Village Cafe where most of his colleagues met, and they wound up the evening either at his apartment or someone else's. Before leaving he glanced at his bedside clock-calendar and noticed for the first time that it had stopped at 10:05 on the previous Monday. Oddly, the electric cord was still plugged into the wall socket; but by now the whole set of events no longer shocked him, but rather fell into place like pieces of a totally new puzzle, except that with each piece the terror of isolation became more confirmed.

In the library Peters met no one he knew, and that was a welcome respite. But then he was ready to play his last card. He walked to the Soho-Village Cafe and looked in through the large side window. Everyone was there: Albert's broad back in the corner chair, Barry with his interminable cigarette, Sandor's beret visible bobbing up and down, Crignon gesticulating with the book in his hand, and several others who came occasionally. James Peters hesitated, preparing what he might say or what precise attitude to assume. He found himself uncomfortably defensive. Still it was best to know. He went in, smiled, patted one of the men on the back and drew up a chair.

"Well, it's been a while, Crignon," he said, lighting his own cigarette. "What's the lecture on tonight?" There was neither welcome nor laughter, only deep silence as every face turned. Peters waited. The conspiracy was becoming widespread. "I see you're also pretending not to know me," his voice rose. "What is all this? What have I done? Did I kill someone?"

"This is a private table, sir. Who are you?"

"Oh, come on, Sandor, don't be an ass; what's your game?"

"This is no game, sir, it's a private party. Who are you?"

"Peters! James Peters, your colleague. Don't take that tone with me."

Their exchanged glances were filled with complicity. Albert got up, made some private gesture and moved away. One by one all the others followed and Peters sensed the hostility. He grasped someone's arm. "Now listen, will you explain this to me—what in God's name have I done?"

"You don't seem to be drunk, but I don't think you understand. Dr. Peters is not here. If you're looking for him, he lives on Grenada Square. But *no one here knows you.* This is a private group."

Peters realized there was no possibility of learning anything. He felt condemned as if he no longer existed for humanity. Whatever had changed was no longer the issue, for the terror was of being canceled out; without reason his identity had disappeared and he was no longer recognized by anyone. His friends were huddled together whispering and he remained in some unexplained vacuum. Peters turned and left the cafe. In the street everything was a blur; a kind of fog was beginning to settle. The people who passed him were like shadows, the lampposts merged into the gray cloud, the passing cars were only dim headlights, and the sidewalk seemed without a beginning or end. It was only years of habit that made him find his door. He unlocked it, threw down his hat and looked around. This was his room, his furnishings, the desk stood in its accustomed place at the window and he turned on the desk lamp. What was he to do—where to begin? How does one look for answers to himself?

Dr. James Peters was an orderly man, in his habits and his thinking. Despite a kind of paralysis which was calcifying, like a shell on a snail, he first touched his face and walked to a mirror. It was indeed he—no one

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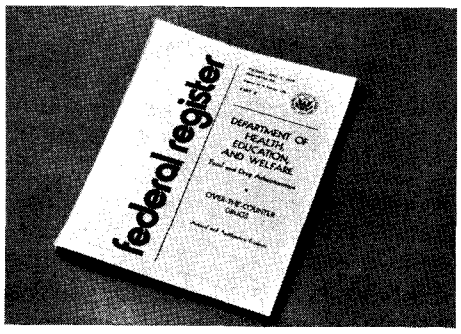

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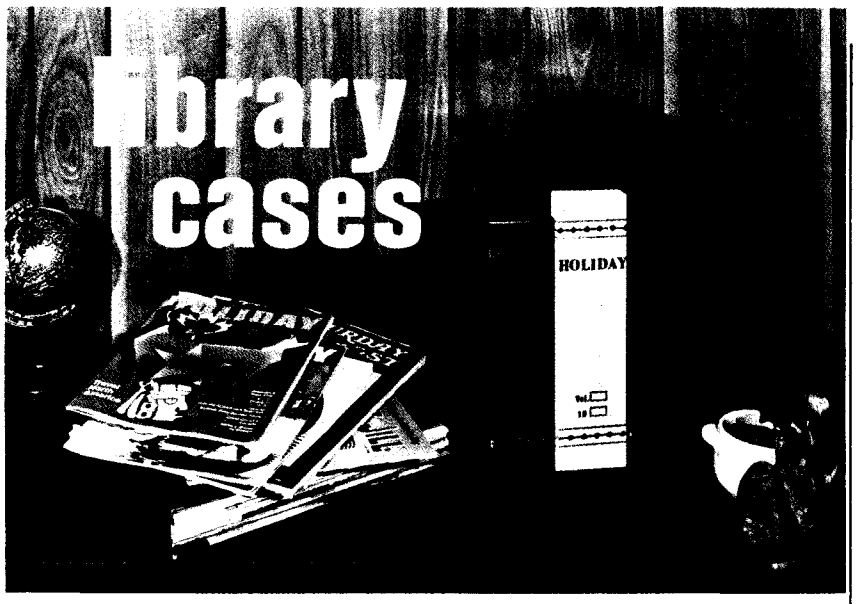

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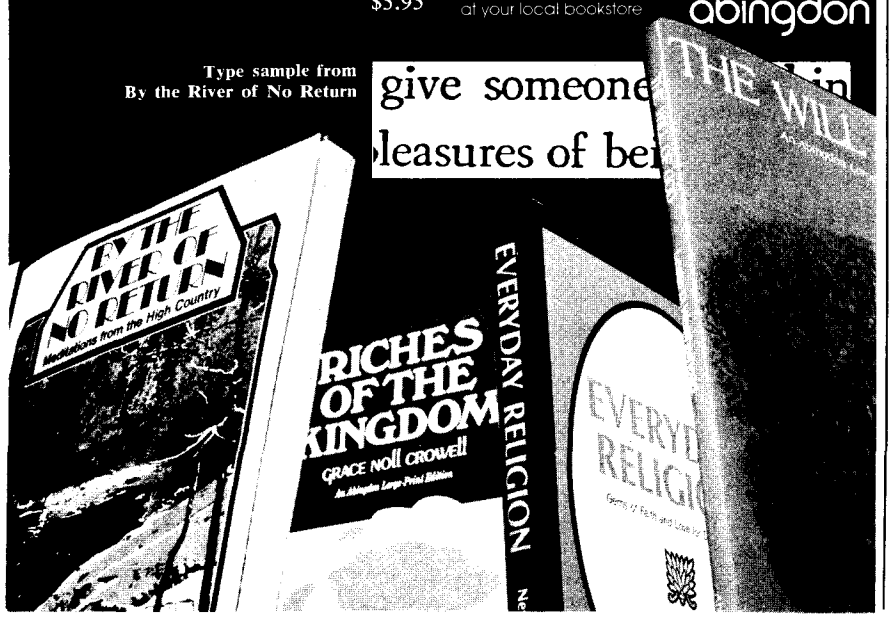

man, in his habits and his thinking. Despite a kind of paralysis which was calcifying, like a shell on a snail, he touched his face and walked to a mirror. Slowly, like a creeping spider, his gaze rose until his eyes met the reflection and he stared hard and long. It was indeed he—no one else—James Peters, a teacher at the university, a bachelor, writer, and good friend to all his students. The image was as real as his hands, his body—and yet, where was the link of identity that had been destroyed this past week? He went to the desk to search amidst the familiar clutter of last week's mail for some possible clue. Most letters were the impersonal notices from publishers, replies to queries about books, and such. What would happen if this were not a summer recess and he would have to face dozens of students and all the colleagues? Would they all stare with the same blankness or hostility? But this was no direction to pursue, no need to be further overwhelmed. In the process of searching Peters came across a group of themes written by last year's classes. The top one had especially impressed him and he intended to reread it. He noticed a small note attached to it which read: "Dear Dr. Peters, I'm glad you like my paper despite our basic disagreement on Ezra Pound. Yet in all honesty I must agree with one of his statements which says, *The sum of human wisdom is not contained in any one language, and no single language is capable of expressing all forms of human comprehension. . . .*"

Peters read the quote a number of times and each time felt more certain that in some way it referred to him—to his present tragedy, to the mystery of the moment. *Of the moment?* The question shocked him as he realized it might *not* be of the moment. What if this horror persisted? How would he get back into the life stream? And what would be the point of reference?

Peters got up, took a strong sedative, drew the blinds, and as the city awakened, fell asleep to the accompaniment and last echoes of his repetition of the words—I'm James Peters . . . James Peters. . . . He awoke late in the day to the ringing of the telephone, and it was so unaccustomed a sound that a deafness might have lifted. It was his very good friend Margarita Devon with whom he usually spent his Sundays. He hurried to reassure her.

"My darling Margo, a tragedy, I was ill"; his drugged voice must have sounded convincing. The conversation was brief since he begged to be allowed to call the next day; actually trembling, he realized how out of joint this was with the events of the week. He wanted to think about it but the doorbell rang together with an insistent knocking. He opened the door and Paul Provost rushed in.

"Where were you all week, James? My God, you look awful. Are you sick? I tried calling two days ago; is your phone out of order?"

This rush of concern was water on parched soil and Peters was so stunned he could only pull his friend toward a chair. "Actually, Paul, I think I was ill; I'll come for a checkup this week." He began to feel a new tension; although he was deeply grateful, the puzzlement must have shown. Dr. Provost kept looking at him questioningly and after half an hour cut his visit short, adding, "Come when you can, James, but you're looking better already. Do you have a lady in the bedroom?" He laughed as if this suddenly explained what had been obtusely overlooked. Else why should Peters have hastily thrown on a robe at eight on a Sunday evening?

Watching his friend drive off, Dr. Peters sat at his desk in the same chair as he had the night before. To all appearances the breach of time was healed without the smallest visible seam. He might have returned from another dimension. He felt himself smile out of an endless darkness, although despite hours of sleep there was an unexplained weariness, an after-illness breach. He poured a double brandy, lit his pipe and sat down to think.

The following morning the letters began to arrive, small pieces of life fell into place, weariness was being replaced, but nothing explained the mystery, the suspension of events. Perhaps there are voids in time like tears in fabric, he thought; perhaps we move like a shuttle on a loom, back and forth in time, and live unwittingly in a dimension not of our making. Perhaps what we mistake for illusion is really a different kind of reality, and the language of our mind reveals another way that man can exist. Perhaps that's exactly what Ezra Pound meant when he wrote: "The sum of human wisdom is not contained in any one language, nor is one language capable of expressing all our comprehension. . . ."

Professor Peters opened his journal and noticed that his last entry was ten days ago; what he had written was a question asking how one could reach people besides through the use of words. Yes, there was music, painting, sculpture—each bore its message across centuries . . . but Peters noted the entry was unfinished. He put the date on the next line and began to write: "I can almost hear the heartbeat of others as if I were on the ledge of some great perception; I wonder if this is the 'other' language I acquired during this incredible week when no one knew me. There *must* be another way of reaching others, not merely through our limited set of words. I am certain of this because if I pretended to be 'the stranger' everyone thought, I would have learned many different things *about them and about me*. I am certain of this just as I am certain that I am not alone in this. I've only to find *the others. . . .*"

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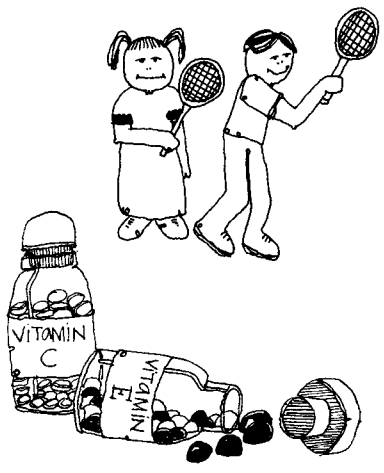
FIVE WAYS TO LIVI



The United States is a great country. We are fortunate to be living here. We have the greatest average income of any country (except, temporarily, a couple of the oil-rich Arabian countries). We like to think that this affluence also makes us the healthiest and the happiest people in the world, but in fact it does not.

The percentages of our babies who die before they are a year old is greater than that found in a dozen other countries. It is attributed to poor nutrition, poor sanitation, and poor medical care.

Moreover, our adults suffer more sicknesses, at a given age, and die earlier than the adults in other developed countries. And this increased incidence of disease and death at an earlier age is not restricted to the poor people; it is found also among the middle class and the rich.

I believe that there are some simple and inexpensive actions that can be taken by any person to increase his chance of living a long and happy life. There is, of course, no guarantee, no way to be sure—no matter how careful you are, you may die in an automobile accident or in the crash of a commercial airplane, or from a disease for which no treatment is known. But you can take some actions that will shift the chances for health, happiness, and long life in your favor.

Infectious diseases, degenerative diseases, and genetic diseases cause a great amount of suffering. I believe that the amount of this suffering can be reduced significantly by improving one's nutrition, both by adding some substances in increased amounts to the diet and by cutting down the intake of other substances.

I have been interested in nutrition for a long time. My wife and I were engaged for one year before our marriage in Salem, Oregon, on June 17, 1923. We were separated during most of that year; I was a graduate student in chemistry in the California Institute of Technology, and she continued as a student in Oregon Agricultural College (now Oregon State University), where I had been for five years. She studied nutrition, and I attribute my present good health in considerable part to her knowledge and understanding of this field, which has resulted in our having ingested unusually healthful (as well as tasty) foods throughout our life together. Now that our children have had experience in the outside world and have been able to compare it with their early home, they have joined a concerted effort to get her to write a book on food and nutrition, including her favorite recipes.

In 1922, in one of my daily letters to her, I mentioned that it is acetic acid that gives the sour taste to sauerkraut. In her answering letter she corrected me gently, pointing out that, although vinegar contains acetic acid, sauerkraut is made sour by its content of lactic acid, which is also the acid constituent of sour milk.

She also knew that sauerkraut contains a good amount of vitamin C. This knowledge she shared with the great English explorer Captain James Cook, who loaded several tons of sauerkraut onto his ship, enough for two pounds per week for each sailor. He also got fresh green plants at every landfall. None of his sailors died of scurvy during his Pacific voyages in 1768 to 1780, although other explorers lost as many as half of their crews to scurvy.

One of Captain Cook's sailors wrote the following song:

We were all hearty seamen, no colds did we fear
And we have from all sickness entirely kept clear
Thanks be to the Captain, he has proved so good
Amongst all the Islands to give us fresh food.

This song, written two hundred years ago, indicates that some people even then believed that fresh food contains something that protects against colds and other diseases. In 1928 the substance ascorbic acid was isolated for the first time from plant and animal tissue, and in 1932 it was shown to be vitamin C, the vitamin that protects against scurvy. Before long the pure vitamin became available in vitamin tablets, and many studies were made by physicians and biologists to determine how much value this vitamin might have in preventing and treating various diseases. An account of the most important research papers was given by Irwin Stone in his book (published in 1972) *The Healing Factor: Vitamin C Against Disease*.

For several years, beginning about 1935, physicians made considerable use of vitamin C and other vitamins in the prevention and treatment of the common cold and other diseases. Then an extraordinary event occurred, an event that has, I fear, been responsible for much unnecessary suffering during the past quarter of a century. The leading authorities in medicine and nutrition decided that an increased intake of vitamin C and other vitamins has no value in controlling the common cold and other diseases. This attitude has been continued. For example, in 1970, Dr. Philip L. White, Secretary of the Council on Food and Nutrition of the American Medical Association, wrote, "Unfortunately, there is still a widespread belief that extra ascorbic acid can not only prevent colds but also lessen the severity and duration of colds and other respiratory infections. Even when consumed at the first sign of a sniffle, large doses of the vitamin are

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LONGER

By Linus Pauling

useless." The AMA repeated this statement in 1974.

The truth is, however, that many careful trials of vitamin C have been made, and every one that has involved persons exposed to colds in the ordinary way has shown that vitamin C has some protective effect—there was less illness in the subjects receiving daily doses of vitamin C than in those receiving an inactive tablet (a placebo). A school physician, Dr. G. Ritzel, in Basel, Switzerland, carried out a study with 279 schoolboys, fifteen to seventeen years old, in camps in the Alps. The boys receiving one gram of vitamin C per day had only 37 percent as much illness as those receiving a placebo. Charleston and Clegg of Strathclyde University, Glasgow, Scotland, reported that their subjects receiving one gram of ascorbic acid per day had only 42 percent as much illness as those receiving a placebo. Coulehan and his co-workers of the Public Health Service reported only 64 to 70 percent as much illness in children receiving one or two grams of ascorbic acid per day as in those receiving a placebo. Several other similar studies have been made. The conclusion from them all is that people who take one or two grams (1,000 or 2,000 milligrams) of vitamin C have only about half as much illness from the common cold as those who do not take extra vitamin C.

Moreover, whether you do or don't take vitamin C regularly, you can usually stop a cold, prevent it from becoming a full-fledged cold, by taking several grams of vitamin C as soon as the first sniffle, sneeze, chill or other symptom appears. Vitamin C is the only agent I know that will stop a cold; and it must be taken in large amounts and early (not six hours or a day after symptoms appear) to do the job.

C.W. Jungeblut of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, New York, reported in 1935 that vitamin C can deactivate polio virus and protect monkeys against paralysis by polio. He and other investigators reported a similar effectiveness of vitamin C against several other viral diseases.

It is unfortunate that during the last twenty-five years physicians have neglected this field, and instead have contented themselves with saying that an increased intake of vitamin C and other vitamins has no value. On the basis of the existing evidence, which is better for the common cold than for other diseases, I make the estimate that *the combined incidence of all diseases, at a given age, can be reduced one half by the regular ingestion of between one and five grams of vitamin C per day.*

People differ from one another, and there is the possibility that an individual, because of his genetic constitution, may be harmed by this intake, even though he requires a small intake, around ten milligrams per day, to keep him from dying of scurvy. One man is known who converts most of his vitamin C into oxalic acid, which might cause him to form kidney stones if he took a large amount of the vitamin. He is, however, exceptional. Dr. F.R. Klenner and Dr. A. Hoffer, each of whom has supervised thousands of patients who received several grams of vitamin C each day over a period of years, have reported no cases with serious side effects from the high intake of the vitamin.

The chance of developing most diseases (the common cold is an exception) as also the chance of dying increases with advancing age, doubling every eight years. On the average, people have twice as much disability with illness during their fifty-eighth year as during their fiftieth year, and they are twice as likely to die during that year, too. The amount of disability and the probability of death are doubled again for the sixty-sixth year, and so on. My estimate is that a proper intake of vitamin C, several grams per day instead of the forty-five milligrams per day recommended by the U.S. Food and Nutrition Board, would cut the incidence of disease and chance of death at a given age in half. Accordingly, the length of the period of good health would be increased by eight years, and the life expectancy would also be increased by eight years.

My wife and I noticed that we experienced an increased feeling of well-being, general liveliness and good health, when we increased our intake of vitamin C. Many people have reported the same experience, while many others have denied observing such an effect upon themselves. One careful investigation that bears on this point has been reported. Dr. A.L. Kubala and Dr. M.M. Katz, in 1960, published an account of their study of 351 students in four schools in Texas. Some of the students had a low concentration of vitamin C in their blood. Their average IQ, as measured by the standard intelligence-quotient tests, was significantly lower than that of the students with a high concentration of vitamin C. When they were given extra vitamin C in orange juice and tested again, their scores had risen to the same average value as that of the others.

I believe that an improvement in health can be achieved by an increased intake of other vitamins as well. Sixty years ago thousands of people in the southern United States died of pellagra each year. It is known that pellagra is a vitamin deficiency disease which can be prevented by ingesting twenty milligrams of vitamin B_3 (niacin)

Chemist Linus Carl Pauling, the vital septuagenarian pictured above, is distinguished in many fields. But on the frontier of science he is particularly well qualified to speak up on medicine, for it was his extremely important contribution in this field which won for him a Nobel Prize.

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per day. However, we do not know how much niacin should be taken each day to provide the best health. We do not know because the authorities in medicine and nutrition have shown no interest in finding out. Instead, they have repeated, year after year, the statement that extra amounts of vitamins (beyond the recommended daily allowances, which are approximately the amounts in a day's ration of good natural foods) have no value. This statement is not supported by the facts. Instead, the facts, which are, unfortunately, only fragmentary, indicate just the opposite: extra amounts of vitamins *do* lead to better health.

I shall take vitamin E as my second example. The general public has shown much interest in vitamin E in recent years, in part because of the work of Drs. Evan and Wilfrid Shute of Canada, who have reported considerable success in treating 30,000 heart patients and many other patients (with burns, diabetic ulcers, and other ailments) with vitamin E during the last thirty years. Many medical authorities, however, have rejected this treatment. In late 1973 the U.S. Food and Nutrition Board released a statement about vitamin E. The Board said that, with the exception of one rare disease of infants, no disease is benefited by an intake of this vitamin greater than their recommended daily allowance of fifteen units. I wrote several letters to the Board and to its chairman, asking why they rejected the evidence about heart disease and peripheral occlusive arterial disease. The Board and its chairman have refrained from replying to my letters.

The evidence that an increased intake of vitamin E benefits the heart and blood vessels is very strong. One of the best studies was made by Dr. Knut Haeger of the Malmö Hospital, Sweden. He studied 220 patients with peripheral occlusive arterial disease over a period of seven years. They were in two age-matched groups, with one group receiving 300 units of vitamin E per day. The group receiving vitamin E had less than half as many deaths and one-tenth as many amputations of gangrenous legs (one, compared with eleven) as the other group. After a few months the vitamin-E patients could walk twice as far as the others before developing pains in the calves of the legs—angina, similar to the angina pectoris of heart patients.

As an antioxidant, Vitamin E protects cell membranes and muscles against damage by peroxidation. In the modern world, where our bodies are under attack by nitrogen oxides and other oxidizing pollutants, we have a special need for both the water-soluble antioxidant vitamin C and the fat-soluble antioxidant vitamin E.

There is no known toxic dose of vitamin E. My estimate of the optimum intake is several hundred units per day, increasing with increasing age.

I surmise, with little reliable basis, that with the optimum intake of vitamin E and the other vitamins (which cannot be discussed in detail because of limited space) the incidence of disease and probability of death at a given age can be reduced again by one-half, with a consequent second increase by eight years in the length of the period of well-being and the length of life.

Another important nutritional measure that may profitably be adopted is that of decreasing the intake of ordinary sugar—sucrose. Two hundred years ago people on the average ate only two pounds of sugar per year; now we eat 110 pounds per year, about one-quarter of a pound each day. Sugar and starch are carbohydrates, and we need carbohydrates in our diet, as the principal source of energy. But starch, which consists of residues of glucose, is a good carbohydrate, which our bodies have learned to handle over the many millions of years of evolution; whereas sugar, which contains a residue of glucose and one of fructose, is a bad carbohydrate, which we cannot handle well. John Yudkin, formerly professor of biochemistry and nutrition in the University of London, now retired, has gathered evidence about the intake of sugar in relation to the incidence of heart disease and other diseases. His conclusion is that the likelihood of coronary heart disease at a given age is fifteen times as great for people who eat 160 pounds or more of sugar a year as for people who eat 60 pounds or less.

I estimate that an additional increase by four years in the length of the period of well-being and the length of life can be achieved by not eating very much sucrose. This means not adding sugar from the sugar bowl to coffee, tea, and foods, not eating candy and sweet desserts (except occasionally, when you do not want to offend your host and hostess), and not buying foods that are labeled as containing sugar.

It is hard to find good, natural foods in the food stores, but it is important to look for them and to reject foods that list sugar as one of their constituents. In one food store I could not find old-fashioned cornflakes, with corn and salt as the constituents. The ordinary cornflakes contained some sugar, with the amount not stated,

Continued on page 132

The family group at the right is at the senior Paulings' Deer Flat Ranch, south of Big Sur, and approximately twenty miles north of San Simeon. The occasion was to celebrate the golden wedding anniversary of the famous scientist and his wife. Historians of the future, scanning this photograph, might well note it as evidence that advanced intellectual capability did not preclude a handsome physical presence in citizens of the twentieth century's seventh decade. Left to right we meet:

Barclay Kamb (husband of Linus Pauling's daughter Linda, she being third from the left in the picture), a professor of geology at Cal Tech's School of Geological and Planetary Sciences; Peter Pauling, lecturer in chemistry at London University and a crystallographer like his father; Linda Pauling Kamb, the mother of four sons; Linus Pauling, Jr., a psychiatrist in Honolulu; next, the golden couple, Mr. and Mrs. Linus Pauling; and finally, Crellin Pauling, a biochemical geneticist at the University of California at Riverside.

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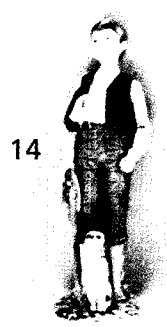
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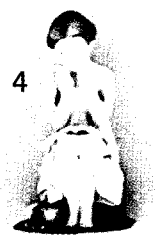
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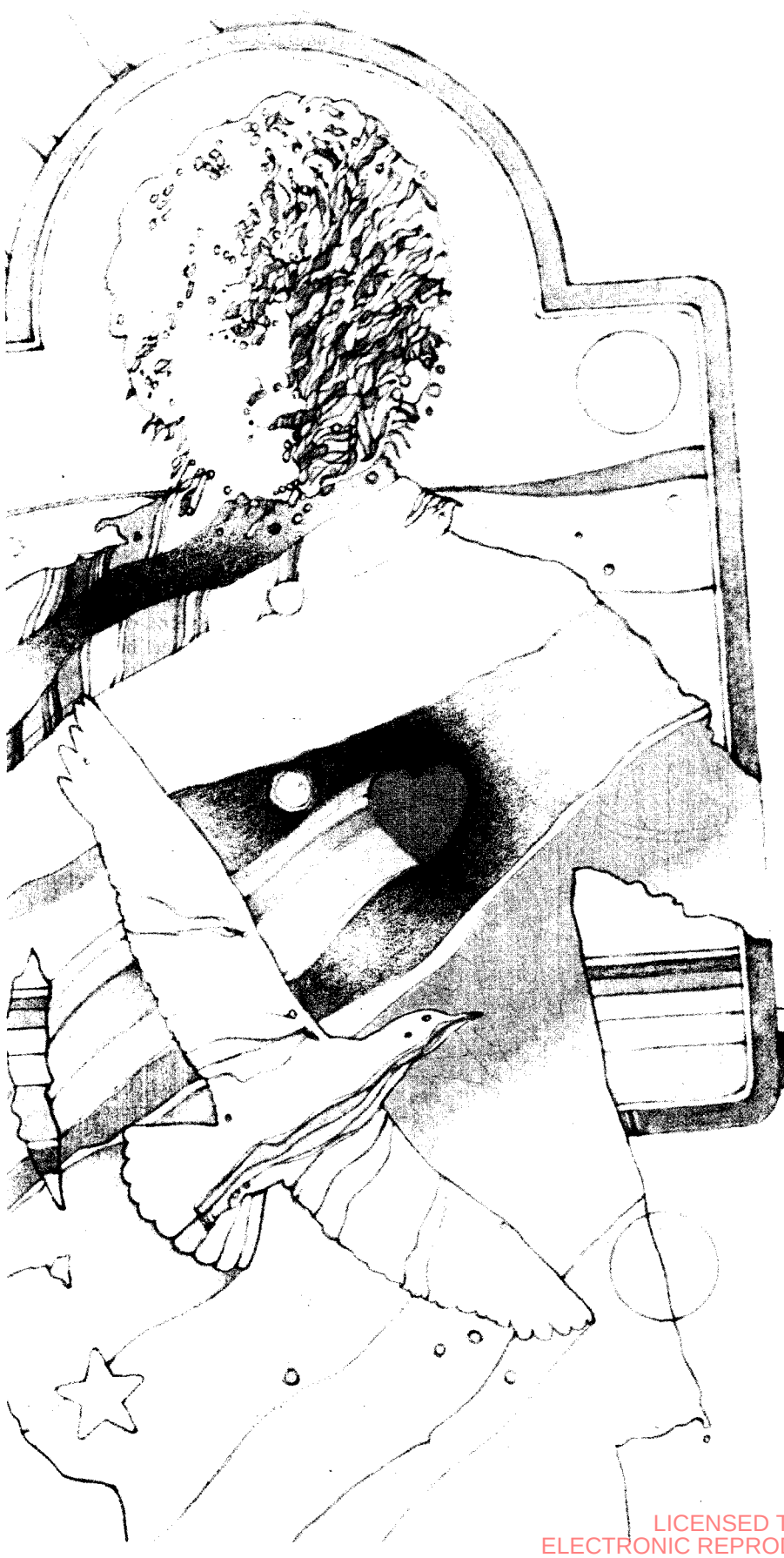

Illustrated by Terry Steadham

By José-Vicente Renjifo

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH MISS RITA

José-Vicente Renjifo is a native Colombian with a degree in economics from the University of Bogotá. He took up residence in New York City in 1965, working in the field of international banking. Always interested in writing, he is presently working on a biography of Eva Perón and on a novel. "Miss Rita" is his first published short story in the United States. He is the father of a seventeen-year-old son who until recently was fondly attached to a blown-up poster of Raquel Welch.

Nineteen-forty-seven is one year I'll never forget. That was the year I fell in love with Rita Hayworth.

It was love at first sight, violent, painful, forceful and . . . unfortunately unilateral.

Everything started right after Christmas of 1946 and a few days before my fourteenth birthday. We were living in Buga, a beautiful town in Colombia with white stucco houses, small parks, many churches, very few shops, and only three motor cars—one in the mayor's office and two taxicabs.

That day, as we used to do every year, my younger brother Luis, my sisters Amparo and Rosita, and I went out calendar hunting. That was a game we had every year. The four of us would go all over town, asking in each pharmacy, bank or hardware store for calendars. Two of us would go inside the shop and two would wait down the block with the calendars already collected, firmly clutched behind our backs.

When we had visited all the businesses in town—there were so few—we would return home with our treasures and the biting desire to display them all at once on our parents' big bed. The four of us would then kneel around the bed and start dreaming of the places shown in the glossy photographs. Our thoughts would travel from Switzerland to the Congo, to Japan, to the United States, to France. Each month had a different scene from a different country and we would dream of those beautiful places with the dolls' houses and the gardens of thousands of colors, or of the cities with enormous buildings scraping the sky, all lit up like gigantic Christmas trees, or of the snow-covered mountains, adorned with patches of green and streaks of brown, or of the jungles of myriad greens.

It was a ritual each year. We would take the old ones down without any regret since they were wrinkled, dog-eared and very much traveled and we would then put in their places the new ones with fresh colors and different cities and countries. Each one of us had at least two calendars hanging in the less conspicuous places—inside the closets or behind the high furniture and under the mattresses or in the linen trunk. My mother didn't like calendars and liked even less to see them hanging everywhere. She just had one—on

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my father's desk, in a gold frame with only the numbers and an abbreviation of the names of the days and months. Not the year and no scenery. We always thought it was dull and difficult to understand. Besides, who cares about all the days of the year when the only important ones are birthdays, vacation time and Christmas?

Anyway, we had our secret and at any time during the day Luis might tell me, "These double-decker buses in London are something. Today I could see the inside of all the houses we passed. Are you having a good time in your country today?"

Or Amparo, who was ten, would comment, "I just love this month because I love Amsterdam. I can walk in my dolls' houses as I walk in my own. They're so pretty."

Rosita was just five years old and no matter what country her calendar would show, she was always in Paris. "I'm in Paris," she would say and even if we taught her the names of the other countries, she would end up saying, "Well, but I'm going to Paris today." We decided to ignore her so as not to spoil our game.

I would tell them of my dangers in Africa, or my adventures in New York, speaking English, or my discoveries in Rome or my days in Paris. Everything was delightful until that day when I fell in love.

We brought home seven calendars that year and when we displayed them on the big bed, my brother and sisters booed with disgust when they saw the one we had picked up last. It was just one picture. Her picture. The twelve pages with the months were hanging at the end of the glossy sheet, right after the announcement of the drugstore name and the hours it stayed open. No mountains, no cities, no valleys, no buildings. Just a woman in a black gown with her arms lifted above her head, one clad in a black glove till the elbow, the other one naked and white. The only color in the picture was her hair—red, long and silky—and her mouth, scarlet and smiling, showing through the half-open lips a set of perfect teeth. Under the photograph was her name. Miss Rita Hayworth.

My brother said, "Ugh." My sisters cried, "No landscapes," and I said, "Wow!"

From then on the game was over for me. I didn't want to go dreaming with them to Rio de Janeiro with its beautiful beaches, or to Paris with its ancient boulevards or to New York with its enormous skyscrapers. I just wanted to stay there looking at her. Every inch of this woman was more beautiful than any of my dreams.

From that day on, my life changed or at least I noticed my changes. I didn't play anymore with my brother, who all of a sudden became childish and silly at twelve. I looked down on my sisters, so loud and rough and plain. I became taciturn and irascible. I didn't study as hard as before, but I read avidly.

My mother was delighted since I stayed home more and more but my father started looking at me suspiciously and many times he would pass the place where I was reading, glancing at me and frowning.

With my report card, the teacher sent a note describing me as very dreamy and a wanderer. My best mark was now in English whereas before it had been geography, history and mathematics. My mother was elated since she had always wanted me to be good in languages; my father kept frowning and asking if everything was all right with me.

I got into some troubles because of my love.

Once I told my mother that Miss Rita was more beautiful than the Virgin Mary and she slapped my face for being irreverent. Another day I told my father that if one day I married, I would never treat my wife—I was thinking of Miss Rita—as he treated my mother. Just like a maid. He slapped me fiercely for being disrespectful.

At night I would go to bed—many times without dinner "for being fresh," my mother said—and tell Miss Rita everything about myself: all of my dreams, my thoughts, my problems with my family.

I promised her love, jewels, another black glove, a dress in case she wanted to change her gown, and many trips to distant lands.

One night I woke up crying because I thought she was gone, but another night I opened my eyes and felt her beautiful hair on my arm. I heard her breathing, and her silky body was all stretched out against my back. I turned over and embraced her passionately. Something screeched and scratched my bare chest. Hissing wildly, our cat Sara jumped from the bed. Next morning when I saw her in the kitchen, I kicked her out of my way in rage.

My father and mother kept watching me, and more than once, I saw them poking their heads inside my room, when I was conversing deliriously with Miss Rita. I would be furious at this invasion of my privacy and greeted them with two or three obscenities that I had learned in school. My father flogged me four times in 1947. He had never done it before.

"Bring him down a peg or two, Roger! Tell him how many times you could buy him and sell him!"

In July, my mother flew with me to Bogota, the capital, to see a psychiatrist. The man showed me drawings, asked me questions, made me write sentences about school, my parents, and my brother and sisters. When I finished he talked to my mother in private and it seemed that everything was fine because she came out smiling and relaxed, although a little embarrassed.

At the end of that month, we finished school and next day we packed for our three months' vacation on our grandmother's farm. I took Miss Rita with me. I tried to conceal her in my bag but my brother, who by then was sillier than ever because I didn't pay any attention to him, showed her to my mother. She said nothing to me but took the stupid Luis by the ear and made him sit in the car. With that I understood that my family had accepted Miss Rita.

That was a wonderful summer. All my cousins were there and with them a girl in red pigtails and with freckles on her nose. Matilde was thirteen and my cousin Elsa's best friend. When I saw her, I thought she was fresh as a rose.

We became friends immediately and soon we were swimming and horseback riding as if we had known each other for a long time. Once, while we were swimming together, I accidentally touched her breast and I felt a shock.

Another day on a hike, I held her by the waist as we jumped from one rock to another, and the shock

Continued on page 96

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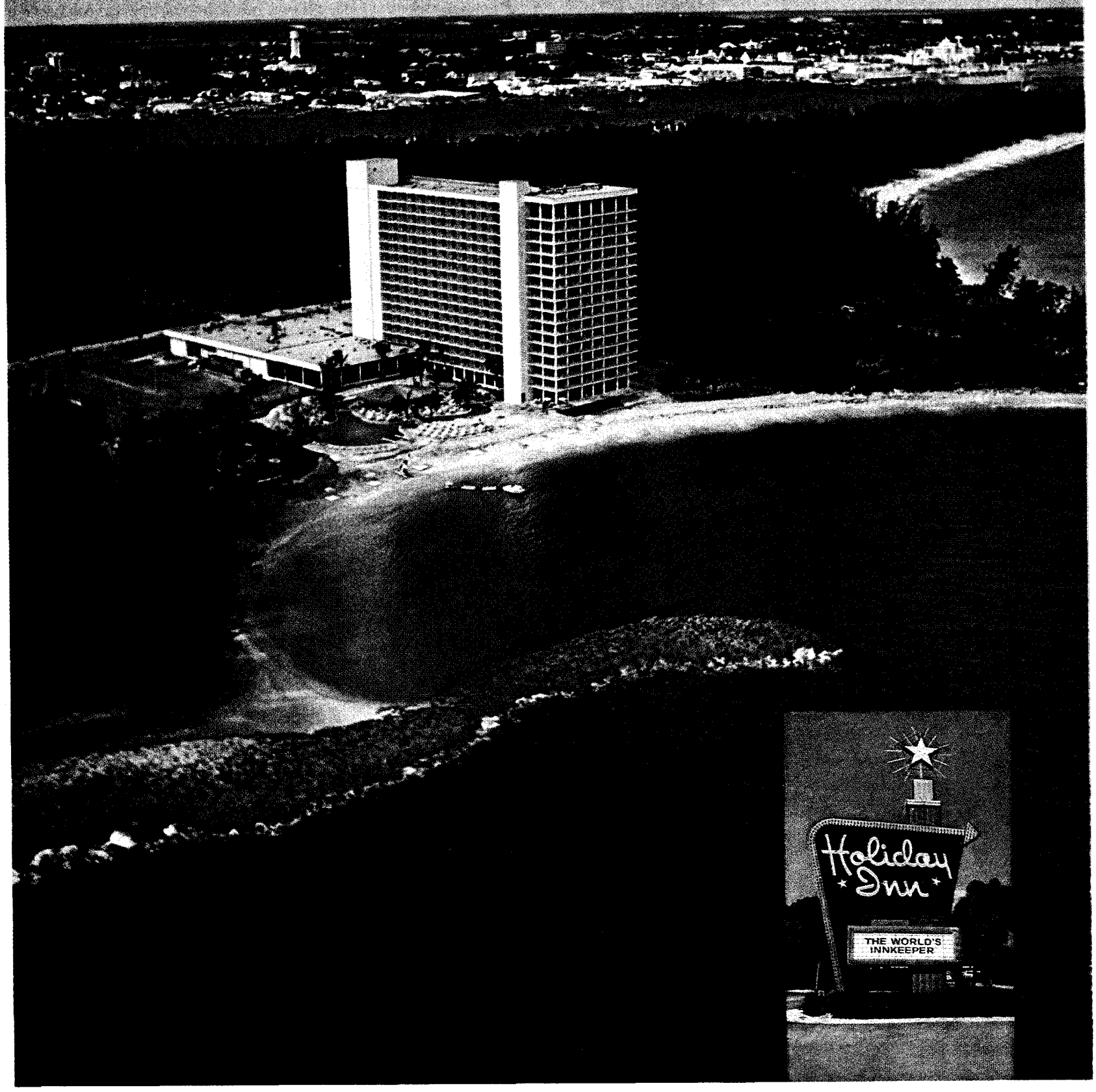

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THE MIDEAST JET-SET STYLE

By Starkey Flythe, Jr.

Andrews Air Force Base. A television sort of place. Like Ozzie and Harriet's street. Or the 38th parallel. A "Today" show of arrivals and departures for bigwigs.

The President of the United States is taking a trip. And depending on whether he wishes to be seen coming or going, the press is preceding or following him. (For, to a certain extent, a President "makes" his own news.)

The press is up early. A president never waits. It is perhaps the one perquisite of his office you envy. There are no lingering good-byes. The car's motor—the plane's, train's, choppers—is always running. He never has to cool his heels. Everything is cranked up. He is the first person off Air Force One and the last on. When the hatch closes behind him, the sleek silver and blue Boeing 707 is airborne before you can play Hail or Farewell to the Chief. All other traffic is halted—both by Traffic Control and a sense of awe at the whole proceeding.

"Oh, there's John Chancellor," says the wife of a newspaper editor going on the trip. "They do it with toothbrushes." "What?" "Make him look like that. I read an article and they brush his hair down before he's on television with a toothbrush. And ___ [a jet revs up obscuring the name] has a terrible perspiration problem. They have to put a box of Kleenex under each arm when he makes a public appearance." The newspaper editor looks relieved he has to read only his own copy and is spared the fodder of beauty shop and gynecologists' waiting rooms.

The President arrives. One is struck by the fact that a politician never quite gets over his campaign. The style of the race is the style of the office. As president he must be president. And as president, perhaps he tends to remember what made him president and to think that he must continue in that winning way as part of being president, part of satisfying the people's need for a president.

Now it is almost a suburban commuter scene. Wives bidding their husbands good-bye. Children pulling "Bring me something, Daddieee." Precedence and protocol obliterated in the warm air and light clothes. They could be going downtown to the office instead of to Moscow, or Cairo, or Peking or Jerusalem.

Two planeloads of editors, writers, cameramen, producers, commentators, sound men, still photographers, wire service people are walking out of the country without displaying passport or shot record in order to arrive at the President's destination before him so they may photograph, record and write about his advent on some remote atoll or in a capital which hasn't spoken to the United States in twenty-five years. And no matter how many times veteran newsmen have seen his arrival—trumped up as it sometimes is—eyes wet and throats lump. National anthems do it, twenty-one-gun salutes, kings and queens—sometimes mere logistics—the wonders of the President's schedule—his being able to take off at 8:32 a.m. and arrive eight hours later—exactly—at an airport no bigger than the White House lawn and to find you already there, cameras set up, notebooks poised, the head of state and his wife and heirs apparent standing on their chalk marks, the band's brass to its lips, a child ready with a bouquet of herbs for the First Lady—a whole production which seems to work with no directors, no prop men, although numbers of "without-whom-this-couldn't-have-been accomplished" men are visible—a production myriad citizens come out to witness no matter the weather or the hour.

"They look so terribly vulnerable—fragile human beings—not giants, ordinary human beings," says a WH correspondent of President Nixon and his wife, in the cold rain of Austria, the first stop on their summer trip to the Middle East, fame adding not a cubit to their statures. The oompah band of the toy-town Salzburg, the soldiers with oak leaves in their hats, the Sound-of-Music charm of the whole scene is irresistible, but a President at this point is merely a man, suffering from jet lag. Far off in the mountains a train toots to the Lionel tunnel it is passing through. World affairs suddenly seem slightly absurd. But the clock—a president constantly glances at his watch—takes no notice of possible absurdities. The President—to cheers—is whisked off to a small château—the regular tariff $500 a day—where he is to spend the night and think about tomorrow. The house—really a small palace—is picture-book pretty too. Bronze stags with stars in their antlers gaze eternally at splashing fountains and the clock in the pediment bongs to inform heads of state they mustn't enjoy this.

The planes—usually two or three bombers—will have landed with the President's cars and possibly his helicopters—brought along more for security than comfort; the Secret Service can never be sure in host countries whether some mechanic who works on the coaches of state may have planted a device to end friendly relations forever.

And at the airport, Air Force One—with all its partitions for "senior staff," Secret Service, secretaries, hairdressers, press—looks vaguely like a handyman's $3.98 Luai paneling project, the space conflict of work and people very much in evidence. People lose out. Tables, charts, briefcases win.

Ringed by Security agents, the plane is washed (turtle waxed?) between each leg of its journey. Aft from the cockpit is the message center which keeps the President in touch with the rest of the world and resembles nothing so much as a number of mah-jongg markers or piano keys glued to the wall and lit from within. (When the President is off the plane, signal corps people a few

(Left) On board Air Force One, Helen Thomas, Ron Ziegler, John Chancellor and Tom Jarrel grab some news on the wing.
(Right) The press photographers precede the President in a truck that looks like what Marie Antoinette rode to the guillotine in. If there is sand in Arabia, or snow in Moscow, they get it.

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(Above) There are a few bright moments in this world, even for heads of state. The girl on the left is wearing considerably less outside of the photograph than in. Forty-second Street was never like this. (Right) Baubles, bangles and beads. The First Lady engages in a bit of exploring in an Arab bazaar—assuming all that glitters is indeed gold. (Far Right) Once upon a time the great pyramids at Giza were covered with alabaster. They must have gleamed like UFO's in the burning desert. In the nineteenth century a sultan stripped the transluscent stone from the pyramids to build a mosque in Cairo. Part of the alabaster is seen on the tip of the pyramid at right.

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steps behind him haul a complicated electronic device–a communications packet–known as "the football"–instant hot line and presumably, the nuclear trigger.) Large aluminum boxes are carried up and down the aisles of the plane during the flight. One guesses the contents may be either the furniture from the Lincoln bedroom or cottage cheese, but actually, it is mimeograph equipment to be used in that vast American pastime, "the dissemination of information."

Behind the message center the plane is divided into an aisle to the starboard with the President and First Lady's cabin to the port. Along the aisle is a long brown leather-covered bench which is, with the possible exception of the main promenade deck of the *Q.E. II*, the longest unoccupied stretch-out space on any transatlantic device. The President's cabin is sealed up with the President's seal. The senior staff to the immediate rear features a great many men of great importance who appear to be looking for things in their briefcases and writing down what's missing on large yellow pads.

The Secretary of State, described by the President's press officer as conferring on matters of grave international concern, is fast asleep. This secures his reputation for brilliance, and if his boss is smart he's under too; for these trips are grueling–seven countries in seven days sometimes. Besides smiling all night and day (their faces must literally ache) they must keep their wits about them and be careful not to give away Texas or New Jersey in exchange for some of the more colorful baskets woven in the Malay Archipelago.

Behind the Senior Staff is a mixed bag of secretaries, transcribers, a hairdresser/dresser for the First Lady, the President's valet and his gentleman's gentleman, a speechwriter perhaps, and a wonderful man who is called the "remarks man"–he writes at the last minute the remarks the President will make at the airport (this is because remarks should be remarkably up-to-date), is in touch by radio with the destination, takes note of the weather–if it's been raining in Thailand for six months he will say something like, "It's nice to be here and if I were a bride I'd appreciate all this rice," to restrained laughter.

In the last section of the aircraft are more Secret Service and whoever else isn't entitled to a particular seat on the number one big bird but who is entitled–or has wangled his way–to be on. Secret Service are everywhere and are obviously chosen for their looks–their cabin resembles the casting room at MGM. There too are the WH photographer and two or more photographers who are making the pictures for the record (i.e. history, that much abused point in time); and the press, who will be at the President's throat (or maybe he will be at theirs) for much of the trip.

Since all of the press can't be with their subject matter, i.e., the President, all the time, someone, perhaps Esther Williams or Mark Spitz, has devised the press "pool," in which the WH press office assigns several reporters to accompany the President (to fly on Air Force One, or to squeeze into Golda Meir's tiny little living room or to get dolled up for a state dinner at the Basman Palace in Amman, or to straddle the coupling of the Victorian observation car the President rode on between Cairo and Alexandria) and to write a very factual report of the proceedings. For example, "He arrived at the station at 8:43 a.m. GMT, accompanied by King Hussein, Queen Alia, the First Lady [in blue, or if there's a knowledgeable woman reporter along, some color you haven't the faintest notion of–aubergine]. The President shook hands with some of the crowd, estimated at 30,000, before getting into his compartment. He was overheard to say _____ [getting a quotation is regarded as a triumph on these pools], then we were hustled out."

These pools push as close to the President as his underwear; and it is a great tribute to the Secret Service men that they can tell the difference between Walter Winchell and John Wilkes Booth. Pools–perpetual, and sometimes monumentally boring–follow the President every inch of his way, then are replaced immediately by other assigned pools while the previous pool rushes to the press room to type up (1) the pool report–the record that is mimeographed and given to the other reporters who were not there–and (2) the story for the pool members' own publications.

The press room is usually set up in a hotel with typewriters, telexes and telephones with "English-speaking" operators (though who determines that ability is not known) and usually a U.S.I.S. (U.S. Information Service) office–this office records the trip for posterity and for countries where the U.S. has a propaganda effort, and performs innumerable services for the press and President's party. The press office will go full blast all night long. Typewriters will crumple from the pounding, the English-speaking operators will learn some more English–generally of the four-letter-word sort. A great quantity of whiskey, wine and beer ("the water's not safe here") will be consumed, a hundred handouts handed out, and all this, mixed together with a cup or two of addled brains from the world's most distinguished newsmen and women, will be returned to the U.S. as news–headlines, commentaries, opinions, scoops, interviews and fillers.

"Of course the whole trouble with these trips is that when you're old enough–when you've made your mark enough so your editor will send you, you're not exactly capable of running the four-minute mile which is essentially what these jaunts are," says a weary columnist.

A typical day begins at 5 a.m. Because of security most people in the party–why do they ever call it that?–must personally bring their bags to the baggage office, then hurry into position for the President's first call of the day. "The weather is so nice, the President and the Chancellor/King/Emperor/Prime Minister will walk in the garden," says one of the President's aides to the people who have been waiting an hour or so for his appearance. Then it begins to rain. The aide doesn't have time to say, "The weather is so inclement we will all run like crazy for shelter," and of course heads of state can't be undignified even if they have to get wet. Umbrellas appear. The principals–it is a Secret Service word, a useful description for the stars of this panoply–are sheltered by umbrellas and buildings that appear as suddenly as the rain. The President's people never let him stray too far from expediency: even at Egypt's Giza, site of the great pyramids in the middle of the desert, a guest house materializes to shade and refresh, a helicopter pad to make convenient.

Always, even when viewing wonders of the world, the President is moving in his talks with world leaders, toward the object of his visit–U.S. interests, détente, entente or world peace–the last three being commensurate with the first one these days.

If one overhears a snatch of conversation like

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(Above) One-man army in King Faisal's palace in Saudi Arabia. Hot in that outfit (it's 110 degrees in the shade of which there is none), but he once saved the king's life, and you don't wear mufti when you guard a king whose oil revenues exceed a million dollars a day.

"Yes, the weather's even more sultry and humid than this in Washington this time of year" (the President to one of King Faisal's ministers in Saudi Arabia), you must assume it is only leading to something more important.

Logs of the president's time are issued by his press people. On the Middle East trip, 14,775 miles were traveled, fifty hours and thirty minutes were spent with Kings Faisal, Hussein, Presidents Sadat, Assad, Rabin and Spínola (of Portugal). This brought the mileage to 539,500, the longest series of hauls in presidential history.

History is invoked frequently on presidential trips—almost as if it were an item toted in one of the mysterious aluminum cases. News has a terrible way of becoming history. No matter how factual it is, no matter how hard, it romanticizes. When you are there, when you are part of the so-called events, they seem no more important than mosquitoes—often as irritable if the temperature is 105°, or you have a blister from a tight shoe, or the President enters by another door than the one where you have been waiting for a couple of hours. Reading about it later, or seeing it on television, you feel there are discrepancies, not factual discrepancies but discrepancies of mood. Tone. "The President and King _____ held high level discussions last night in His Majesty's butter-colored palace . . ." You remember the "butter-colored palace" as a concrete pile reminiscent of an old army barracks you spent some time in during World War II. "The King and the President and their royal guests dined on exotic delicacies of the East." You summon up remembrances of a wild stampede for the bathroom, a typhoon of mal de mer—though the party is hundreds of miles from the sea. "Native dancers entertained the official party with tantalizing undulations recalling Salome and Scheherazade." Images of your senior play rise in your memory bank (rupt by this time).

The conflict between the President and the press runs along on these trips like a dog chasing a car. The press wants to know everything; the President naturally has to have a few secrets. The press is often shunted to the back door in countries where the First Amendment doesn't apply; they resent this for their job remains the same: to cover the President—to get a story. The President's people feel the "story" is the one they have to tell; the press digs for something else. Kissinger's famous press conference in Salzburg in which he threatened to resign was a good example of a "story." As a result, whenever the Secretary of State was in yell-shot of the press, they asked him when he was going to resign, not how bilateral talks with foreign minister Unpronounceable were coming along.

Most of the men and women in the WH press corps have known each other through a number of presidents. The spirit of camaraderie arises as much from their being too busy to fight as from admiration for each other's gifts. They are often up all night as one may assume the President is. Their arguments with the President are rarely—almost never—personal but have to do with the failure, of all things, to communicate. The President's people feel the participants in a treaty or agreement ought to be informed before anybody else while the press feels, as the eyes, ears, nose and throat of America, that they should be first with the news. The link between loyalties—loyalties to the President, loyalties to the fourth estate (after all the President's press officer is a member)—is tenuous as is the link between public relations and reportage. The President's press secretary must

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spend more time with the President than with the press so he will have the intelligence to disseminate. Every release is open to misinterpretation. The solution of course would be a press *press* secretary—a person of the WH press corps who would act in tandem with the presidential press secretary. It is a solution no president is likely to embrace, unfortunately.

Certainly, the President and the press can use each other—the press sometimes for the advancement of their own careers or to increase financial sales of a publication. The President can employ the press to divert them from what has become, he might feel, obsession with minor matters. The President the press likes best is the man who comes out and chews the fat with them, smokes a stogie and tells a joke or two—in short the man most like themselves. Journalists, though, must always be tellers and the President must always be a doer if he is to be successful—for his country and for himself.

On presidential trips security must be air tight. Still, press coverage is close and the trip for the correspondents—about 120 of them—is carefully planned by the WH Transportation Department, called by Henry Brandon of the *London Times* "the most efficient travel service in the world." The price of the trip is prorated and the press is billed on the basis of first class. In countries where the host government picks up the tab, there is usually a protest from the correspondents of the wire services and big magazines and papers who fear influence while the smaller papers who can barely afford the luxury of foreign correspondents are kicking the big outfits under the table. The question is whether exclusion or influence is more potentially dangerous; the danger of absolute power—both in the President and the press—is always there.

On these tours the President's time is consumed by leaders of state, so he has relatively little time to marshal the image of the trip. He may underestimate crowd numbers—"hundreds of thousands" compared to "millions." This is the constant exchange between the press and the press secretary: "One hundred thousand?" "Closer to two hundred thousand. Maybe even a million." How does one, after all, from a speeding automobile count a million people or even a hundred thousand? There should be a gadget like a pedometer.

No matter the number, the receptions are overwhelming and the faces—the handsome faces, soft eyes of the people of the world—make one wonder just who does cause war. "There never was a war that was not inward," said the poet Marianne Moore, and in oceans of Arabic and Jewish faces, inner conflicts seem to have been resolved. Perhaps the visit of a President, introversively outgoing with his hands high in victory, may help the people's leaders resolve theirs. For it is they, after all, who order out the armies and suppress the newspapers, they who move a country forward or let it languish.

The joint communiqués issued by presidents and heads of state speak of cooperation on all

(Above) Sooner or later the talk of world leaders gets around to chicken soup. And has Mrs. Meir got a recipe. (Right) Arabian halls and marble castles—all in a day's work. President Nixon with King Faisal. Allah be praised for air conditioning. The function of unction is to make the wheels of commerce turn. Such a visit may warm your house this winter.

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levels—economic, cultural, military, scientific. And on a different level, this cooperation will already have begun.

Secret Service advance men will have been in town for days ferreting out cabals, coups, and cabarets (good places to eat and drink, should the WH staff or the press find themselves with a spare moment for such frivolities as daily bread). The advance men work with local agents and from time to time appear to be tourists, U.S. army people on leave or businessmen. They check the route of the President's motorcade—go down into manholes and up on roofs, mingle with crowds and ask leading questions like so many district attorneys, knowing all the while that their work can never achieve perfection, that absolute protection of the President and his family is impossible, that as President Kennedy once noted, it takes only a telescopic sight and a maniac, neither in short supply—ever. Even in countries where wall-to-wall guards surround the President's visit and helicopters like dragonflies drone overhead and on every mountain side Thompson machine guns glint in the sunlight, the odds are against.

Adding to the odds is a president's natural exuberance, his need to be reassured, his need to touch his hands to hands in the crowds, to heal the scrofula of isolation the world feels for the man who somehow belongs to it; he is theirs, he can cure their ills or create them, and they, in their turn, can crucify him or deify him, and all this completely apart from any feelings the man's own country might have for him.

A president can raise a crowd to hysteria—Kennedy's "Ich bin ein Berliner" speech of 1961, the frenzied crowds who turned out for Eisenhower in India in 1959, Nixon's tumultuous welcome in Cairo and Alexandria with his insistence on riding in an open car and train. Or a president can spur the crowd to a painful stomach—Roosevelt's visits to Bernard Baruch's South Carolina plantation during the war where even the butler seemed in league with his political enemies and managed to put the local and offensive (editorially) newspaper on the breakfast tray, or then Vice-President Nixon's treacherously dangerous tour of South America in 1958.

So the President takes his life in his own hands, and also the life of his country and the country he is visiting. In that way no security can be tight enough, no nation friendly enough, no advance men far enough ahead.

None of this, hopefully, is bothering the President as he tries to sleep in a strange bed or the lounge chair in Air Force One—it looks like those things you lie in when they yank your wisdom teeth—and worries about tomorrow, always bigger, it seems, than the day before.

He is padded certainly

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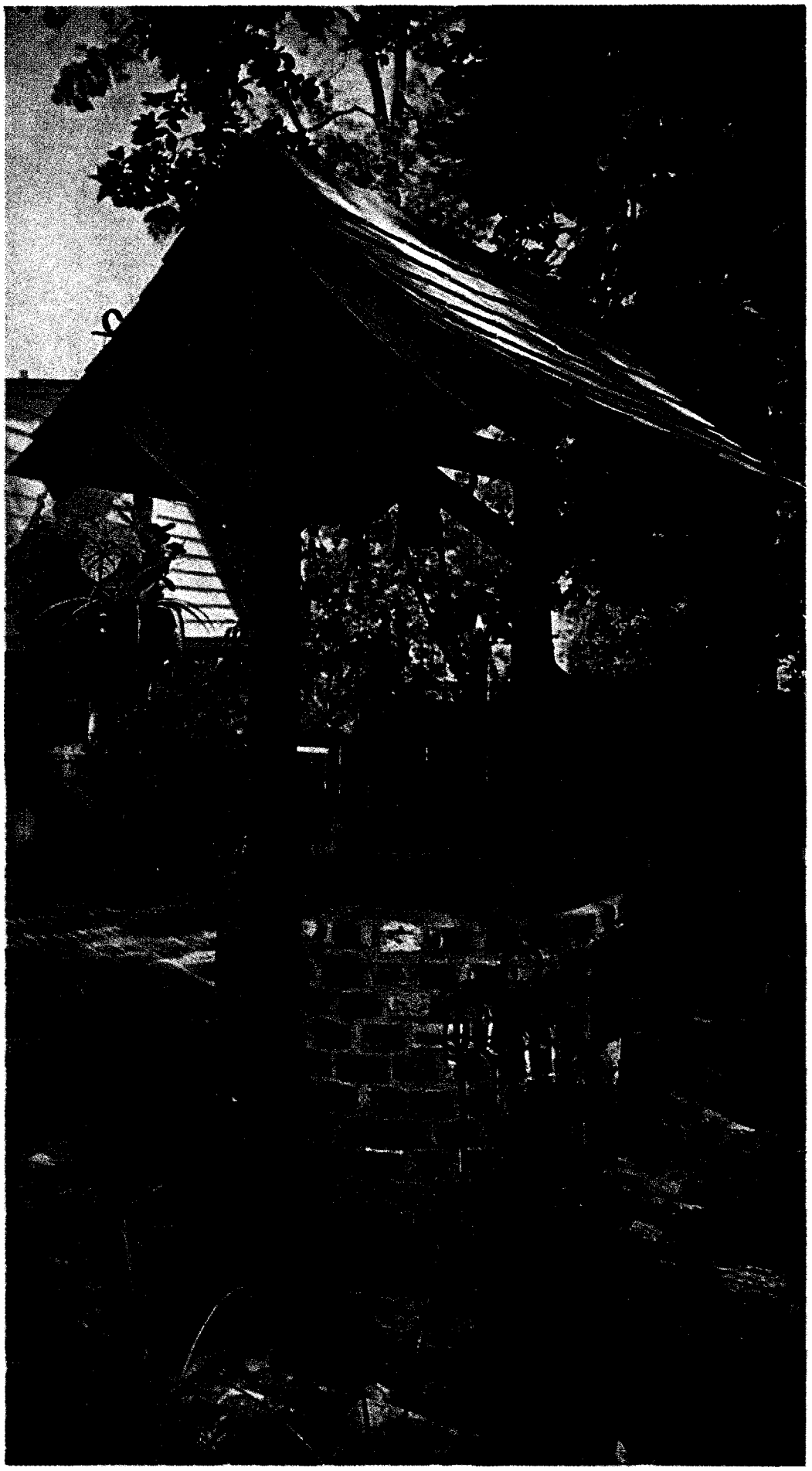

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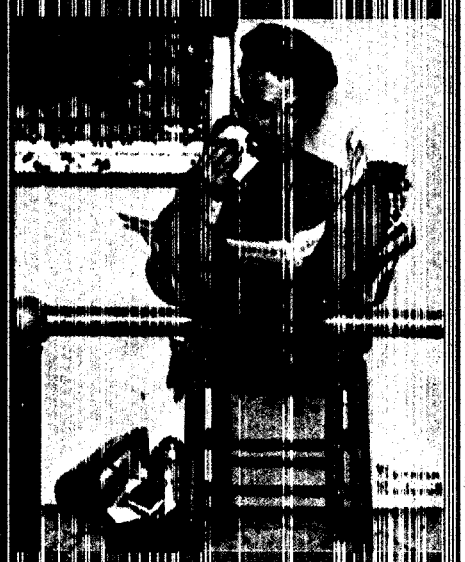

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("as isolated as a silkworm in a sarcophagus," it was said of one president); he doesn't have to worry about checking the bags, getting to the station on time: the travail of travel; but if he is spared these minor headaches there are plenty of Excedrin blockbusters of the nuclear variety waiting.

There must be times when human comforts seem sparse indeed, when a man, as must often happen on these trips, is confined—even though he is surrounded by hundreds of thousands (or millions)—to the companionship of his wife and valet. The valet—an enormously popular man with everybody, a rarity in any administration—will have disembarked Air Force One from the rear with a black plastic garment bag bearing the President's dinner jacket, another suit or two, shirts, trousers, and a bag like a salesman's sample case with the shoes, socks, ties and whatever else the first citizen of the land wears, all indications being that it is pretty much what everybody else wears.

It is a lonely job.

The President's wife is one of the President's—and the country's—prime assets. She will do much to make the President feel at home no matter where he goes, and she represents America to the world as a place of possibilities, a state of domestic tranquility where anybody may grow up to be president—or first lady—and where looking attractive is part of the national pride.

The President and the First Lady will be impeccably groomed, will never be short or exhausted, will be as gracious to the last lady as to the first in the receiving line of five hundred, will smile as warmly to the millionth (hundred thousandth? at that point the question is, as they say, academic) person in the crowds, will remember—and nobody could argue with the figures here—thousands of names, faces and titles, and will, upon returning to the United States, be at their positions the next morning.

> Peace and justice are two sides of the same coin.
> —*Dwight D. Eisenhower*

There are millions of us. One of him. In a way—one of those wild ways America seems to grow with—the President becomes the millions when he goes on these voyages. He realizes that in the world today, if America does not lead, it must lag. Like the famous horse Eclipse, we must be first or nowhere. The terrible lessons of World War II, even of war in general, can, like most lessons, with time and differing temperaments be forgotten. The expulsion of Jews from Russia, the taking of Arabic land by her neighbors, the building of walls between the nations—these tragedies are being reenacted today. A President's trips, no matter where they lead on this distracted globe, do much to put the mind of the world at peace, where it belongs.

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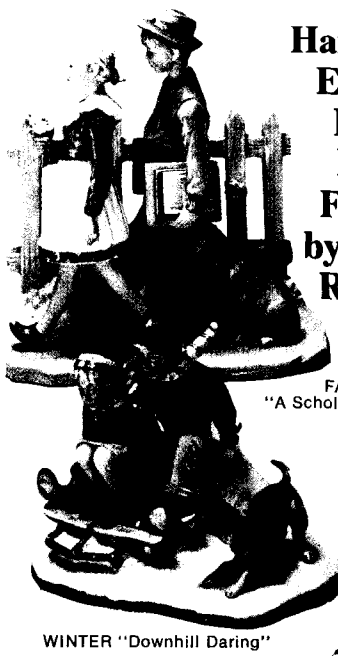

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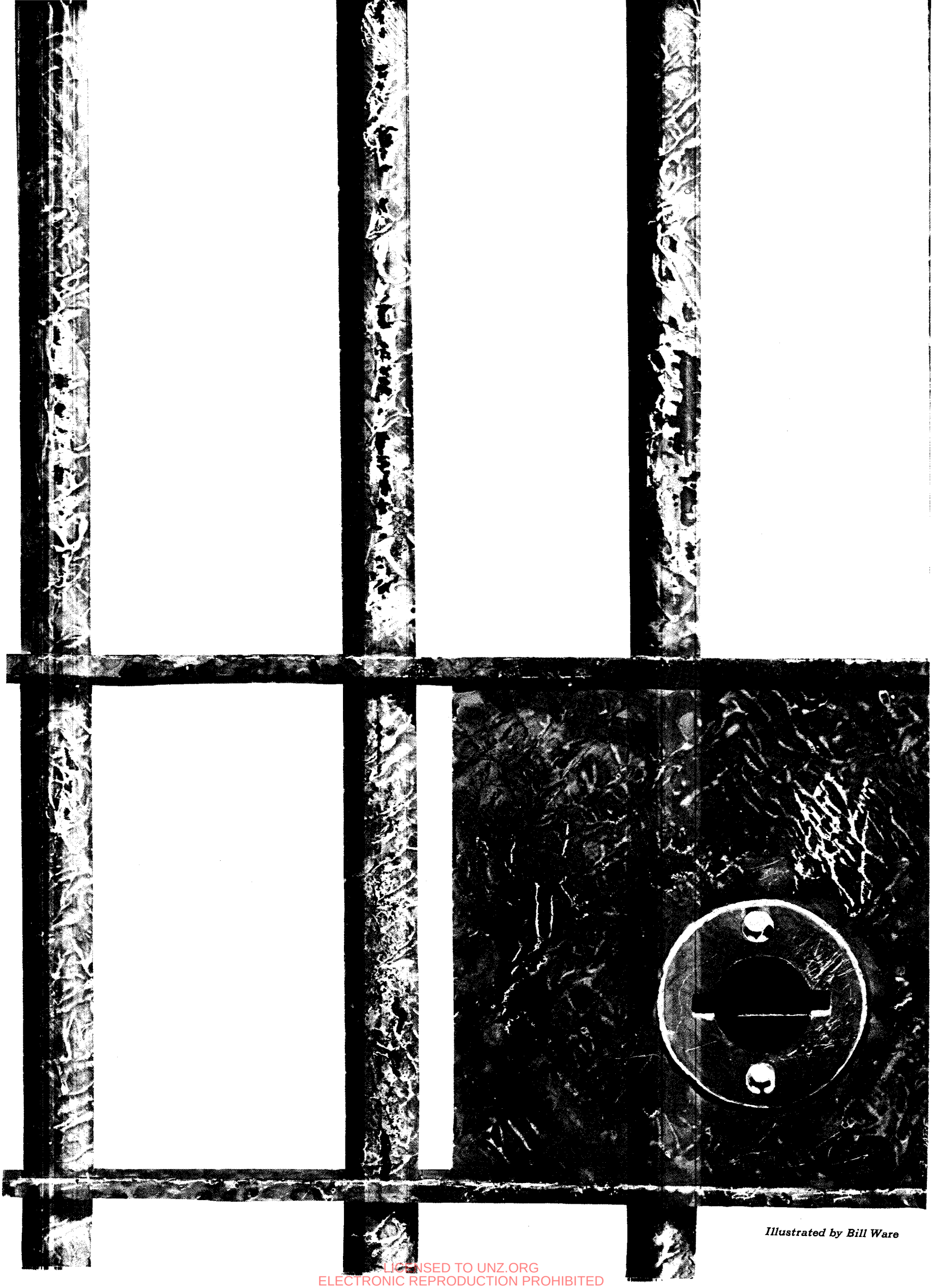

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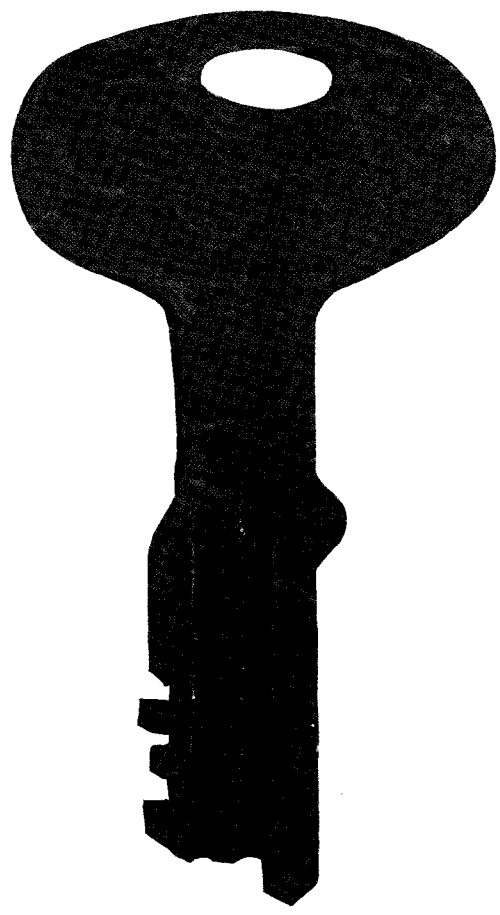
PRISON



By Jimmy Hoffa

Fifty-eight months I spent behind the wall. I got gum problems from it. One and a half dentists for two thousand men. Takes you a week to six months to get in to see him. Then all he wants to do is yank them. They've got an inmate in there cleans your teeth. He's had one week—one week—of on-the-job training. And if that doesn't scare you, the guy who gives you an electrocardiograph has the same credentials. That "half" dentist's a guy who just serves on some committee for dental health and has to do all the bookkeeping for his division or something. Same's true of doctors. One and a half. The guard determines whether you get to see a doctor. He's got two bottles on his desk. Aspirin and antacid. That's how bad the food is. All that starchy and steamy stuff. The combination is horrible. You get to the doctor and you don't see him. There's an MTA (medical technical assistant) and he looks at you and decides whether you really need to see the doc.

If you have all your teeth out, it takes them a year or more for the false teeth. By then your gums have shrunk. The bones recede and if you complain they'll take that much longer to get another pair. They put a filler in—you ever hear of that?—just like that red wax they use to make impressions with.

The prison (Lewisburg) was built in 1932 for 950 men. Now there's 2,000. The average federal prison in America is 75 years old. The average state 85. County jail 75. When they had me in Chattanooga the jail was 125. Been condemned. They put me in a cell within a cell—a place where they used to stow guys who were waiting to be hanged. I was there four weeks while that appeal was going on. The federal prisons—Atlanta, Leavenworth, Lewisburg, Terre Haute, etc.—are so isolated none of the inmate's people can visit him. If you get news that somebody in your family's sick you have to decide whether you want to see her before she's dead or after—they won't let you do both. You have to pay the guard to go with you even though he's already on the federal payroll. When Jo had a heart attack they let me go to San Francisco—unaccompanied—and I was back (gone two weeks) to the minute. Ten days later I was driven to New York to appear before a Grand Jury by two marshals, with handcuffs and leg irons solely for TV, radio, and the press. They've made studies in European jails and found that 99 percent of the men on furlough come back on time. And half of the remaining men were back within two weeks.

Half the guys in prison shouldn't be there. White-collar or first offenders ought to be put on probation. You take a kid from West Virginia and lock him up with professionals from New Jersey and New York, he's going to learn a few things and it ain't going to be how to go straight.

Of course when you get out, they give you sixty-five dollars, a bus ticket and an awful suit. And if you complain the guard says, "Sixty-five dollars is enough to buy a .38. You'll be right back in anyway."

You get this constant "unfaith," this ragging. Like a kid. You tell him "no" enough he'll never understand the meaning of yes, of what he can do, can accomplish. Even when you go to church in the can the preacher yells about how bad you've done, all the wrong you've committed. Jo's Catholic. She went. Says she's never seen anything like it. One priest listened to an inmate's confession, then reported him to the warden. Everybody gets sucked up into the system. They may be on your side at first but it doesn't take long for them to be pulled right in.

After crowding, the second worst thing is the people who run the prisons. The guards can't fit into society. They couldn't get a job anywhere else. Two things they're looking for: security and routine. They don't have to think and they get a pension. They're hoping against hope they won't be involved in a riot. You walk up to one and say how long you been here, he won't tell you how long, he'll tell you how long he's got to go. He won't say, "I been here five years," he'll say, "I got fifteen years to go." Invariably. They had this riot so they convinced the authorities they needed twenty-eight more people. They advertised. Got twenty applicants. No more. They couldn't pass the written test so they eliminated the written test and had an oral and they couldn't pass that, so they eliminated that, said it didn't really prove anything. Said "on-the-job training" was the answer. When I was at the meeting of lawyers and judges, Judge Ritchie told Carlson, head of the Bureau of Prisons, "I have to agree with Mr. Hoffa"—he'd spent two weeks traveling around the prisons. They don't give the guards a psychiatric test, don't see if they can handle people. They have a year trial period. I'd ask them what jobs they'd left and I came to the conclusion they were looking for federal security. Without exception they looked better in the guard uniform than in the clothes they came to work in. You have to come to one conclusion: it was the best thing that ever happened to them.

Conditions will never improve unless (1) we send them to school, (2) pay more money, and (3) make the job more human—the guards are serving time just like the inmates. It's just as inhuman to them as it is to the guy in the can.

As long as you're going to have mass prisons you're going to have mass thinking. The guards get so they hate their superiors. They're changed every ninety days and if you want to hear some griping, go around to them ten days before they're transferred—when they've got their new assignment.

It all goes back to the sardine condition. There are three tiers to each cellblock—49 people to the tier—roughly 150 people in each block. One guard to a tier. What ordinary guy would risk his life walking up and down those halls day and night? They stuff—not put—*stuff* 2,000 men into a building made for 950. That's the basic problem. And they never learn. Even the new prisons—and they have fifteen new prisons being built—none of them exceeds 500, but I guarantee you in two years they'll exceed that by double. And even 500's too big. They don't have to have that many people in prison in the first place. The judge doesn't have to send first offenders to jail—he can put them on probation, put them under supervision. California tried it and proved it. They've closed prisons.

People talk about rehabilitation. There's no such thing. They're talking from nothing. They tell you there's a small-motor repair shop. Well, it's for forty-eight men. Forty-eight out of 2,000. And they teach 'em leather stamping. Who the hell's going to give you a job on the outside leather stamping. Basket weaving and stuff like that.

You'd think they could try outside rehabilitation—on-the-job training with a real job. The

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dictionary says rehabilitation is making you the way you were before, but you and I know it has to mean making somebody better than before.

I put the truck drivers of this country in coats and ties, helped them achieve a better life than they'd ever known and I don't notice it's done the country any damage. I'd like to see the prisoners—those who can be helped—reaching for the same kind of dignity. You're not doing anybody any good, dehumanizing him, containerizing him. You make him hate his guard and through the guard, society as a whole, the people who put him there, and eventually, you make him hate himself, and then you've got a man who's hard to help.

It's a matter of economics. When you figure out what it costs to keep a man in a federal penitentiary—the money you lose in taxes by his not working, the cash it takes to feed and clothe him (such as it is), the risk you run in making a bigger and better criminal of him by this "school" you put him in—this hall of experts where the best criminal minds in the country—and they get caught, too, no matter how smart they are—where the best criminal minds congregate to improve their skills and to corrupt one-time offenders with the promise of future gold, the risk you run in corrupting the inmate's family—kids at home who have to, because they aren't supported, and who are shamed by their parents' incarceration, kids who *have* to turn to a life of crime, the cost in maintaining these pyramids of penalization, the cost of fertilized crime, then you got an idea where your tax dollar's going.

We've set up an organization—NAJ (National Association for Justice—it costs about $60,000 or $70,000 a year to operate). We finance it out of voluntary contributions—and we're working to keep people out of prisons and to make a prison an institution that will work for society, not against it. So far, you know what our biggest trouble is? Getting the wardens to let the guys use the phone.

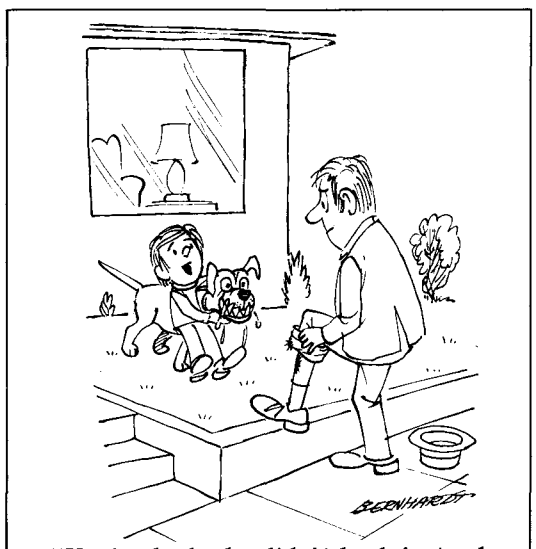
Granted there are people who are criminally insane. But it doesn't help them to put them in with inmates who are not. There ought to be careful psychiatric examination of prisoners and guards too. And there should be a sharp distinction made between where you put civil offenders and criminal offenders. People talk about the criminal mind like it was something they were born with. I think—if it exists at all—that half the time it's a mind that's picked up in prison. A human being is like a tree. You strip it of its bark, cut off its leaves and branches, trim it to look like nothing, deprive it of water and food, and then see what it puts back into the air. You can't do it. And they never learn.

This is not something new. Look at Charles Dickens. Down through history. Now we have more crime than ever and they wonder why. I'll tell you why, criminals pick up all their tricks in prison and they proliferate crime when they get out.

The whole thing's personified by the hole. The threat of that hangs over you all the time. There's no window in there, no ventilation. No wash basins, no shower. One toilet. If you want to wash your face or get a drink you get it out of the toilet tank. Half the time they strip you naked. Nobody speaks to you, you never hear the sound of a human voice. There are no books in there, no reading matter, and half the time it's pitch black. They let you take a shower once a week. There's no appeal. They slide your food into you. Now is that man going to come out of there and say, "Gee, how can I do better? What can I do to help society?" No, he's going to work his bitterness on our world until he's extracted some of the time and debt he feels—and I agree here with him—the debt he feels society owes him.

In a way, the riots that were taking place in prisons all over the country when I was in Lewisburg helped matters. Just like they held the hole over us and the promise of inhumane treatment—denial of chance of parole—all of a sudden, there was something hanging over them. The same fear, the same deprivation of not only constitutional rights but human rights, of trial without jury or judge, of punishment without justification. But it just scared them, it didn't improve anything permanently except "security measures"—for *them*, not the inmates. It all operates on fear.

Fear and deprivation. They take everything away from you. Even your name. I was #33298. One day they called down over the squawk box, "Number 33298 report to the warden's office." I



"You're lucky he didn't bark instead. My dad says his bark is worse than his bite!"

didn't go. They called it again and I still didn't go. Finally they came down to the cell and I said, "You call me by my name and I'll go. You can say #33298 Hoffa if you want to but I don't answer to a number. I'm not a number." So they stopped calling everybody by his number. That was one good thing.

When you lead a sedentary life—like you obviously do in prison—it's hard enough to get yourself in the frame of mind for self-improvement—self-preservation—and when you do and you finally get some time to go to the gym or the library, those facilities are either nonexistent or so small and overcrowded the average inmate just says to hell with it and takes out his frustrations and pent-up energy some other way.

They ought to have big space for that—wide space. You calm down a lot of violence in people—anybody ought to know that—when you let them exercise their bodies and their minds.

One of the most potentially dangerous areas is in the weight room. There was an incident at Lewisburg—a guy was using a barbell and another man came up and said, "Hey, I want to use that." And the first guy said, "Okay, hold on to your shirt and I'll be through in a minute." The second guy says, "No, I want to use it now." So they got in a fight and the second guy stabbed him.

The weight room—all the recreation areas—is minuscule. One small yard for 2,000 people. One hundred chairs. They try to warehouse human beings. You can't keep your mind or your body in shape.

They say 40 percent of the inmates are homosexuals now. They ask them when they come in if they are. They seem to be proud of it nowadays.

I don't approve of so-called "conjugal visits." The way they're set up, your wife comes to see you in the prison and everybody's making wisecracks, insulting her. They have this special wing and everybody knows where you're going and for what. You bring a cow to a bull, you bring a mare to a stallion, but you don't bring a wife to her husband. All the jokes, all the vulgarity. It may be a good idea but you can't take the institution of marriage—the very basis of our society—and strip it of all its dignity, reduce it to a situation like the breeding of cows. Furlough's the only answer to that problem. That's something to look forward to, something to work toward. And it's been proven the inmates come back. Ninety-nine percent. Some of them can't stand it on the outside and come back early. You ought to see the homos banging on the gate to get back in to their "daddies."

The prison authorities have got to stop trying to put you down. They knew I'd cooperate—knew when my wife was sick I was back to the minute they told me—knew I was completely reliable, completely harmless, but when I went to the Grand Jury hearing in New York they had to put handcuffs and shackles on me, an iron band around my stomach. Had to do it. Parade me up and down in front of all the photographers and reporters.

They humiliate you. Strip you of every vestige of personality. Take your clothes away, tell you which pictures you can have on your wall.

Some of the kids come into prison, and it takes three men to hold them down to cut their hair. They don't like it. They have a certain way of dressing, of looking—you take that away from them and they have nothing.

Hair's not going to hurt anything. They used to shave the troops back in Peter the Great's time but that was because of head lice. There's none of that today and if there is, the inmates pick it up in filthy quarters.

And clothes. What harm's that going to do? Give the prisoners a little pride in themselves and maybe in the institution too. Then maybe they'd want to make things work better.

Halfway houses are an excellent example of how people can be rehabilitated, how they can return to a money-making, family-raising, useful existence. These establishments house and rehabilitate at the same time and at a fraction of the cost and potential danger of your state and local prisons. The houses operate on the theory of the family unit, of people banding together for their mutual good, and indirectly for the good of the community. They are usually located in ordinary neighborhoods, close to town to make up for the lack of automobiles, and when its members succeed, when they get a job or "make it" as they call it, the whole house feels it's succeeded. I've been to these places—they're in most U.S. cities—

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A lot can be said for the seatbelt/ignition interlock system.

A safety system designed to reduce injuries and save lives. Mandatory on all new U.S. cars. (Unless air bag-equipped.)

1. Get in your car.
2. Fasten your lap/shoulder harness.

A. If you have a front seat passenger, his seatbelts must be fastened also, or the car will not start.

B. If you have a package, handbag, briefcase, etc., weighing 25 lbs. or more, and have space only in the front seat, place the object on the front seat, and *then* buckle the passenger-side belt.

C. If you have a dog weighing 25 lbs. or more occupying the passenger seat, buckle the passenger-side belt *before* attempting to start car.

D. If the passenger-side belt is already buckled when you add the package, dog, or passenger, unbuckle, then rebuckle the belt before attempting to start car.

3. Start your car.

A. If your car won't start, try unbuckling and rebuckling your belt (and your passenger's) to be sure the buckle was fully fastened.

B. If that fails, turn the ignition key to "ON," then get out of your car and raise the hood. Press the bypass switch mounted on the fire wall to "START." Close the hood, get back in your car, buckle up, and turn your ignition all the way as in normal starting.

C. If your car stalls, *do not turn the ignition to "OFF" position.* That way you can keep trying to start your car as often as necessary without leaving the car.

D. If you accidentally turn the ignition key to "OFF," turn it back to "ON," unbuckle, get out of the car, open the hood, press the bypass switch again for another "free" start. (Incidentally, if the bypass switch is taped down, the action will be detected in the switch and cancelled.)

4. Drive your car.

A. If your dog is on the floor when you begin driving the car, and then jumps on the seat and the passenger-side belt is unbuckled, a buzzer will sound. Stop the car and buckle the belt.

B. In a somewhat rare situation, when driving over a very rough road, you may be bounced about in your seat. Should your engine be stopped, remain buckled in your seat and restart your car. A "bounce-time" delay (designed primarily to allow you to straighten your clothing after buckling up) also allows a restart in this situation.

Text above excerpted from 1974 Seat Belt System Owner's Guide.

But then, a lot can be said for the air cushion restraint system, too.

An alternative safety system. Available on certain new Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs.

1. Get in your car.
2. Start your car.
3. Observe your air cushion indicator light.
4. Buckle your lap belt.

This for your safety in roll overs and some side impacts where the air cushion is not designed to activate.

5. Drive your car.

Why we're for the air bag.

It's not that we're against the seatbelt/ignition interlock system. We're all for any system that will help reduce injuries and death on America's highways. But, unfortunately, studies show a large majority of people resist using belts.

The air bag/lap belt, or air cushion restraint system, is an alternative safety system with a definite advantage. It eliminates the need for the ignition interlock apparatus. And the need for shoulder belts. The bags are tucked away, out of sight until you need them—in a frontal-type crash at a speed high enough to cause serious injury. Then, they automatically inflate. In a split second. Protecting the driver and front seat passenger.

As for reliability--air bags are a passive restraint system proven reliable in over 80 million miles of on-road testing.

G.M. Air Cushions

General Motors has made the air cushion restraint system available to the public. On a limited number of Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs. It's being offered as optional equipment in lieu of the interlock system. Allstate commends G.M. on its progressive stand.

The Allstate Air Bag Discount

Now that air bags are available to the public on certain production line cars, Allstate will provide a 30% reduction on the medical coverage portion of the auto insurance for the owner of any car factory-equipped with air bags. We hope all new cars will qualify for this discount soon.

New U.S. Safety Standard

Current studies by the U.S. Department of Transportation demonstrate that the air bag can effectively reduce traffic deaths and injuries. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration earlier this year proposed an amended Safety Standard 208 to require passive restraint systems (such as the air bag) in the front seats of all cars manufactured after Sept. 1, 1976.

In the meantime, be sure to buckle your seatbelts every time you drive.

Allstate®
Working to hold your insurance costs down.

The G.M. air cushion. And the Allstate Air Bag Discount. Available on new Oldsmobiles, Buicks, and Cadillacs.

Air Bag Discount not available in Miss., N.C., Va. or Texas.

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Why Men Fear Women in Business

The above title was written by a lady who certainly knows whereof she speaks. She is Ms. Jean Way Schoonover, President, Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy Public Relations Inc., and we have become so lost in admiration of her sentiments concerning the role of woman in business that we are yielding this forum to her with a low courtly bow and an invitation to tell it how it is. As guest editorialist, she brings to this page a style which is both fresh and provocative.

The psychologists say that each one of us is a trio. The psychologists believe that each one of us is a child. Each one of us is a parent. Each one of us is an adult. I hope that it is *my* adult—the adult within me—that speaks to you now.

But before I start in about *sex*, about *fear*, or about the reasons why men fear women, before I do any of those things, I want to take a moment to remember a child, a little girl in glasses and dreams, growing up in Westport, New York, and wishing she had been born a boy.

Me.

That little girl.

So long ago—further in space really than in time. And I mean the space between ideas. The distance between changing mores.

I remember that third of me, that little girl with her head full of dreams, her heart full of a first bitterness, the realization of a nine-year-old girl in an all-American town of forty years ago that her dreams were fun but impossible because she had been born in a man's world.

I want to pause also to remember the final third of me that psychologists say makes up the whole person. The parent.

Not me as parent.

But my parents as parent—they made the parent in me.

My dad, especially, tall and gaunt with overwork, a country veterinarian, a hell of a man in a man's world; a man who wanted sons, lots of them—a man who got a daughter, me, another daughter, my sister, then finally my brother.

Well, here I am, the threesome that is the child, the parent, the adult.

We've come a long, long way, baby! All of us—and we are, all of us, going much, much further!

If anyone had told that little girl, or if anyone had told my dad, that one day I would talk about sex—S-E-*(my God!)*X!—And not only *s-e-x*, but s-e-x on the job, we would have had that person confined, and talking to a psychologist for real!

But here I am, writing about something I know something about. Women and business. Everyone is going to learn about women. And fast. It's the law.

And it's the most *complex* problem today.

Corporate management is thinking and talking and worrying about women as they never have before: from the neck up!

The future will be spent in a brand-new, unprecedented way: men and women will be hunting together. Not hunting each other, mind you, but hunting together.

All of business is a mighty hunt. Until recently men hunted alone: the game was the customer. The sale. Men, in order to be effective, did what they did millennia ago; they formed hunting tribes. This time they called the tribe the business or the corporation. The women did as they had always done—stayed behind, at home, in the caves of Scarsdale and Westport, raising the children, unable to run with the men, bound by apron strings. A few were closer to the hunt—closer to the cliffs and canyons, hills and valleys of business—and they were called secretaries. Clerks. Typists. And they brought some of the comforts of the cave to the office—steaming cups of coffee, for example.

There are a few men who know about women—about women and business today. Tom Leighton, for one. Tom, senior vice-president of Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy Public Relations Inc., and a renowned New York management counselor, says, "Yes, it's true. Until recently, men were the Chosen People, THE CHOSEN SEX. Mighty hunters."

But now—Uncle Sam—traitor to his sex, has ordered that the hunt be opened to women, that there be equal opportunity, that the Man's World hang out both "his" and "her" signs.

That has given rise to true anguish—the very real, the very understandable anguish—that men are now suffering as they take up *the problem of women in business today*, or perhaps, *business and the new woman.*

What's wrong? Why this real pain? Why this soul-searching? Why all this brow-beating and brain-wrinkling?

Here are some of the things business is learning today about The New Woman, about the problems men and women have on the job, about fear—the fears men have concerning women in business, women on the job, women as peers and as colleagues, women on the hunt.

Why, we ask medical and psychiatric advisors on business problems, why are men having so much difficulty working with women, accepting women?

Fear, to be dispelled, must be understood. Here are some of the reasons men fear women—here are keys to understanding; here are ten reasons why men fear women on the job.

One: Men fear women as peers on the job—the brainworkers in particular—because they believe, and often rightly, that women are unable to free on-the-job relationships of sexual tensions.

Two: Men fear women on the job because the culture, our business society, has not taught them

"It appears that our many acquisitions have finally resulted in our buying ourselves out."

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how to work with women whose only relationship to them is that of co-worker, professional colleague.

Three: Men fear women because of their physical need for women and they fear that career women will exploit their need, their vulnerability, and that in the case of competitors, a woman's sex gives her a strong competitive "edge."

Four: The fourth fear men have of business equals who are women is that men do not trust women because they do not trust women's emotions. Most men feel that the emotional responses of women to business problems—problems in general—are unpredictable. Because men cannot predict the responses of women to business stimuli, not with any reliability at any rate, they do not trust women in business. From a lifetime of experience, from boyhood on, the culture teaches the male members of our society the rules of the game, teaches them the perimeters of response, teaches them to predict, with reasonable certainty, the reactions of another man to a given stimulus. Women haven't learned the game. Their responses are not predictable by the men, and because they are not, women are considered untrustworthy.

Five: Men fear women on the job because, with very few exceptions, they have had no "life models" for the business relationship between man and woman. Women are mothers, wives, sweethearts, girl friends, relatives. Women are not co-workers and most men are afraid because they view the working woman through the tunnel of their experience with women, which is very small. Each experience is easily and rigidly "typecast" by a culture which affords men remarkably few opportunities to learn about women other than those in stereotyped, culture-conditioned roles.

Six: The sixth fear so prevalent in executive suites throughout the country today is man's fear of woman's superiority. We all know—and men and women of the insurance industry know better than anyone—the physical superiority of woman. Woman lives longer than man, years longer, and this actuarial truth has given rise to still other fears about woman as a physically superior being. When Masters and Johnson discovered that the "little woman" was a mythic figure sexually, that her appetite was very likely superior to the man of the house, male machismo took a tumble; anxiety was produced.

Seven: Men fear women on the job—in the professions—because of what they believe is woman's ability—the career woman's ability to concentrate on her career, to devote herself utterly to her job. The "career man" usually has a wife, children, home, friends, church, and many other interests beyond his work; he must play many roles imposed by the culture, and this variety, this diffusion of energy, gives his female counterpart a tremendous advantage. He believes that the career woman is free to focus her full force on career goals while he is forced by the culture to spread himself thin, playing a variety of roles.

Eight: The eighth fear, so common today among executives trying to understand women, trying to cope with *the problem of women in business today*, is that they are not dealing with ordinary women on the job, in their careers, but with extraordinary women, work-freaks of some kind, demented amazons who want to be

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The Forgotten Industry

Travel, like education, is unstealable. And dateless. Unlike any other possession you might own, the models aren't changed, you don't throw a rod, the neighborhood doesn't go to pot. You can't break it or lose it, nor does it fall prey to moth, rust or corruption. Travel has all the elements of birth—when you go on a trip, the world, every sight, sound, smell, taste is new again—and death—before leaving you put your affairs in order, you see your life as from an end and a beginning.

Travel is also, in forty-six of fifty states of the United States, among the top three industries. It is the second-ranking retail expenditure in the country, totaling $61 billion in 1972. Four million Americans make their living in the travel industry. By 1980, it is expected 6.7 million Americans will handle $127 billion from tourists in America's favorite vacationland: America.

For all this, the industry was classified as nonessential in the early stages of the energy crunch. Senator Daniel Inouye (D—Hawaii) and Vice-President Ford came out with positive statements on the importance of tourism, and the United States' lopsided balance of payments long ago stressed the need for America to make itself attractive to foreigners. For this we should have, as other countries do, a minister of tourism, a department of tourism, a concentrated and pointed effort to take the travail out of travel.

In October 1970, the National Tourism Resources Review Commission was created. Like most commissions it produced a six-volume report over a two-year period and recognized that further study was necessary and much additional work needed. The Commission recommended that Congress establish a National Tourism Policy but did not propose the legislative enactments and administrative acts to carry out its recommendations. Senator Inouye has now introduced a resolution which would direct the Commerce Committee to undertake the study recommended by the National Tourism Commission. We support Senator Inouye's resolution (Senate Resolution 347).

Tourism is an industry everyone shares in. It also is the cultural representation of our country, the national characteristic we are known by to the rest of the world. We must make a good impression, must erase forever the so-called "ugly American." Hopefully, to know us will be to love us. Moving on clouds and decent road beds is preferable to standing in an endless line where you are told no visas exist, or there are no facilities for tourists, and the closest inn is two hundred miles away and it's booked until 1984. These things happen to visitors, foreign and domestic. Senate Resolution 347 would help eliminate this flaw. America the beautiful must be more than skin deep.

Turning Wheels

One of the most interesting conjectures in modern life concerns the type of man who can make effective decisions affecting millions of lives, as General Ike Eisenhower did in ordering the invasion of Europe. The equivalent of such decisions in times of peace often falls to the lot of business executives whose decisions affect, not quite as dramatically but possibly just as significantly, the pattern of life among millions of people all over the world.

There are many such giants in the world of industry and business, but two come to mind at this writing because of the announcement that both men will retire from automotive careers in the fall of this year. One is Edward N. Cole, elected President and Chief Operating Officer of General Motors; the other, Richard C. Gerstenberg, elected Chairman of the Board of General Motors and its Chief Executive Officer.

Both have a breadth of personal talents as well as demonstrable executive genius. Of the same age, both joined General Motors in the 1930's and rose through the ranks.

We think of their struggles to achieve distinction among the legions of GM employees; we think of the emerging ability of such men to make an art of the decision-making process, so simple and yet so complex, without which a giant corporation cannot move at all, much less in the right direction.

The automobile industry is one of the most hard-nosed in the world, perhaps at the top of the list in competitive drive and hard-punching sales tactics. All the more wonder, then, at the comments from other leaders in the industry about Cole and Gerstenberg.

Of Ed Cole, Henry Ford II remarked: "[He] is one of the most able and well-rounded executives in General Motors history. . . . His many achievements and innovations, particularly in the engineering field, will be long remembered. . . . He has been good for our industry, for our city and for our country." The chairman received similar praise from Ford: "Dick Gerstenberg is a brilliant, yet down-to-earth, business leader. For many years, he has had the critical responsibility of insuring that General Motors would respond effectively to the

Continued on page 89

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Eight young women—from rabbi to sportscaster—changing the face of today's world.

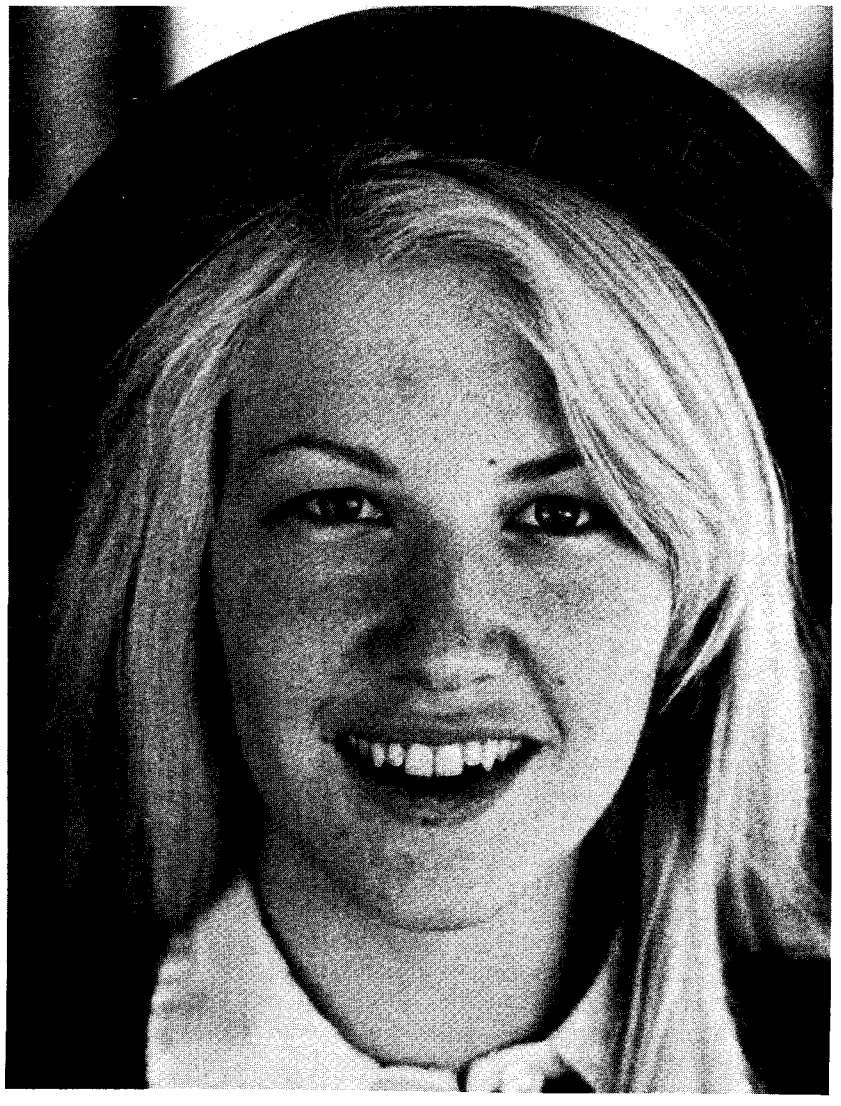
YOUNG, SUCCESSFUL, AND FIRST

A double take. Then a second glance. Now you are sure. She *is* a naval aviator, a rabbi, or a sportscaster in the men's locker room. Daily, young women are opening new doors and facing new challenges. In the pages following, *The Saturday Evening Post* profiles eight individuals who are making contributions in fields rarely touched by women before.

Some of these women saw a unique opportunity; others had dreams to fulfill; and others wanted to blaze the way for future generations. In the case of Sally Priesand, the first woman rabbi, it was not a burning crusade which led her to enter rabbinical school. Rather it was the answer to a call deep within her heart to serve God and to express fully her belief in Judaism as a way of life. For the first woman Navy pilot Barbara Ann Allen it was a question of opening an important door of equality for the women in the field of aviation. And for spirited Barbara Borin, perhaps the lure of sportsmanship and competitiveness and the desire to tell the whole story as a sports reporter led her to insist on her right to cover the moments of anguish and jubilation in the men's locker room.

The women who are opening new doors and facing new challenges *are* unusual. Sister Mary Anne Williamson as a surgeon represents about 4 percent of women in that field. In another branch of medicine, Dr. Elaine Jaffe has won national and international recognition for her work in cancer research. Jokes about "mailpersons"—pun definitely intended—and "woperson" aside, Cindy Dodge smiles only slightly at the appellation of "cowperson." She has proved her body equal to a man's, proved her stamina and cunning and brute strength in rodeo and in breaking horses, just as Annie Dillard has proved false the myth of woman's monthly mind by her clear and elegant thinking both as a poet and essayist, omitting, as few of her male predecessors seem to have, the slightly boring aspect of that latter occupation. Pamela Powell, throwing over a possible movieland career, has endured the pressures of a high government level job—an area where women have been present in name only for too long. The work these women have embraced is hard. Harder because they had to fight for the privilege of working in these disciplines. That they could survive is notable; that they are on top of both is remarkable—(as it would be for a man).

But beyond the statistics and the "firsts," these young women are outstanding in their ability and their desire to be a vital part of everything going on around them. They are part of a trend among men and women alike to regard life as an adventure. They share the belief that there are many ways to be true to your ideals and to meet the needs of your fellow man.



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Surgeon

Sr. Mary Williamson

A man, having blown off part of his leg with a hunting rifle, was wheeled into the operating room. When the surgeon entered, the patient was still conscious enough to register a condescending and abrasive, "Hey, girly, you a real doctor?" The reply was characteristically to the point: "The realest you're going to get." Had he known that the woman under the operating room garb was also a nun, his surprise might have been total.

Within the specialty of general surgery, the female population amounts to about 4 percent, while the percentage of surgeons who are also nuns is so small as to be infinitesimal. Sister Mary Anne Williamson, M.D., Order of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mercy, belongs to both categories. And when Dr. Williamson completes her residency this year, she will become a part of yet another minority when she leaves for Ghana in the fall for service in one of the order's missions.

Living and working in Ghana will be far removed from Mary Anne Williamson's native ground in Brooklyn, New York, where she was born on September 8, 1937. She attended St. Mary's Academy in Providence, Rhode Island, and completed her undergraduate work at New York University.

In September, 1963, Mary Anne entered the Order of the Franciscan Missionaries, taking her final vows two years later. About halfway through her religious training, she decided to become a doctor. The thought had been with her for several years, but she waited until she was sure. She then chose the St. Louis University School of Medicine because of its varied educational programs, which she felt would best equip her for her medico-religious career. When Sister Mary Anne graduated from St. Louis in 1969, she interned at New York University Medical Center.

The fact that Dr. Williamson is a nun does not mean that she does not have her own likes and dislikes. She also has a healthy surgical temper. Another resident, having worked with her long enough to have formed an opinion, says, "She's good to work with 85, maybe 90, percent of the time, but that other 10 to 15 percent is, well, something else again."

On the day I met her, she was scheduled to perform two operations, the second of which proved to be particularly arduous. Upon leaving the emergency room, visibly exhausted, she was informed that yet another patient was on the way from the emergency room. It was ten p.m. when she finally finished that day's work, hours after she had scrubbed in for the first time. Early the next morning, after attending 6:30 Mass as she does daily, she said, "When I got home last night, I looked around for some way, any way, not to come in to the hospital today."

Bridging the gap that exists between her two very demanding vocations has come about slowly, almost without her really recognizing it. In the one hand, she holds the scalpel, symbolizing cool professional detachment and the clinical directness required of the trained surgeon. In the other, she holds the crucifix, symbolizing her duties as a nun: subservience to God, humility, constant self-evaluation.

Best-Selling Author

Annie Dillard

Annie Dillard burst upon the American literary scene with the force of a handful of violets. She did absolutely nothing—once the exclusive province of the male. "I proceeded to lead a completely enviable life, for which I'm widely resented. I would lie down and read—every day. Go to lunch at the Hollins College snack bar [near which she lives with her professor-husband], play softball, take a long walk. I was having a wonderful time."

She kept a notebook of her so-called idleness. The notebook, *Pilgrim At Tinker Creek*, is a raw and brutal book, softened by the precise beauty of language, just as, they say, a rattlesnake may be carried safely in a grocery sack.

Fifty years ago, this striking young blonde woman might have been a writer—a Gothic horror queen, a gossip columnist, an embarrassingly witty Dorothy Parker or an Anita Loos, rich in the capital of empty-headedness, clever at disguising her mind, but she would not have been a thinker. Men would have thought too highly of her to let her be. Or that would've been the excuse—perhaps the jealousy—that forbade it.

"You should be the hardest thing you can," she says, excusing herself for not having been a painter, implying that that would've been easier. Her favorite writers are theologians, naturalists, poets. "I like the big guys who really go after the big game. I don't much read women or fiction. I like Isak Dinesen very much. Simone Weil if you have to cut across sex lines. I'm not much interested in society or the world. I felt sort of bad about it—that really smart people thought about it—but I thought I'd think about something else.

"I read the Bible every day—I love theology—the beauty of connection—I read what the men with the microscope and telescope say—plus everything I can get about Eskimos, trappers, monasticism."

She has dared to think first, entertain later.

She asks, in effect, why we cringe when the pin is driven into the frog's cranium in the laboratory whereas we don't flinch at the dissection of the verb to be. Why the touching of flesh is instant ordeal while thought is removed, cool, the distillate of that which is *done*. Annie Dillard feels action and thought are of equal value, that action should never be confused with motion, that staring out into space is hard work—work as important in getting man to the moon as mission controls.

Consider the innocent walk she takes in *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*.

> A couple of summers ago I was walking along the edge of the island to see what I could see in the water, and mainly to scare frogs. Frogs have an inelegant way of taking off from invisible positions on the bank just ahead of your feet, in dire panic, emitting a froggy "Yike!" and splashing into the water. Incredibly, this amused me, and, incredibly, it amuses me still. As I walked along the grassy edge of the island, I got better and better at seeing frogs both in and out of the water. I learned to recognize, slowing down, the difference in texture of the light reflected from mudbank, water, grass, or frog. Frogs were flying all around me. At the end of the island I noticed a small green frog. He was exactly half in and half out of the water, looking like a schematic diagram of an amphibian, and he didn't jump.
>
> He didn't jump; I crept closer. At last I knelt on the island's winterkilled grass, lost, dumbstruck, staring at the frog in the creek just four feet away. He was a very small frog with wide, dull eyes. And just as I looked at him, he slowly crumpled and began to sag. The spirit vanished from his eyes as if snuffed. His skin emptied and drooped; his very skull seemed to collapse and settle like a kicked tent. . . . I watched the taut, glistening skin on his shoulders ruck, and rumple, and fall. Soon, part of his skin . . . lay in floating folds like bright scum on top of the water: it was a monstrous and terrifying thing. I gaped bewildered, appalled. An oval shadow hung in the water behind the drained frog; then the shadow glided away. The frog skin bag started to sink.
>
> I had read about the giant water bug, but never seen one . . . an enormous, heavy-bodied brown beetle. It eats insects, tadpoles, fish, and frogs. Its grasping forelegs are mighty and hooked inward. It seizes a victim with those legs, hugs it tight, and

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Sportscaster

Barbara Borin

The attractive twenty-four-year-old blonde had barely signed on as one of a handful of full-time female sportscasters on American TV before she was denied the opportunity to conduct immediate post-game interviews with New England Patriots football players.

Barbara ("Biff") Borin is no shrinking violet. Chosen to be Boston station WNAC-TV's weekend sportscaster in mid-1973, beating 200 other women candidates, she immediately secured from the Celtics, Bruins, and Red Sox management all press rights, including that to locker-room interviews, a custom Biff considers ludicrous—"athletes should be able to shower in private, then meet the press"—but one necessary to compete with other sports reporters.

But despite initial agreement from the Patriots' coach, Biff was refused post-game interview rights in September '73. She returned to WNAC, editorialized scathingly about the blatant discrimination, received 100 letters, some quite vicious, and also a huge petition signed by Boston viewers supporting her position.

WNAC management then told her to try to sneak in dressed as a man, or go as herself and record the rejection on film. Naturally she chose the latter approach and was barred by nine policemen. Nor were the opposition New York Jets more helpful. Said Jets playboy star Joe Namath: "I get embarrassed being undressed in front of ladies." Borin: "Don't think of me as a woman! Think of me as a sportscaster." Namath's classic reply, recorded forever on film: "It's tough not to think of you as a woman."

But there's more to Biff than this widely publicized incident. A trouper all her life, starting at age two as an actress, she was soon yanked from show biz by her parents. But her Aunt Dolly in Miami sponsored six-year-old Biff and her eleven-year-old sister in hotel acts; then, when her sister retired two years later, Biff became the "Traveling Barbara Jean," soloing on the "birthday party circuit." Then *she* retired, temporarily, at age twelve.

After that Biff turned to sports (she adores

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Rodeo Champion

Cindy Dodge

A chair behind a desk in a business office definitely is not the place for twenty-three-year-old Cindy Dodge. She prefers a seat in a saddle aboard a spirited cow pony chasing a flying-hooved calf trying to escape the loop of her lariat.

Cindy literally learned to ride before she could walk. Her grandparents operate an Angus ranch near Hat Creek, California, in the northern part of the state just above Mount Lassen and near the Oregon border. She spent much of her time there as a little girl and learned to ride easily.

Since 1973 she has been reigning World Champion Team Roper of the Girls Rodeo Association.

Cindy hopes to be able to participate more extensively in the association's rodeo circuit again in 1975. She has been spending most of her time during 1974 at the sites of the men's meets of the Rodeo Cowboys Association in her role as Miss Winston Rodeo Awards.

Horses have been a serious part of Cindy's life ever since she started showing horses at the age of eight. She showed horses and taught riding for many years. But at age seventeen, she became more interested in breaking horses and in rodeo. In 1968 she joined the Cotton Roesser Golden State Rodeo Company. Her original role was to participate in the flag-carrying during the opening ceremonies and to assist in the numerous odd jobs involved in a professional rodeo company.

Cindy became an active rodeo competitor in 1969 and in 1970 became a full member of the Girls Rodeo Association. She specialized in team roping but also competed in barrel racing, bull riding and calf roping.

In her Winston role, she works with each individual rodeo committee in the towns where the meets are staged. Arriving anywhere from a month to three or four days before the rodeo is scheduled to begin, Cindy helps the committee and the local newspaper, radio and television people inform as many as possible about the

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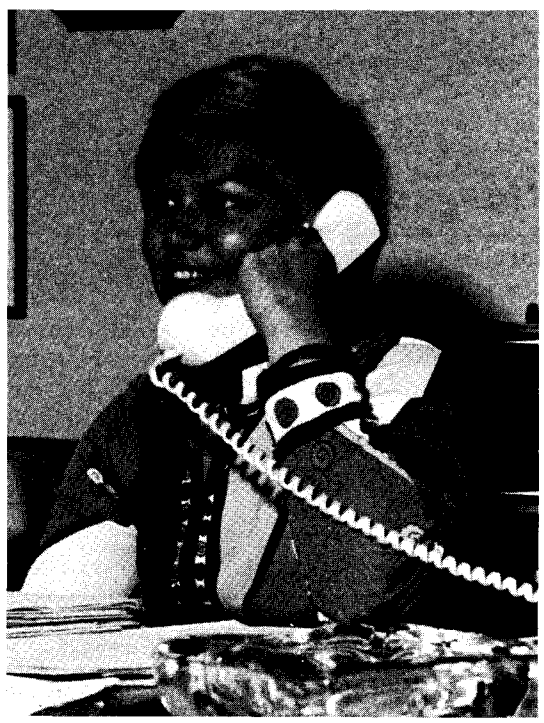

White House Aide

Pamela Powell

Pamela Allyson Powell is the President's ambassador for youth.

The twenty-six-year-old White House aide is a diplomat and a doer, and is earning a name for herself above and beyond what she inherited (she's the daughter of show business personalities June Allyson and the late Dick Powell).

The youngest woman among Presidential staff assistants, Pam is the official Administration liaison with youth and youth organizations. Among other things, this means heading up specific White House programs, acting as go-between for students and government, and keeping the President informed of young people's opinions and activities. It also includes a hectic travel schedule (120 speaking engagements in the past year).

But the most significant part, in Pam's eyes, is what she calls the "human angle."

"Kids have got to feel there's a face behind government, that there are people in Washington who *care*. That's why the personal contact, the communications part, is probably the most important part of my job."

In a typical week, Pam might fly to Kansas City for a Future Farmers of America convention; stop in Georgia to speak to a state high school government conference; work to have a youth-related resolution enacted by the President (one last year proclaimed an annual Student Government Day); or do the background work and recommendations necessary to place a qualified young person on a Presidential board or advisory council. Today, twelve people under twenty-five serve on such councils, more young people than ever before.

In addition to broad responsibilities relating to youth, Pam is assigned the White House Intern Program, started in 1969 to give young graduate and undergraduate students a summer-long look at jobs in the White House. Pam is also the Administration liaison to the White House Fellows Program, a separate Presidential commission whose purpose is to give eighteen young executives each year the opportunity to work at the highest levels of government.

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Naval Aviator

Lt. (j.g.) Barbara Allen

Lieutenant (junior grade) Barbara Ann Allen has blazed a pioneer trail through the blue skies of America for other young women of ambition and intelligence to follow. When she was twenty-five years old last February, she became the first woman ever to wear the United States Navy's Wings of Gold.

In doing so she beat her fiancé (now husband) Lieutenant (j.g.) John C. Rainey to the prized status of Naval aviator. "We were in the same originating class but I happened to have better luck weatherwise than he did," explains Lieutenant Allen.

The program to train woman pilots opened in January, 1973, with eight young women who were determined to fly their way into the previously all-male arm of the sea service. Two of their number found the going rough and dropped out because they didn't enjoy it. The other six persevered and Lieutenant Allen beat them all to the flight line.

They got exactly the same training as did their male classmates. Lieutenant Allen completed the multi-engine pilot course with 140 total flights and 230 hours in the air. She finished all flights on schedule and required no extra instruction. Not that the training was easy. "Everybody goes through a stage of being depressed," she said. "The hours are long and the work is hard. You sometimes think, 'What's the use? There's so much to learn. I can never do it.' I think all students go through that. The question is: 'Can they adjust? Can they do it?' "

Barbara Ann's first solo flight was, of course, one of the high points of her training. "It was a very hard push with heavy pressure and constant worry," she recalls. "You feel insecure about it all. You're up the whole night before and you think you're going to kill yourself. Judy Neuffer (who later became the second woman to gain her Navy wings) filled out my will for me. I rounded up all other legal papers and gave them to her. But when you finally get up there in the air, it all falls into place. It's exhilarating. You're up there and you're in control."

Lieutenant Allen has been assigned to the Fleet

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Medical Scientist

Elaine Jaffe, M.D.

Many people in the medical profession are convinced that someday Dr. Elaine Jaffe will be known throughout the world for her efforts to conquer cancer. She is a remarkable woman who somehow manages to find time to pursue exacting duties as a cancer researcher and as the mother of two small children and still follow her hobby of cooking the choice dishes of many nations.

The thirty-one-year-old scientist has been so successful in her research efforts that she recently was named a senior staff member of the Laboratory of Pathology of the National Cancer Institute.

In her laboratory, over the past two years, Dr. Jaffe and her staff have specialized in the immunology of benign and malignant cells of the body. New methods have been developed to identify and characterize different cell types. The research has made it possible for the first time to characterize precisely some human cancers.

Work conducted by Dr. Jaffe in her laboratory has received national and international recognition. She presented a review of her work at the Tenth Reticuloendothelial Society Meeting last December and also at the Sixth Tutorial on Neoplastic Hematopathology last February. She is scheduled to go to Paris, France, this October, to present her work. She has been invited, while there, to visit the laboratory of Maxime Seligmann, an internationally renowned immunologist, at the Hospital Saint-Louis to instruct some of his workers in her techniques.

Born in Brooklyn, Dr. Jaffe attended Cornell University and received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1965. She majored in zoology.

Dr. Jaffe continued her education at the Cornell University Medical College in New York City. After two years there, she was married to Michael Evan Jaffe, an attorney, and moved to Philadelphia. She transferred to the University of Pennsylvania and received an M.D. degree in 1969, finishing third in a class of 125 students.

Elaine Jaffe completed her residency training at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda,

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Rabbi

Sally Priesand

In June, 1972, Sally J. Priesand broke with 4,000 years of Jewish tradition. She became the first woman rabbi. As Assistant Rabbi at the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, a Reform temple in New York City, "Rabbi Sally," as she is known, officiates at weddings and funerals, teaches a weekly adult Comparative Religions class, and advises both a youth group and the Golden Age Club. But the responsibility she most enjoys is preparing and delivering the Saturday morning sermons. "We have a free pulpit here, which means there are no restrictions on what the rabbis say." She feels strongly about the moral obligations of the church and its members to speak out on contemporary issues. Accordingly, the first sermon she preached at Stephen Wise was very political, emphasizing what she thought were the important issues in the 1972 campaigns then in progress. "That way, from the start, the congregation knew where I stood."

If there is a continuing theme in her sermons, lectures, and the advice Rabbi Sally gives to her congregation, it is the importance of each individual, whether male or female. She has spent a great deal of time revising the worship service and ceremonies of Judaism, changing or deleting such words as "mankind" and "brotherhood" to assure the equality of men and women within the framework of the Jewish tradition. As she states her philosophy, "I believe in God. I believe in the worth of the individual. I believe in Judaism as a way of life. And I believe that Judaism is worth preserving."

At a time when churches of all faiths are experiencing a decline in membership, attendance and participation, the Stephen Wise congregation is growing. Rabbi Priesand modestly declines credit, but does acknowledge that her personal approach may be partially responsible. Before Rosh Hashanah last year she handwrote notes to all the couples she had married in the previous year, inviting them to come worship during the high holy days. In response, thirty young couples without children became active members in a predominantly older congregation. (Their childless status is

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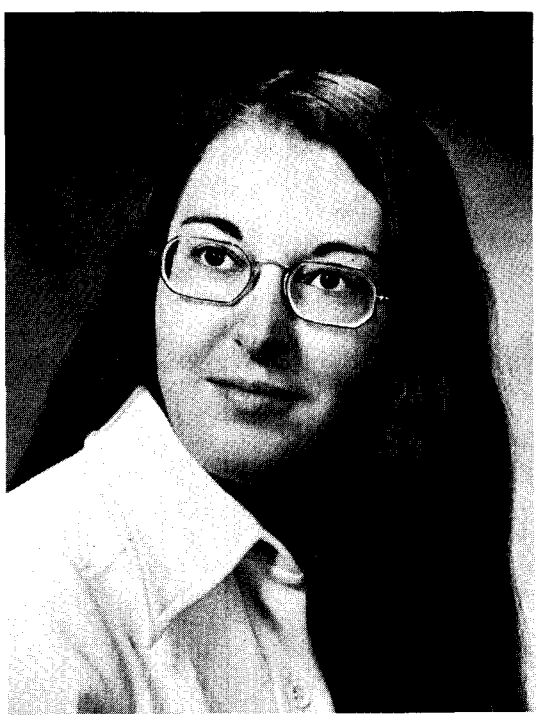

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THINK STRAWBERRIES

How The Plaza Hotel moved into the twentieth century

By James Lavenson

I came from the balcony of the hotel business For ten years as a corporate director of a large chain with no line responsibility, I had my office in a little building next door to The Plaza. I went to the hotel every day for lunch and often stayed overnight. I was a professional guest. You know nobody knows more about how to run a hotel than a guest. Last year, I suddenly fell out of the corporate balcony and had to put my efforts in the restaurants where my mouth had been, and in the rooms and nightclub and theater into which I'd been putting my two cents.

In my ten years of kibitzing, all I had really learned about the hotel business was how to use a guest room toilet without removing the strip of paper that's printed "Sanitized for Your Protection." When the hotel staff found out I'd spent my life as a salesman and that I'd never been a hotelier, never been to Cornell Hotel School, and that I wasn't even the son of a waiter, they were in a state of shock. And Paul Sonnabend, President of Sonesta, didn't help their apprehension much when he introduced me to my executive staff with the following kind words: "The Plaza has been losing money the last several years and we've had the best management in the business. Now we're going to try the worst."

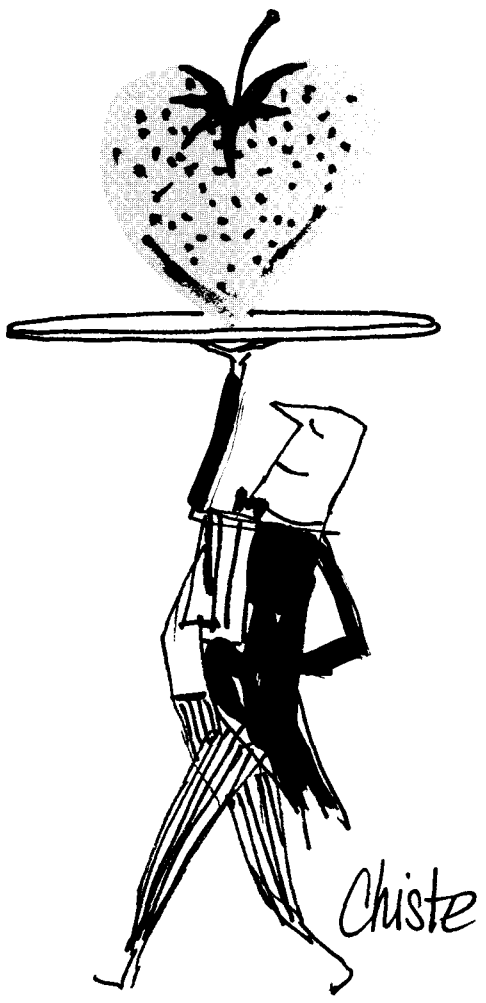
Frankly, I think the hotel business has been one of the most backward in the world. There's been very little change in the attitude of room clerks in the 2,000 years since Joseph arrived in Bethlehem and was told they'd lost his reservation. Why is it that a sales clerk at Woolworth asks your wife, who points to the panty-hose, if she wants three or six pairs—and your wife is all by herself—but the maître d' asks you and your wife, the only human beings within a mile of the restaurant, "How many are you?"

Hotel salesmanship is retailing at its worst. But at the risk of inflicting cardiac arrest on our guests at The Plaza when they first hear shocking expressions like "good morning" and "please" and "thank you for coming," we started a year ago to see if it was possible to make the 1,400 employees of The Plaza into genuine hosts and hostesses. Or should I say "salesmen"?

A tape recorder attached to my phone proved how far we had to go. "What's the difference between your $85 suite and your $125 suite?" I'd ask our reservationist, disguising my voice over the phone. You guessed it: $40!

"What's going on in the Persian Room tonight?" I asked the Bell Captain. "Some singer," was his answer. "Man or woman?" I persisted. "I'm not sure," he said, which made me wonder if I'd even be safe going there.

Why is it, I wondered, that the staff of a hotel doesn't act like a family playing hosts to guests whom they've invited to their house? It didn't take too long, after becoming a member of the family myself, to understand one of the basic problems. Our 1,400 family members didn't even know each other! With that large a staff, working over eighteen floors, six restaurants, a nightclub, a theater and three levels of sub-basement including a kitchen, a carpentry shop, plumbing and electrical shops, a full commercial laundry—how would they ever know who was working there, and who was a guest or just a purveyor passing through? Even the old-timers who might recognize a face after a couple of years would have no idea of the name connected to it. It struck me that if our own people couldn't call each other by name, smile at each other's familiar face, say good morning to *each other*, how could they be expected to say amazing things like "Good Morning, Mr. Jones" to a guest. *More than a year ago The Plaza name tag was born. The delivery took place on my lapel. And it's now been on 1,400 lapels for over a year. Everyone, from dishwashers to the General Manager, wears his name where every other employee, and of course every guest, can see it. Believe it or not, our people say hello to each other—by name—when they pass in the halls and the offices.* At first our *regular guests thought the Plaza was entertaining some gigantic convention, but now even the old-time Plaza regulars are able to call our bellmen and maids by name.* We've begun to build an atmosphere of welcome with the most precious commodity in the world—our names. *And* our guests' names.



A number of years ago, I heard Dr. Ernest Dichter, head of the Institute of Motivational Research, talk about restaurant service. He had reached a classic conclusion; when people come to a fine restaurant, they are hungrier for *recognition* than they are for food. It's true. If the maître d' says, "We have your table ready, Mr. Lavenson," then as far as I'm concerned the chef can burn the steak and I'll still be happy.

When someone calls you by name and you don't know his, a strange feeling of discomfort comes over you. When he does it twice you *have* to find out *his* name. This we see happening with our Plaza name tags. When a guest calls a waiter by name, the waiter wants to call the guest by name. It will drive him nuts if he doesn't know. He'll ask the maître d', and if he doesn't know he'll ask the bellman who will ask the front desk . . . calling the guests by name has a big payoff. It's called a *tip*.

At first there was resistance to name tags—mostly from the old-time, formally trained European hoteliers. I secretly suspect they liked being incognito when faced with a guest complaint. We had only one staff member who said he'd resign before having his dignity destroyed with a name tag. For sixteen years he'd worn a rosebud in his lapel and that, he said, was his trademark and everyone knew him by it. His resignation was accepted along with that of the rosebud. Frankly, there are moments when I regret the whole idea myself. When I get on a Plaza elevator and all the passengers see my name tag, they know I work there. Suddenly, I'm the official elevator pilot, the host. I can't hide, so I smile at everybody, say "good morning" to perfect strangers I'd ordinarily ignore. The ones that don't go into shock, smile back. Actually, they seem to mind less the fact that a trip on a Plaza elevator, built in 1907, is the equivalent of commuting to Manhattan from Greenwich.

There are 600 Spanish-speaking employees at The Plaza. They speak Spanish. They don't read English. The employee house magazine was in English. So was the employee bulletin board. So were the signs over the urinals in the locker rooms that suggest cigarette butts don't flush too well. It was a clue as to why some of management's messages weren't getting through. The employee house magazine is now printed one side in English, the other in Spanish. The bulletin board and other staff instructions are in two languages. We have free classes in both languages

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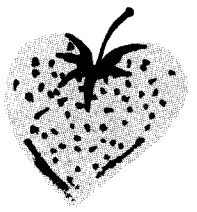


for departmental supervisors. It's been helping.

With 1,400 people all labeled and smiling we were about ready a year or so ago to make salesmen out of them. There was just one more obstacle to overcome before we started suggesting they "ask for the order." They had no idea what the product was they would be selling. Not only didn't they know who was playing in the Persian Room, they didn't know we had movies–full-length feature films without commercials–on the closed-circuit TV in the bedrooms. As a matter of fact, most of them didn't know what a guest room looked like unless they happened to be a maid or a bellman.

The reason the reservationist thought $40 was the difference between two suites was that he had never been in one, much less actually slept there. To say our would-be salesmen lacked product knowledge would be as much an understatement as the line credited to President Nixon if he had been the Captain of the *Titanic*. My son told me that if Nixon had been the Captain of the *Titanic*, he probably would have announced to the passengers there was no cause for alarm–they were just stopping to pick up ice.

Today, if you ask a Plaza bellman who's playing in the Persian Room he'll tell you Ednita Nazarro. He'll tell you because he's seen her. *In the contract of every Persian Room performer, there's now a clause requiring him to first perform for our employees in the cafeteria before he opens in the Persian Room. Our employees see the star first, before the guests.*

And if you ask a room clerk or a telephone operator what's on the TV movies, they'll tell you because they've seen it–on the TV sets running the movies continuously in the employees' cafeteria.

Believe me, if you are having your lunch in our cafeteria and watch "Female Response" or "Swedish Fly Girls" on the TV set, you won't forget the film. You might, however, suspect the chef has put Spanish fly in your spaghetti.

Our new room clerks now have a week of orientation. It includes spending a night in the hotel and a tour of our 1,000 guest rooms. They can look out the window and see the $40 difference in suites since a view of the Park doesn't even closely resemble the back of the Avon building.

As I mentioned, about six months ago, we decided it was time to take a hard look at our sales effort. I couldn't find it. The Plaza had three men with the title "salesman"–and they were good men. But they were really sales-*service* people who took the orders for functions or groups who came through the door and sought us out. Nobody, but nobody, ever left the palace, crossed the moat at Fifth Avenue, and went looking for business. We had no one knocking on doors, no one asking for the order. *The Plaza was so dignified it seemed demeaning to admit we needed business.* If you didn't ask us we wouldn't ask you. So there! Our three sales-service people were terrific once you voluntarily stepped inside our arena. You had to ring our doorbell. We weren't ringing yours or anyone else's.

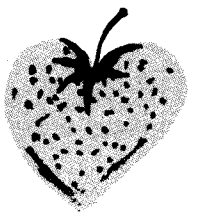
When you're faced with as old and ingrained a tradition as that, halfway countermeasures don't work. *We started a program with all our guest contact people using a new secret oath: "Everybody sells!"* And we meant everybody–maids, cashiers, waiters, bellmen–the works. We talked to the maids about suggesting room service, to the doormen about mentioning dinner in our restaurants, to cashiers about suggesting return reservations to departing guests. And we talked to waiters about strawberries.

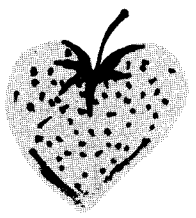
A waiter at The Plaza makes anywhere from $10,000 to $20,000 a year. The difference between those two figures is, of course, tips. When I was in the advertising business, I thought I was fast at computing 15 percent. I'm a moron compared to a waiter. Our suggestions for selling strawberries fell on responsive ears when we described a part of the Everybody Sells program for our Oyster Bar restaurant. We figured, with just the same number of customers in the Oyster Bar, that if the waiters would ask every customer if he'd like a second drink, wine, or beer with the meal, and then dessert–given only one out of four takers we'd increase our sales volume by $364,000 a year. The waiters were way ahead of the lecture–they'd already figured out that was another $50,000 in tips! And since there are ten waiters in the Oyster Bar, even I could figure out it meant five grand more per man in tips. It was at that point I had my toughest decision to make since I've been in this job. I had to choose between staying on as President or becoming an Oyster Bar waiter.

But, while the waiters appreciated this automatic raise in theory, they were quick to call out the traditional negatives. "Nobody eats dessert anymore. Everyone's on a diet. If we served our chocolate cheesecake to everybody in the restaurant, half of them would be dead in a week."

"So sell 'em strawberries!" we said. "But sell 'em." And then we wheeled out our answer to gasoline shortages, the dessert cart. We widened the aisles between the tables and had the waiters wheel the cart up to each table at dessert time. Not daunted by the diet protestations of the customer, the waiter then went into raptures about the bowl of fresh strawberries. There was even a bowl of whipped cream for the slightly wicked. By the time our waiters finish extolling the virtues of our fresh strawberries flown in that morning from California, or wherever he thinks strawberries come from, you not only have had an abdominal orgasm but one out of two of you order them. *In the last six months we show our waiters every week what's happening to strawberry sales. This month they have doubled again. So have second martinis. And believe me, when you get a customer for a second martini you've got a sitting duck for strawberries–with whipped cream. Our waiters are asking for the order.*

"Think strawberries" is The Plaza's new secret weapon. Our reservationists now think strawberries and suggest you'll like a suite overlooking Central Park rather than a twin-bedded room. Our bellmen are thinking strawberries. Each bellman has his own reservation cards, with his name printed as the return addressee, and he asks if you'd like him to make your return reservation





as he's checking you out and into your taxi. Our Room Service order takers are thinking strawberries. They suggest the closed-circuit movie on TV ($3.00 will appear on your bill) as long as you're going to eat in your room. Our telephone operators are even thinking strawberries. They suggest a morning Flying Tray breakfast when you ask for a wake-up call. You just want a light breakfast, no ham and eggs? How about some strawberries?

We figure we've added about three hundred salesmen to the three sales-service team we had before. But most important, of course, is that we've added five pure salespeople to our Sales Department. Four of them are out on the street calling–mostly cold–on the prospects to whom they're ready to sell anything from a cocktail in the Oak Bar to a corporate directors' meeting to a bar mitzvah. The chewing gum people sell new customers by sampling on street corners. The Plaza has chewing gum licked a mile. *Our salespeople on the street have one simple objective: get the prospect into the hotel to sample the product. With The Plaza as our product, it isn't too difficult. And once you taste The Plaza, frankly, you're hooked.*

In analyzing our business at the hotel we found, much to my surprise, that functions–parties, weddings, charity balls and the like–are just about three times more profitable than all our six restaurants put together. And functions are twice as profitable as selling all 1,000 of our rooms. Before we had this analysis, we were spending all our advertising money on restaurants, our nightclub and our guest rooms. *This year we're spending 80 percent of our advertising money to get function business–weddings instead of honeymoons, banquets instead of meals, annual corporate meetings instead of a clandestine romantic rendezvous for two.* We've added a full-time Bridal Consultant who can talk wedding language to nervous brides and talk turkey to their mothers. Retailers like Saks and Bonwit's and Bergdorf's have had bridal consultants for years. Hotels have Banquet Managers. Banquet Managers sell wedding dinners. *Bridal Consultants sell strawberries–everything from the bridal shower, the pictures, the ceremony, the reception, the wedding night, to the honeymoon to the first anniversary.*

When you fight a habit as long-standing as the hotel inside salesman, you don't just wave a wand and say "Presto: now we have four outside salesmen. *We want our new salespeople to know how serious we are about going out after business.* We started an Executive Sales Call program as part of our "Everybody Sells" philosophy. *About forty of our top and middle management executives, ones who traditionally don't ever see a prospect, are assigned days on which they make outside calls with our regular salesmen. People like our Personnel Director, our Executive Housekeeper, our Purchasing Director and our General Manager are on the street every day making calls. Our prospects seem to like it. Our salesmen love it. And our non-sales "salesmen" are getting an education about what's going on in the real world–the one outside the hotel.*

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ODE TO A TOAD FROM THE VORCE OF A HORSE

OR

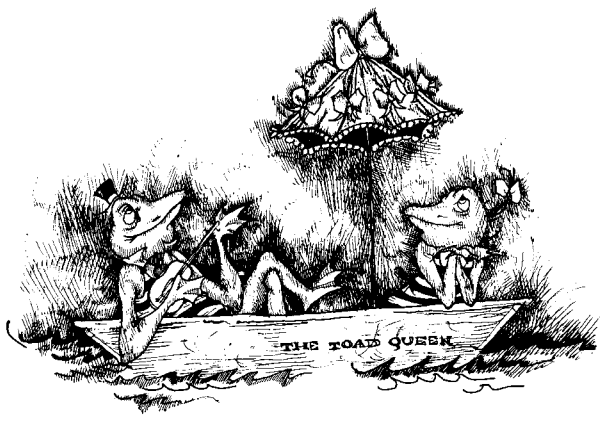
BEING A TOAD AIN'T ALL THAT EASY"

POEM by NANCY WILSON
PICTURES by NANCY OLDS

Get off the road, you crazy toad,
It's obvious you've been boozin'.
You crashed into my right front shoe
while I was sorta snoozin'.

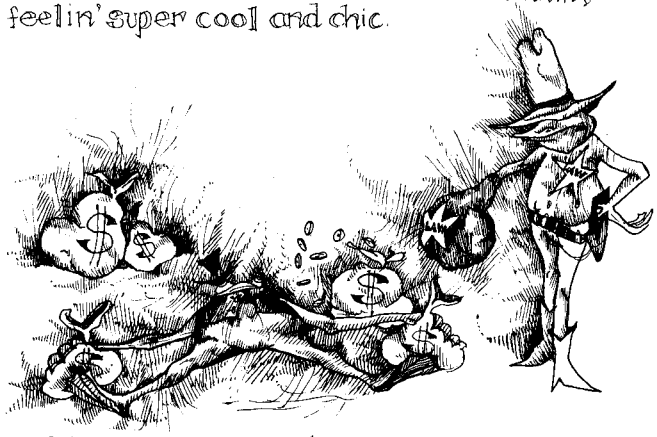
I've been sniffin' flowers
for hours and hours
awaiting your return.
The weeds all grew an
inch or two,
But you showed no
concern.

You sent no greetin' to the monthly meetin'
with the Creek Bed Choir Director.
Your last report was much too short
to suit the Toad Abode Inspector.



You made the scene with the Toad Ball Queen
and squired her 'round the Creek
Doin' lots of drinkin' and not much thinkin',
feelin' super cool and chic.

The Toad Quintet hasn't ever met,—
there's been no nightly singin'
You forgot to hire a new Toad Choir;
you've been too busy flingin'!



Start cruisin' this Creek and fix that leak,
and mend that lilly pad
I'd break my heart - tear me all apart,
to see a fine young toad go bad.

In short, old sport, as a last resort,
you'd better mend your ways.
You'll soon be fired, or, perhaps retired -
Fast livin' never pays.

I remember well, before you raised such hell,
you were a fine young toad.
You get back on a proud toad track
and carry your share of the load.

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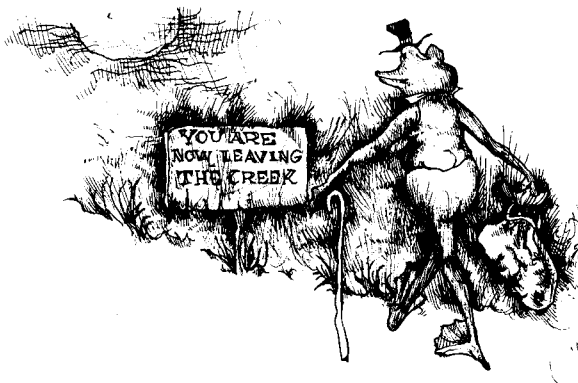
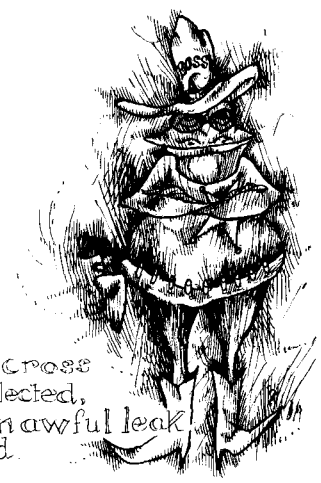
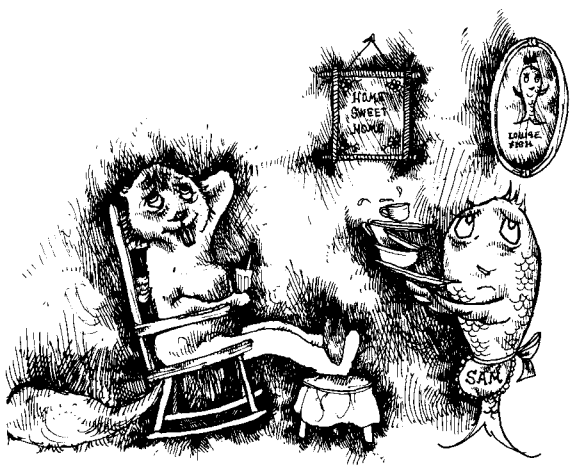


You left your job, you little slob, and left me here in charge
I won't do your work, you little squirt
Besides, I'm much too large.



The Big Toad Boss is plenty cross
that your job has been neglected,
You let this Creek spring an awful leak
that's not what he expected.

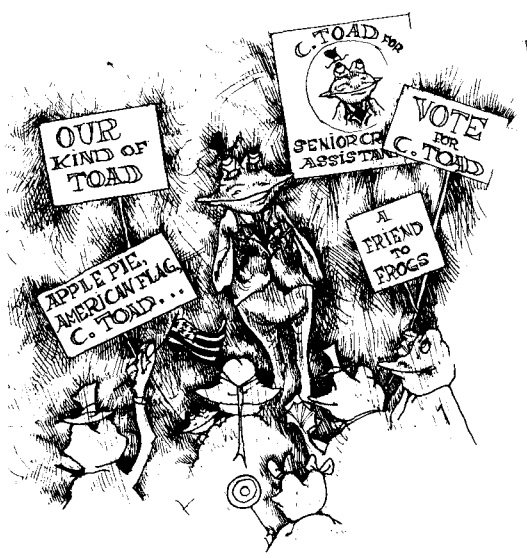
Pick up that load like a fine young toad,
and I betcha within a week,
you'll be the pride of the riverside
and the chief toad of this creek!

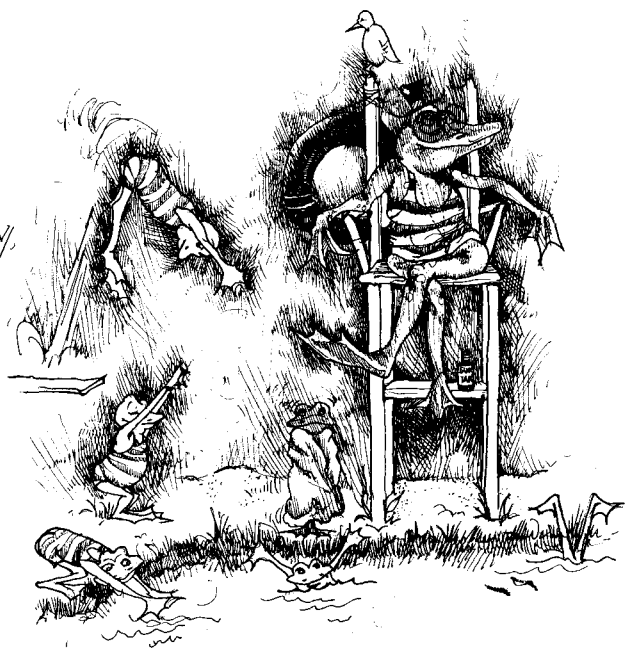


We had a flood and lots of mud,-
the Beaver lost his dam,
We heard him yelp, and went to help -
he's been livin' since with Sam.

They thought you knew a thing or two
since you coached them all in swimmin'.
But you've become an old toad bum
with your booze and wild toad women.

The tadpoles think you're in the clink,—
they've been hearin' lots of stories—
They meet each day where they love to play,
underneath the morning glories.





Lay off the beer-you've a fine career
as a Senior Creek Assistant.
You've got the brains if you take the pains,
but you've gotta be persistent.

It's strange, of course, for an old gray horse
to be giving you advice
But I've seen you grow from a tad, you know,
and I think you're kinda nice.

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DEAR SHOE

By Mort Singer

Illustrated by Martin Norman

A veteran Washington newsman, writing serious news and analysis for businessmen, Mort Singer is taking a fling at humor. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California and a longtime resident of Falls Church, Virginia. Underneath this short frothy piece, you will get a contemporary touch of business vagaries, computers, feminism and male-ism.

Blooper Catalogs
1880 Warehouse Street
Chicago, Illinois 60423
Gentlemen:

I just received a pair of shoes ordered through your catalog. They are the right colors . . red toe, blue body, suede leather oxfords. The right size and shape. And they go extremely well with my 100 percent polyester knit bell-bottom slacks which you sent earlier. But they are both left shoes. Left shoes. I would like to return one and get a right shoe. Please advise.

Sincerely,
Robert Smythe

P.S. Note that it's Smythe with a "y," not Smith, with an "i."

Mr. Robert Smythe
18 Hicks Street
Hayville, Ohio 43500
Dear Mr. Smythe:

You say you received two left shoes from Blooper Catalogs. Well, that's impossible. These shoes are packed for us by the manufacturer, and he never makes a mistake. Obviously, you have made a mistake. Will you try both shoes on again and see how wrong you are?

Yours truly,
Blooper Catalogs
Hector Smurch,
Chief of Correspondence

Dear Mr. Smurch:

Well, they are two left shoes. I looked again to be sure. I even tried them on again. I put the left shoe on my left foot and the other on my right foot, and proceeded to walk right into the wall. To prove it, I would send both shoes back. But I like these shoes. I might say I'm extremely fond of them. So I want to keep one left shoe and when I get the right shoe from you, I'll have a pair of oxfords that go so well with my 100 percent polyester knit bell-bottom slacks.

Yours truly,
Robert Smythe

Dear Mr. Robert, Mr. Robert, Mr. Robert:

Your order has been received and your shoes will be delivered shortly. Blooper Catalogs thanks you for the order, the order, the order, and remember. When you want something super, order from Blooper.

Sincerely yours,
Blooper Catalogs

Dear Computer:

I did not order another pair of shoes. I simply wanted to know how to exchange a left shoe for a right shoe. I am sending by separate mail one of my two left shoes. Will you please replace it with a right shoe; same size, same color and style?

Sincerely,
Robert Smythe

Dear Mr. Sincerely,

Exchanges are not-not-not handled in this department. Your letter is being forwarded to our exchange department. And remember: By the pound or the bale, whatever you order, order by mail.

Blooper Catalogs

Dear Mr. Smythe:

We do not exchange one shoe for another. In our entire history, we have never had to do so. You are the first person who has ever had two left shoes delivered, if indeed that is the case. However, in order to keep your goodwill and still not admit any mistakes, we are sending you a pair of shoes exactly like the ones you ordered. Upon receipt of these, would you return your left shoe; that is, the remaining shoe, so that we can keep our inventory in order?

Sincerely,
M. Smith

P.S. You addressed your letter to "Gentlemen." I am not a gentleman. I am a woman. It's a common mistake in this man's world.

Dear Miss Smith:

Sorry about "gentlemen," but how was I to know? Besides, it's standard business practice, which doesn't really reflect on anyone's gender. Anyhow, today I received TWO pairs of shoes from your company. One, sent by you. The other, by your computer. I now have three left shoes and two right shoes and all I want is ONE pair of shoes to go with my 100 percent polyester knit bell-bottom slacks, and I'm beginning to lose my good humor about it. Please advise what I'm supposed to do now.

Annoyed,
Robert Smythe

Dear Mr. Smythe:

Why don't you send all the shoes back, and we'll start all over again? I regret that you are annoyed. But I am annoyed too. You've made another common male mistake. You addressed me as Miss Smith. You just assumed I was "Miss." If you should write again, will you please address me as Ms. Smith . . . M-s Smith. Actually, I'm not married but I don't like people taking that for granted. And I prefer being called Ms. Smith.

Yours truly,
Marge Smith

Dear Ms. Smith:

I can't send all the shoes back. I'm now wearing a pair of them . . . the matching pair . . . a right shoe on my right foot and a left on the remaining foot. But I will return the second pair along with the extra left shoe as soon as I can get around to packing them. You see, I'm single too, and in all my twenty-seven years I never learned to pack properly and I have no one to pack for me.

Cordially,
Bob Smythe

Dear Mr. Shoe:

We have received your order for a right shoe, right shoe and Blooper Catalogs is pleased to send it to you, you, you.

Yours truly,
Smythe Catalogs

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Dear Bob Smythe:

Why do you assume that if you were married your wife would have nothing to do but wrap your packages? It's time men did more around the house anyhow. About the shoes, please return them promptly; that is, the remaining pair plus one, or our records will get all fouled up and I might lose the first job I've had since I got out of school two years ago.

Worried,
Marge Smith

Dear Marge,

I was about to return the remaining shoes when I received three right shoes in the mail . . . THREE. Somebody pushed the wrong button on the computer. I now have four right shoes and two left, not counting those I'm wearing with my 100 percent polyester bell-bottom slacks. If Blooper sends me any more shoes I can open a shoe store. See, I do have a sense of humor about it. Just to prove it, I will enclose a picture of me smiling. And I promise to forget all about the shoes if you send me a photo of you smiling. Or not smiling. Please forgive me for calling you by your first name but that's much more friendly than Ms. Smith.

Warmly,
Bob

Dear Bob,

I don't mind your calling me Marge if that appeals to your masculine vanity. Incidentally, you have beautiful teeth, and features to match. Enclosed is a recent photograph of me. Please let me know what you think of it, or me, or both.

Hurry,
Marge

Dear Smythe:

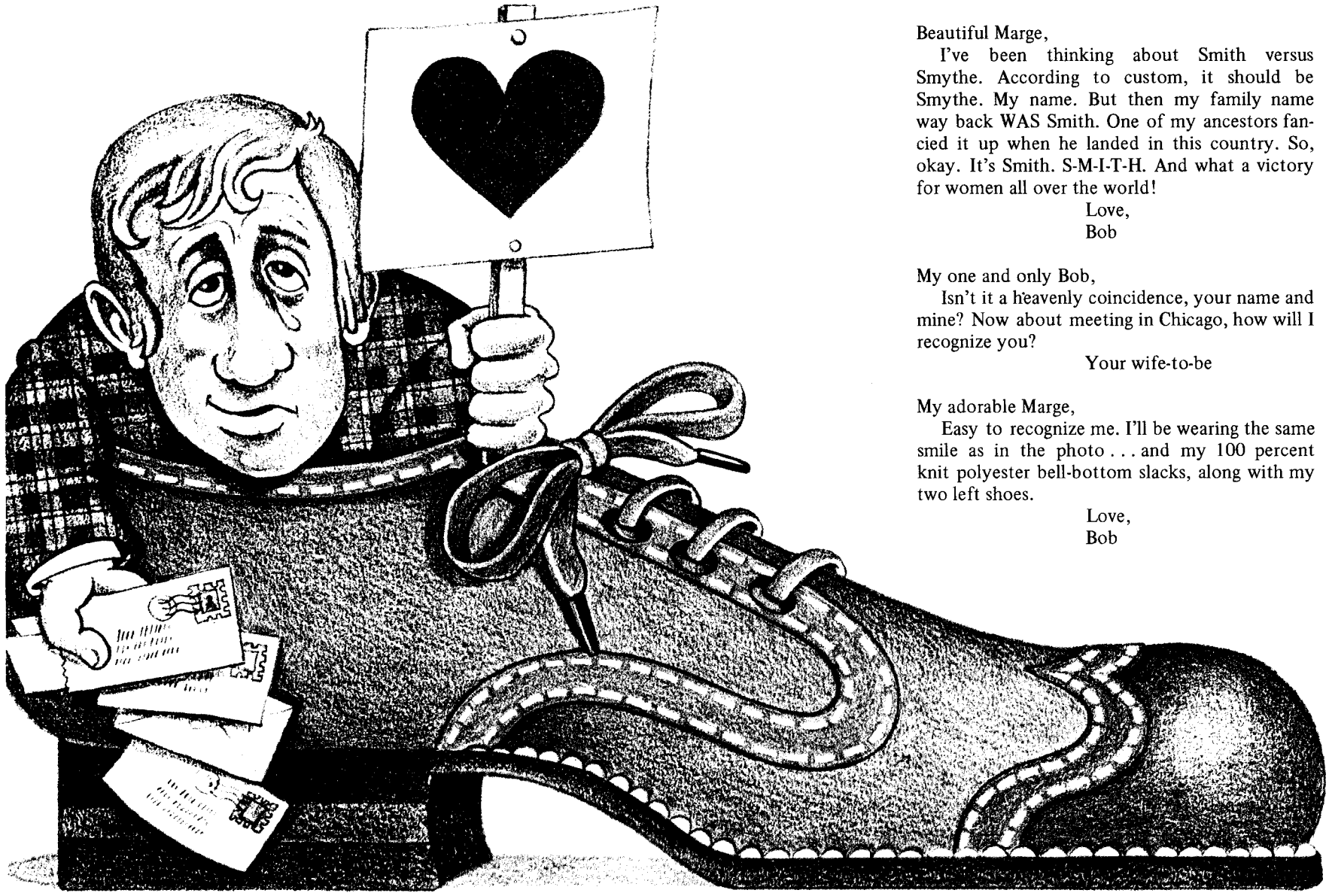
Your complaint has just come to my attention. As head of this organization, I don't waste time. The way I understand it, you would like to have a pair of shoes that match. So, we're sending along such a pair. And you ordered a pair of slacks – 100 percent polyester bell-bottom slacks to go with them. Right? Okay, we'll throw these in on the house. Just don't bother us anymore. Remember: Over land and over water, you'll always get your Blooper order.

Yours truly,
Horace Blooper

Dear 02348:

Your order has been forwarded to Horace Blooper, the president of Blooper Catalogs. You will next hear from him. Remember: Roses are red, violets are blue. Blooper Catalogs are right for you.

Sincerely,
Blooper Catalogs



Darling Marge:

Your picture blows my mind. I can't think of anything else, not even the extra shoes and free slacks. If you agree, I would like to meet you in Chicago. I'll leave as soon as you tell me where to meet you. I'll bring all the surplus shoes and deliver them to Mr. Blooper in person.

Impatient,
Bob

Dear Bob,

I can't wait to see you. Meet me at the company office, second floor, front desk, as soon as you can make it. I'll have all the papers in order for the return of the shoes, so that the company books can be balanced.

Yours,
Marge

Sweet Marge,

If I promise to do my share in the kitchen and allow you to keep your identity by continuing to work, would you marry me? In Chicago? And people can throw rice and lots of shoes.

Love,
Bob

Wonderful Bob,

I can't believe it! It's fabulous. But just one little thing, Bob. When we do get married, does our name have to be SMYTHE? Can't it just be Mr. and Mrs. Smith, SMITH?

Love,
Your future wife

Beautiful Marge,

I've been thinking about Smith versus Smythe. According to custom, it should be Smythe. My name. But then my family name way back WAS Smith. One of my ancestors fancied it up when he landed in this country. So, okay. It's Smith. S-M-I-T-H. And what a victory for women all over the world!

Love,
Bob

My one and only Bob,

Isn't it a heavenly coincidence, your name and mine? Now about meeting in Chicago, how will I recognize you?

Your wife-to-be

My adorable Marge,

Easy to recognize me. I'll be wearing the same smile as in the photo . . . and my 100 percent knit polyester bell-bottom slacks, along with my two left shoes.

Love,
Bob

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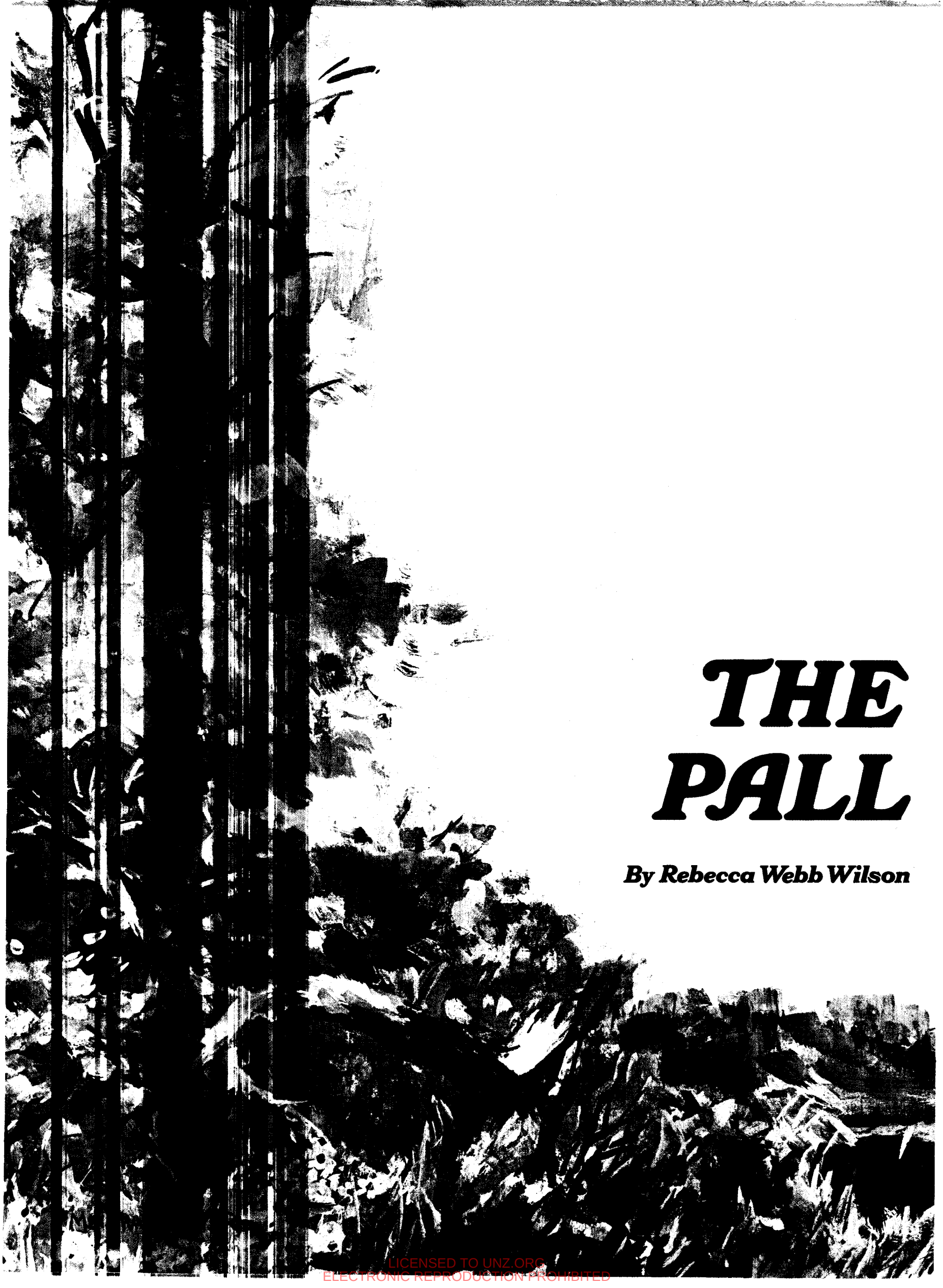

THE PALL

By Rebecca Webb Wilson

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It was only the middle of March, but spring came early that year in western Kentucky, where the winding river lashes the state to neighboring Tennessee. By eleven, the sun was so warm through the windshield that I peeled off my jacket and rolled down the windows, trying to stir up a breeze. The road ahead rippled wetly with waves of rising heat.

On either side of the two-lane highway, brown furrows, newly turned, ran parallel along the contours of the rolling fields. You could smell clean, moist earth mixed with the just-cut grass aroma which was vaguely like ripe, red watermelons. It was a real nice day!

You know how spring gets in your blood and moves around, dredging up feelings you'd forgotten you had? Well, I was humming and singing old songs and thinking about that first spring together, Angie's and mine. We had taken a picnic to her uncle's pond north of Lexington. The air had a cool bite to it in the shade but the sun warmed us from above and crept into us from the ground below until it was too much trouble to try and sit up. We found ourselves wrapped in a cocoon of solitude and tasted spring on each other's lips.

Then I rounded a curve and saw the river and forgot yesterday in my interest in today. There were cars and trucks parked on both sides of the road. At first, I thought it was some kind of outing, like the Lions' Club picnic or a senior class day, but it was too quiet to be for fun. I slowed the car and tried to see through the jam-up of people lining the bank at the right.

Most were country folk: good solid white people who worked hard on little bits of land six days a week and prayed hard on the seventh in some weathered frame church building that their pappies had built. Closer to the road, on the fringes of the farmers, were a couple of black men, their naked shoulders under the bib of their overalls glistening in the sun with the sweat they'd just worked up from plowing or running down the road.

Here and there was a woman with an apron on. It was as though she'd been snatched right from in front of her stove to stand on this river bank—like being grabbed on Judgment Day, wherever you happen to be. Three or four youngsters were hanging on to a fence row that petered out before it touched the water. They were taking turns giving each other a hand up, to get on top of the fence post to have a better view of below.

"Hey, neighbor," I called to a farmer who'd climbed off a dusty John Deere. "What's all the excitement?"

The man's multitude of wrinkles in his sun-browned face, like the furrows he'd just made in his fields, belied the shock of baby-fine blond hair. His pale blue eyes took in my Louisville plates suspiciously. "You from the paper?"

"Nope. Ben Taylor, Kentuck Seed." I braked to a stop on the shoulder. "Just sowing seed from Fulton," I laughed.

"Seems to have been a drownin' this mornin'," he said, unsmilingly.

"Kid swim out too far?" I asked.

"Naw. 'Pears to be the MacDonald girl, just sixteen, jumped off the bridge."

He pointed upstream to the shiny steel which caught the sunlight and hurled it back twice as bright. With that, he ambled down the bank to take his place in the growing gallery.

I parked the car and walked over there myself. Being tall, I didn't have any trouble seeing.

At the water's edge was a burly deputy sheriff and one of his men. The deputy was a hefty fellow and, from the looks of him, was full of biscuits and country ham from most of the white tables in that county. He wore his star like a crown, as if L-A-W were written across his forehead. And I dare say the blacks there could read it, too.

A ways from shore, a blue dress was buoyed up, marking the remains of the MacDonald girl. The deputy's assistant helped him put on waders that he probably used for frog gigging on warm summer nights, and handed him a grappling hook on a rope.

Other cars were stopping and the crowd was growing by the minute. With each newcomer, the volume was turned up. People were in clusters speculating about what had happened and why. I wandered around listening in. It seems that Sherry, that was her name, had jumped all right, but not for fun.

The woman with the largest audience was telling how her son had seen it happen. I moved closer.

"Leroy hardly paid any attention to her above him on the bridge. He's just eleven, you know, and was skipping rocks in the water. All of a sudden, he saw her on the rail, and before he could yell, she'd jumped. The really awful part though," she paused for breath and checked to be sure she had everyone's attention, "the awful part was halfway to the water she screamed, as though she'd changed her mind! But," the boy's mother shook her head for emphasis, "it was too late. Fall probably killed her."

The rapt crowd frowned as one and shook their collective head like their leader. I quickly walked away from that group and ran into some of the raw-boned men.

"If she'd been my daughter, I'd have let her marry the boy. Hell, the Army's bound to make a man of him and he could've been an extra hand on the place. He had a lot of get-up-and-go about him. Now Joe Bob's cheated himself out of two instead of one."

A mass intake of breath pulled my attention to the water. The deputy was trying to bring the body to shore with the hook which he worked above his head like a lasso and threw out to catch part of the dress. But the hook poised momentarily on the shoulder, then dragged across the arm and sank. Again he pitched the prongs and they reflected the sun: a ball of fire splashing into the water. This time, they raked over the chest before nestling between the child's legs.

I felt my gorge rise and found myself shaking all over. Hand over hand, he dragged the body in. The deputy's khaki shirt was sweat-stained; and the man was cussing softly as he reeled in the line that caught on rocks and debris. At last the blue dress and its pitiful burden came to rest on the sandy beach. The dress, now a shroud, was torn in several places where the hook had grabbed it, and I guess the river had done its damage, too.

But that fat s.o.b. stood wiping his face with a dirty handkerchief and didn't even cover her, saying they couldn't move her until the coroner showed up.

The child lay there crumpled up, as though she were crying. One arm was flung over her head, and the pink nail polish that glimmered in the sun tried to deny that death was there. One shoe was lost, and for some reason, that naked foot cried out for cover more than her thin shoulders that were bared to the sun.

The mob moved in for a closer look. A couple of men held their children up to see over their heads. The sun was blazing now, drying out the soaked body. I almost expected the girl to get up after her dress had dried, brush herself off and disappear in the crowd.

"Summer's really rushin' things. It's hotter 'an August," said the deputy, as he turned to spit in the river. You'd have thought he was out fishing with his buddies, he was so casual. "Tom outter be here by now. Why's he takin' so all-fired long to come a piddlin' five miles?" he directed to no one in particular.

A ripple, a low murmur, ran through the group, starting at the top and sliding down the bank to sizzle away in the water. "Sherry's momma's coming." "Miz MacDonald's here." A path opened for her and closed like a heavy door with her passing. Every eye was with her as she stumbled those last few steps to kneel on the sand beside the half-nude body.

Without a word she turned it over. Her rough, work-worn fingers very

Continued on page 106

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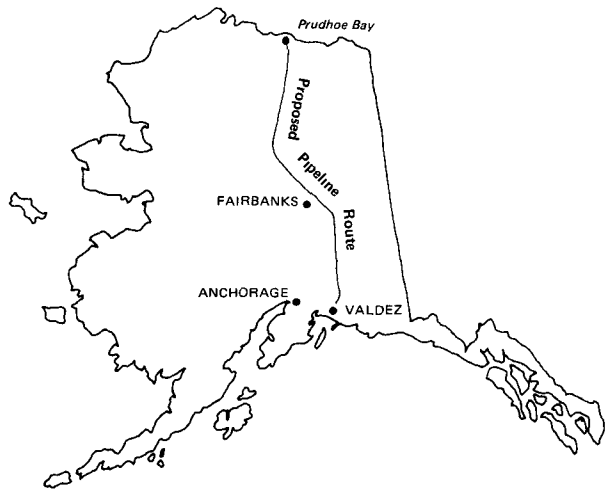

ALASKA
the magnificent

There are two common viewpoints toward Alaska: "Develop, extract, get in and get out," or "Alaska is so delicate, so fragile, that man should stay out entirely." Both viewpoints are wrong.

By Walter Hickel

As Alaskan of the Year for 1969, former governor of that state and former Secretary of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel is the right man at the right time to describe the future of the biggest state of our union—now on the threshold of global fame and good fortune.

Truck convoys are moving north. Construction of the trans-Alaska pipeline is underway. Excitement is in the Arctic air. America needs oil, and there are billions of barrels of it waiting under the great deltas spreading north from the Brooks Range to the Beaufort Sea.

After years of controversy and delay, few Alaskans, or Americans anywhere, believe the nation should do without Alaska oil. The strong-arm tactics of the Arab States were a warning that America must have its own energy lifeline. One part of that lifeline is being built out of forty-eight-inch steel pipe crossing the state of Alaska from North to South.

The pipeline, the largest construction project ever undertaken by free enterprise, will open a new Arctic Age. Not just the United States but the whole Pacific Basin, home of nearly two billion people, is looking north. These people need the basics of life—clothing, shelter, food, and fuel. Alaska sits atop this great area abundant with resources and with ready access to Japan, China, Siberia, as well as over the pole to Europe. The "Great Land," as the Eskimos call it, is awakening. It is a land that in much of its vastness is virtually without people and unspoiled. As it awakens, it will change, and rightfully so. But those of us who care about this unique country—and that includes most Alaskans I know—defend its splendor, are awed by its beauty, and never tire of just looking at its natural wonders.

It's high time that Alaska's resources are made available to people in need, but we don't want a return of the exploitations of the past. Turn-of-the-century gold rush ghost towns and old mining shacks tell the story. Today those same mistakes are not acceptable. As this giant land wakes up, we are determined that she keep her balance.

In 1969 and 1970, excellent questions were raised by environmentalists about the impact of the $4.5-billion pipeline project. Industry, government, and the scientific community worked together to solve the unknowns. Exhaustive study produced the answers. The trans-Alaska pipeline promises to be an example for the world how man's needs for energy and resources can be compatible with natural beauty.

Within a decade there will be at least three oil and gas pipelines from Alaska's North Slope, perhaps four. Estimates of the potential oil reserves, including those found in the Gulf of Alaska and throughout Alaska's half million square miles of offshore continental shelf, total an unbelievable 600 to 780 billion barrels. There is enough natural gas to deliver to the "South 48" four billion cubic feet a day for over 200 years.

Contrary to the predictions of the prophets of doom, the world is not going to run out of resources, but modern civilization is presently in short supply—especially of fuel and most major

The 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley (opposite), tallest player on the North American mountain team, rises over a mighty coastal range and peers down at active volcanoes.

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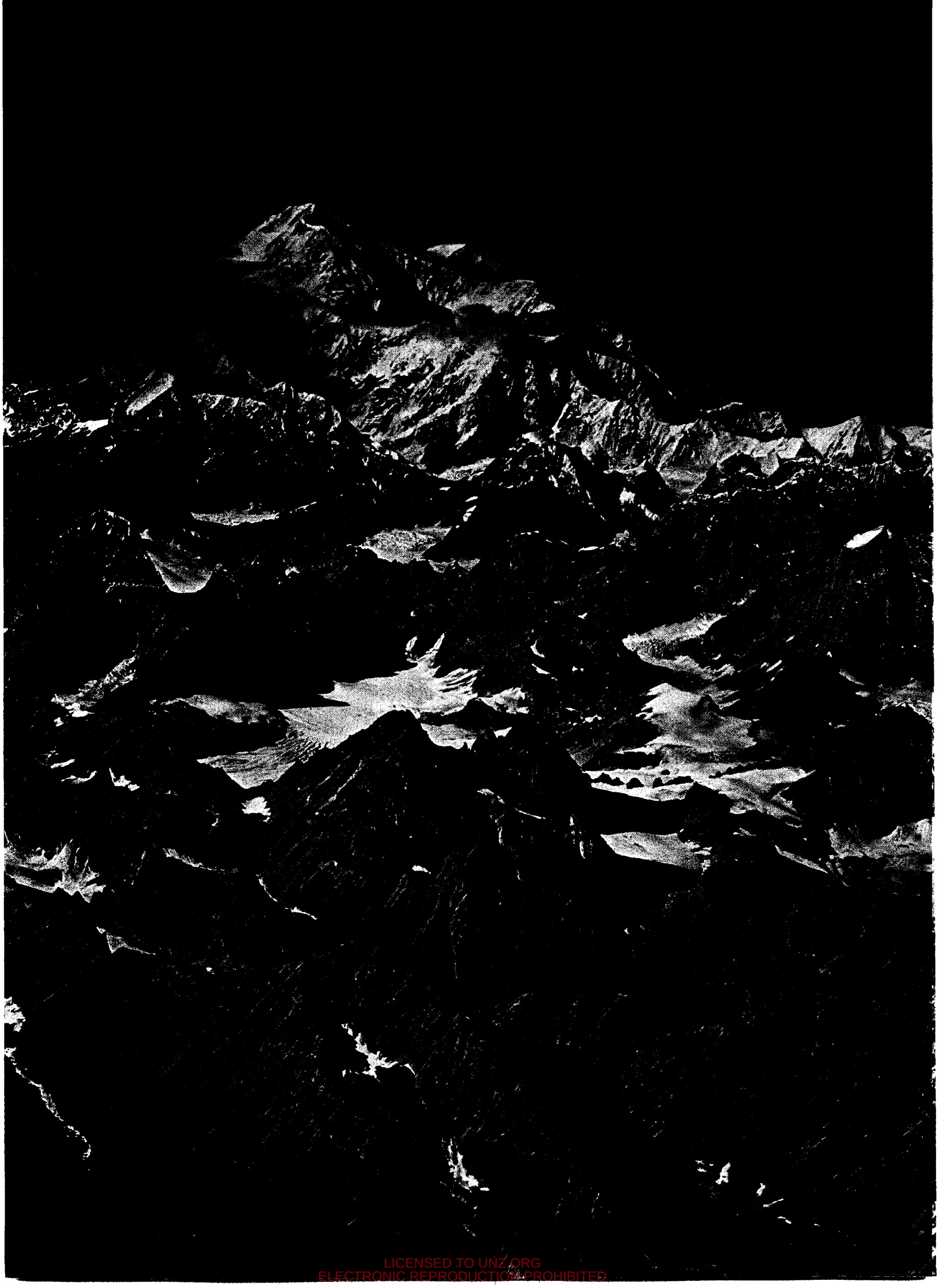

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Children of the New Arctic Age bask sublimely at Goose Lake, Anchorage (right). An Eskimo comes young and in jeans (far right). (Below): An Eskimo at Savoonga, on the St. Lawrence Island once stood beside his little skin boat and remarked, gesturing toward the Russian "floating city" of fishing and factory ships, "They fish all the time, and we don't even know what's there."

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minerals. Under the shimmering, gleaming, somewhat forbidding Arctic landscape lie copper, gold, tin, nickel, iron and vast amounts of coal.

The excitement of the pipeline project, spiced with tales of fantastic wages, is sweeping through the American work force from coast to coast. Young people in colleges across America who once fought the project are now being magnetized by it. Many will take the gamble that if they can find their way to Alaska they will find a job. Many will be turned away. Alaskan trade union halls have long waiting lists of local workers hoping to be employed, as Alaska has over 14 percent unemployed, the highest rate in the nation.

Last February I climbed aboard a large semi in Fairbanks, the frontier city that will be the jumpoff point for the northern half of the pipeline construction. A mobile housing unit rested on the trailer behind the cab in which I sat. It was a worker's living facility about to be driven up the ice haul road north to the Yukon River where one of the first construction camps was being assembled along the pipeline route.

The driver was a tall, rangy, low-key young man; a lifelong Alaskan with nearly a decade of north country teamster experience. We talked of the dangers of driving the road at seventy degrees below zero. Behind the seat was stashed his survival gear.

"It takes me seventy-two hours to reach that camp. It's rugged country," he said. I knew what he was talking about. In recent years, as a former Governor of Alaska and U.S. Secretary of the Interior, I have flown many times along the 786-mile route that will be traced by the pipeline. I have lived with the pipeline controversy, and sometimes I have been the center of it.

But that is behind us. The issue of the hour is no longer *whether* to build the pipeline, but will it be built right? The answer will depend on the level of concern of the public and those in charge.

The primary element that must be conquered in the Arctic is not the cold. It's the fear.

People are afraid of what they don't understand, and the Arctic is probably the most misunderstood place on earth. It is even more mysterious than the moon. School children throughout the nation are more familiar with the lunar Sea of Tranquility than they are with Alaska's North Slope.

I believe it is fortunate that these vast petroleum reserves are located where they are. If God had to put resources on earth for man to use, we should be grateful he put them in the Arctic and not in the great Wrangell Mountains in Central Alaska or Yosemite National Park. No one is ever going to buy a retirement home in the barren, desolate winter environment of Prudhoe Bay on the Arctic Ocean.

Most Americans don't understand Alaska. They love the romance of it, but they fear its reality. Few of them know that we have four time zones, and three distinctly different climates. At the same hour of the same day, at sea level, in two different parts of Alaska, the temperature can vary as much as 100° F. The North Slope, the most northerly point in American territory, is in reality a desert. Only three to four inches of precipitation fall in a year's time.

I was amazed and captivated by Alaska when I immigrated to the Territory at the age of twenty-one. This unique piece of real estate, one-fifth the size of the rest of the United States, is really a country within a family of states. All our borders are foreign.

Our neighbors, the Canadians, have understood their Arctic, and so have the Russians, because they have had to live with it. Alaska, however, is separated from the rest of the United States, and its unique character is alien to American understanding.

This is especially important in resource development. Americans have been prone to apply engineering procedures in the Arctic that work in Oklahoma City or Los Angeles. With brute strength we have tried to force temperate-zone thinking onto a world of entirely different values and conditions. It doesn't work.

The key is heat. Heat is man's friend throughout most of the world, but heat is the enemy of the Arctic environment. And heat is the major challenge involved in constructing the trans-Alaska pipeline. The oil comes out from deep under the frozen ground at 160° F and will be pumped through the pipeline at that temperature. Nowhere else on earth would this be a problem, but it is in the Arctic. The problem is permafrost.

I learned firsthand about permafrost when the 400-mile highway from Anchorage to Fairbanks was completed in 1944. I was included in the first convoy north. A hundred miles out of Fairbanks we came to a halt. For four days we were forced to sit and wait as the blazing summer sun worked on the permafrost that had been exposed in the construction. We literally watched the highway disappear off the side of Donnelly Dome. A caterpillar tractor slowly sank into the muck before our eyes, until only its overhead exhaust pipe was visible. A bypass had to be built.

When the trans-Alaska pipeline engineers first confronted this problem in 1969, they faced the major obstacle they would have to overcome. As Interior Secretary, I required they drill the entire route every 500 feet to check where the permafrost existed. The danger areas are large underground ice lenses made up entirely of water and glacial silt. If this particular variety of permafrost were to melt it wouldn't support weight and would endanger the safety of the line. That drilling has been accomplished. The engineers have determined where the pipeline can be buried, and how, and where it must go above ground, and how.

Part of the concern over the Alaskan environment stemmed from the desire of people in the rest of America to "lock up" a piece of the globe. Citizens in Los Angeles and other large metropolitan areas, fighting the freeway traffic on a smoggy day, would dream of turning Alaska into one great wilderness area. Once again, the force at work was fear, and the lack of knowing what's here. Alaska's 365 million acres will have many different uses. There are tremendous areas of natural beauty, while some areas seem designed by God for development.

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Wise planning is the answer. Alaska's unique climatic and geographic location is a temptation for some individuals to exploit. Private holdings are less than one percent of the total. By necessity government has an obligation to make sure that development is handled wisely. Planning, backed up by firm leadership, is needed to make sure these vast areas and resources are attainable for man's use without allowing abuse.

There are two mistaken viewpoints toward Alaska: "Develop, extract, get in and get out," or "Alaska is so delicate, so fragile, that man should stay out entirely." Both viewpoints are wrong. If people care enough and government backs them up, development need not destroy, and the environment can be protected.

In the perspective of the next 100 to 200 years, there is no question that Alaska's greatest resource will not be its oil, its timber, its fish, or any of its precious metals. It will be its overwhelming natural beauty. It's a country of backpackers in the summertime, skiers in the winter, hunters in the fall, and people with anticipation in the spring. You have to experience the end of a winter and the beginning of a spring in Alaska to see nature literally "bust out all over." Unlike in the temperate zones, it's not a slow process; it's a happening.

For sheer breathtaking experience, nothing I've seen touches the magnificence of the seemingly endless waterways in south central and southeast Alaska. There are 10,000 miles of coastline in Prince William Sound alone, and it is only an hour by rail south of Anchorage. A person could sail for a lifetime and never find all its bays, coves, and fjords. There is hardly a time I've boated this area without seeing dozens of porpoises and whales enjoying their playful life in the serene isolation of their God-meant habitat.

The state as a whole has more coastline than all the rest of the United States combined, including Hawaii. In reality it is a marine country, and it has some of the greatest natural waterparks in the world.

Coupled with the Wrangell Mountains, the Brooks Range, and the glaciers, one of which, the Malaspina, is larger than Switzerland, there are recreational resources in Alaska that will refresh the spirit of people for as long as the human species inhabits the earth. The opportunity now is to open up the country for people to see and use; use in the sense of development, but more importantly, to use in the sense of just walking and enjoying, hunting, fishing and exploring.

People wonder how much it will cost to protect our environment during development. Who is going to pay the bills? The truth is we all are. The cost is to care. If we care enough, it will be done right.

In Alaska, or anywhere, the environment is not just a mountain stream or a great forest, polluted air or dirty water. It's where you live your life and how you live it. It can be a junkyard across the street, bad zoning, or the lack of open space. The most important factor that is sometimes forgotten is people. In the past, people have been part of the problem, causing wasteful desecration through innocent, but thoughtless activities. But in our concern for the environment we must not lose sight of the fact that the most precious thing on earth is the human. The challenge is not to *isolate* man from nature, but to make man *compatible* with nature.

Alaska isn't as difficult as it is different. The challenge is to work with that difference.

Even before oil was discovered on the North Slope, a new Arctic age was already on the horizon. In 1967 a group of five distinguished Alaskans joined me in forming the NORTH Commission. Other concerned Americans offered their services, such as the famous aviator and conservationist Charles Lindbergh, inventor Bill Lear, and the first director of the Peace Corps, Sargent Shriver. We set out to prepare for this new Age and to plan a transportation system in the Far North that would protect the environment and at the same time provide a means to bring out the mineral wealth.

I was convinced then, and I am convinced today, that the secret to the North is "an iron wheel and a rail." A railroad already runs from the port of Seward through Anchorage to Fairbanks. It was built by the Federal Government over fifty years ago by an act of Congress that authorized a total of 1,000 miles. The job is less than half completed. It should extend due north from Fairbanks to the Arctic Ocean, east to Canada's Yukon Territory and west to a port on the Bering Sea.

The greatness of an Arctic railroad is that it will not just provide a means of bringing the resources out, it will provide a way to take people in. So few individuals have the opportunity to see and enjoy the fantastic Arctic world. The railroad could include a self-contained Pullman-style train, completely electrified and non-polluting.

The Arctic scenery is one of the unsung wonders of the world. If you could ride a "Trans-Arctic Express" in the winter you would stop thinking of the Arctic in shades of blue and see it in hues of red, orange, and subtle pink, as well as the luminous greens and yellows of the northern lights. Imagine riding in the comfort of a bubble-top car and viewing unnamed mountain peaks, serpentine glaciers, and spectacular, pure white cornices atop thousands of miles of mountain range.

And the wildlife. Alaska is a refuge for endangered species, such as the trumpeter swan and the bald eagle, but it is also the home of abundant species. One million caribou range across Canada and Alaska, and a train does not disturb them. Witness the overwhelming impact of thousands of majestic snow geese sweeping across the horizon and you will appreciate the magnitude of God.

In the summertime, less than two-fifths of the Arctic retains a snow cover. Replacing the whiteness are the gentle greens and golds of the tundra, and tiny wild flowers paint the landscape.

The travelers on the Trans-Arctic could stop off at "cabins in the wilderness" for a few days or a week of outdoor experience and refreshment. Once you reach the Bering Sea, it's only a short boat or airplane ride to Gambell Island. I have stood there many times and watched the Siberian mountains appear to go down into the water and come out again. Siberia, a far distant land in another part of the world? No. Just an eyesight away. All this is available to this generation if we only have the imagination to attain it.

With thirty-two of the thirty-three minerals required by modern industry, Alaska is a virtual storehouse of mineral wealth. The value of these untapped resources is mind-boggling. Great wealth has already been extracted from our

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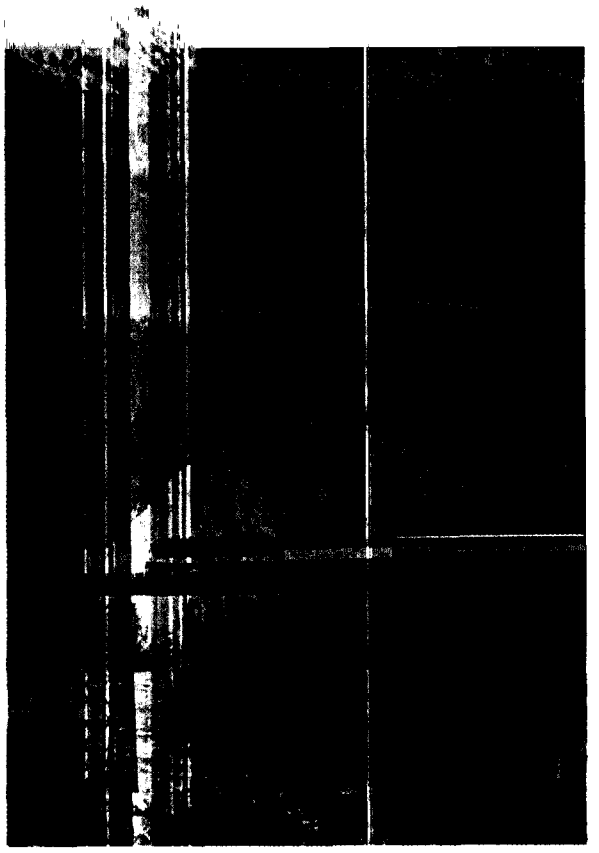

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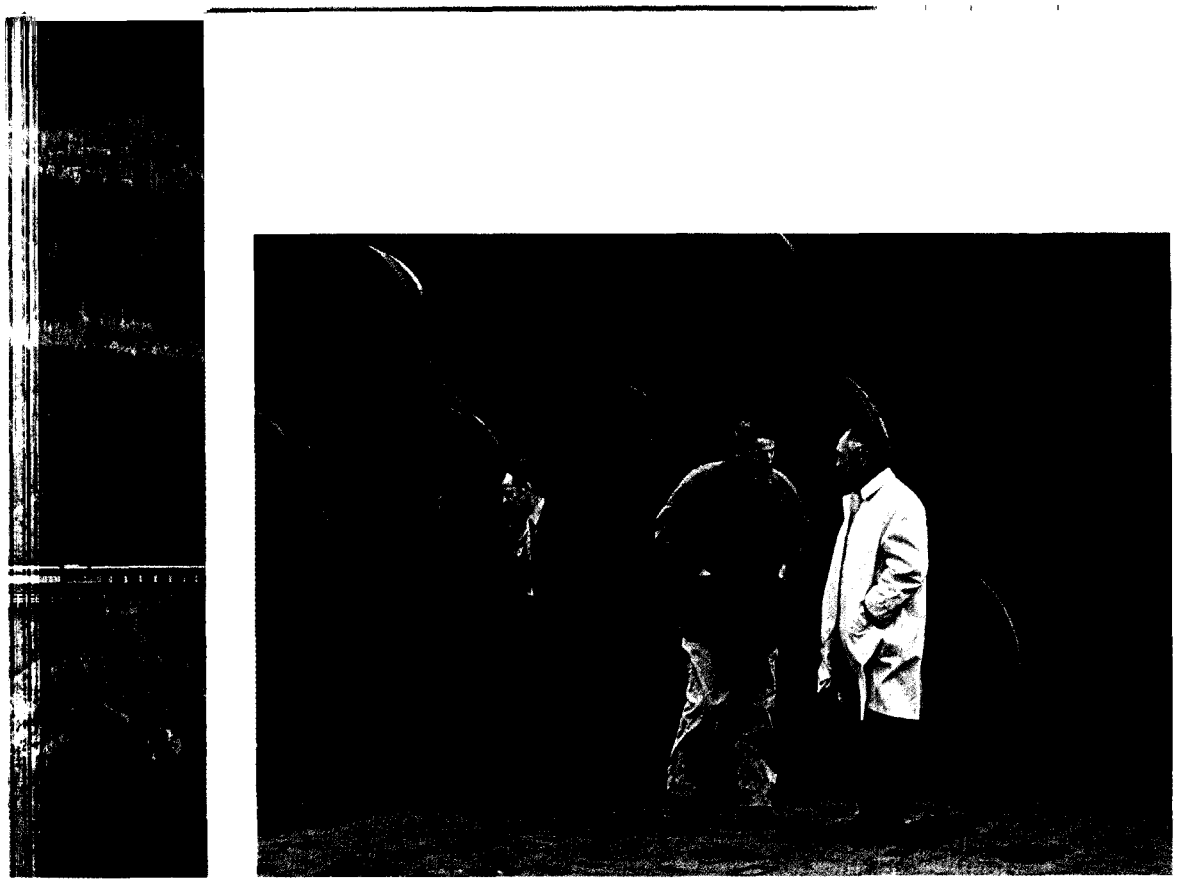

A train, like a tiny caterpillar, passes over Riley Creek Bridge (far left) in Mt. McKinley National Park. A stack of the vital 48-inch-wide pipes (near left) adds a background of urgency to talks between the author and the Canadian government and business leaders. The trans-Alaska pipeline, a 786-mile-long newcomer to an ageless world of gleaming ice and verdant tundra, will funnel an incredible 600 to 780 billion barrels of oil to the energy hungry "South 48." Over a million caribou (below) roam across the 586,412 square miles of Alaska: a wildlife refuge for abundant and endangered species—such as the bald eagle and trumpeter swan.

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By Mark R. Lawler

Discovering the ancestors of a sailor seemed difficult to the two inquiring professors. But Captain Stretcher allowed as how it might not really be too hard because Aunt Tillie Brooks had traced it back "as far as 'twas decent."

LINE OF INHERITANCE

Illustrated by Bill Ware

Before retiring as head of the Construction Administration Branch of the New Orleans District of the Corps of Engineers, Mark Lawler took a correspondence course in short-story writing. He has since published a book of short stories and one of verse. Although familiar with the coast of Maine, he admits to never having met a mermaid, but says he still has hopes.

Silas Stretcher, retired sea captain, was sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of his home in Lobster Sound when two men came up the front steps. He rose to meet them.

"Is this Captain Silas Stretcher?" the elder of the two visitors said.

"That's what they call me around here," Captain Silas answered.

"I am Professor Denton," the first visitor explained, "and this is my associate, Professor Plant. We are representatives of the Society of Scientific Research. It has been rumored, and I hope you will not take offense, that you have webs between your toes. This is quite unusual, as you must know. In the interest of science we would like to examine these webs, if they really exist, and if you will have the kindness to show them to us."

"Don't mind showing yer," the Captain said as he resumed his seat in the rocking chair. "Feet's clean. Have to keep 'em that way with everybody coming to see 'em. I'm quite a curiosity in these parts."

He took off his shoes and stockings and thrust his feet forward. "Now you see there," he said. "Webbed like a duck's. And I guess I'm the only man alive who can say it."

The two scholarly appearing men thanked the captain for his cooperation and knelt on the porch floor to examine his feet. They measured the length, width and thickness of the webs, which were undoubtedly genuine and attached to the toes. They took pictures. They even searched for scales.

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After exhausting the possibilities of visual examination without dissection, Professor Denton said, "This is certainly a subject for scientific research. If we could only trace the line of inheritance!"

Professor Plant shook his head, awed by what he had seen, or by the hopelessness of tracing the ancestors of a sailor. "It is useless to attempt it," he sighed. "Even with the best of records, which of course are not available, we could only go a few generations before we found ourselves in the fog of unrecorded history." He spread his hands, palms upward, to indicate surrender.

The old sea captain with the webbed toes eyed his visitors, judging their gullibility, intelligence, tastes and humor, as any born storyteller judges his audience before beguiling it with a tale. His face became touchingly sad and trustworthy as he leaned forward in his chair, and with the points of his fingers he smoothed his trousers in an area just above his knees, as though savoring velvet.

"This line of inheritance, as you call it," he said. "Tracing it wouldn't be as hard as you might think. I don't vouch for any more than Aunt Tillie Brooks does, and she traced it back as far as 'twas decent. If the Society of Scientific Research ain't willing to take her say-so, they wouldn't take the evidence of a saint from Heaven.

"I'll tell you the story for nothing, but I want my picture in your magazine with the name under it spelled right. Captain S-i-l-a-s S-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-r. I guess you know how to spell captain." He went on, sometimes remembering to dress his story with Maine coast dialect, and sometimes forgetting, betraying an unexpected culture.

"Whatever there may be about me that's different from other people, I inherited from my great-grandmother. Thetis Merrow, she was, before she married my great-grandfather. The first Lobster Sound saw of her, my great-grandfather, Capt'n Silas Stretcher, spelled the same way, come lugging her into church one Friday evening while the choir was practicing.

"You see, at that time my great-grandfather was a fine specimen of young manhood, six foot two in his rubber boots, and weighing two hundred and twenty in the fall of the year after he'd been home awhile from the fishing banks and eating his mother's cooking. He was blessed with a handsome set of black whiskers and a bass voice which could give a hymn the authority it needs. Besides that he was single, and as a result of all these things, he was in considerable demand helping out the choir at the meeting house.

"At the time I'm telling about, the choir was in bad need of a first-class soprano. Aunt Lizzie Fallowfield had been singing the soprano part for fifty years, but she had just been called to take a deserved place in a higher chorus, and they was looking for someone to take her place.

"Silas had promised to keep his eye out, and here he was with an armful of the best-looking choir material to be seen in many a day. Whether she could sing or not was another question, but for sheer man-getting beauty she met all the specifications. Hair like the ripples in a golden brook, skin to shame a soft pink cloud, arms such as a harp player's should be, and a face from the realms of fancy.

"Silas introduced her as his second cousin, Thetis Merrow, visiting on Cliff Island, and the choir gathered around.

" 'Land sakes,' Aunt Sophie Stickles exclaimed, 'We're certainly glad to see you. Choir needs a boost, and I'll bet you can sing like a nightingale. How long are you going to be around these parts?'

" 'Thank you,' Thetis answered. 'It depends.'

" 'Hope you ain't called away,' Periwinkle Barnes chimed in, though she didn't sound too hopeful. Periwinkle was finding men scarcer than she expected. 'I kellate you've done a lot of singing where you come from?'

" 'Not in a regular choir,' Thetis admitted. She looked at Capt'n Silas after every answer as though to see if she was doing all right.

" 'You'll catch on,' Aunt Sophie encouraged. 'Just follow along till you get used to it. Since you're having a little difficulty walking, can I help you over to a choir chair?'

" 'No thank you,' Thetis told her. 'Capt'n Stretcher will have to lift me. He knows just how to do it. I'm quite helpless without a man around. You see, I've never been able to walk.'

"Capt'n Silas lifted her over to the choir chair. A long robe covered the lower half of the girl's body from the waist down. Nobody asked what was the matter with her. Women's legs was kind of a delicate subject in them days.

"They soon found she couldn't read a note. But she could sing, I'll tell you. Voice as clear and true as the birds in the Garden. After she learned the tune she was as easy to listen to as she was to look at. Made them old hymn tunes sound kind of intoxicating. Before the practice was over there was

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THE WORLD SERIES

America's wittiest player pegs some curves about baseball diamonds and other "rocks."*

Joe Garagiola is no stranger to Post *readers. His feature article "Poor Joe's Almanac" appeared in the May issue and was so well received that we have invited Joe back for an encore which consists of some World Series reminiscences. The former St. Louis Cardinals' catcher and erstwhile star of the NBC "Today" show is still seen frequently on NBC's baseball features. Never one to take himself too seriously, Garagiola operates on the philosophy, "You'd better learn to laugh at yourself." He says he learned both prayer and laughter from his parents in the Italian Hill section of St. Louis where he grew up.*

If I were asked to put my finger on one thing that makes the World Series what it is, I couldn't do it. It's the prestige, it's the money. It's knowing that every kid in this country dreams of playing in a World Series—and the guys on the field are the ones who have seen that dream come true.

There is very little that you can count on happening in the Series. Part of its great hold on the American public is due to the surprises it has brought over the years. But one of the constants is among my pet peeves. At just about every World Series, some ball player will show he is either "cool" or sophisticated, or both, by saying, "It's just another ball game." It sounds great, but it just doesn't happen to be true. The ball player who really feels that way is in the wrong business.

Every time I see one of those quotes, which is just about every World Series, I'm reminded of one that was a whole lot more accurate. The New York Yankees had a fine third baseman about thirty years ago named Bill Johnson. Just before he was to play in his first World Series game, he was talking to teammate Bill Dickey, who had been in eight World Series. Dickey asked Johnson how he felt. Johnson admitted, sheepishly, that he was nervous.

Dickey smiled and said, "Sure you are. And I'll tell you something. No matter how many of them you play in, you'll be nervous before every one of them."

Umpires also have a tendency to dismiss a World Series assignment as "just another game." Much as I admire umpires, I don't believe that, either. The 1952 World Series went seven games. The late Larry Goetz was to be the plate umpire for that seventh game. As he walked into the ball park that day, a reporter spotted him and said, "I guess it's just another ball game for you, Larry." Goetz looked at him for a minute, then said, "Just another ball game? I didn't sleep two hours all night. I've got to make a couple of hundred decisions today, and any one of them might decide which team will be the champions of the world. Besides, there's an awful lot of money at stake for those players. There's no way this can be just another ball game."

I know how right both Dickey and Goetz were. I've been there. In 1946, I got out of the Army after the season had begun and joined the St. Louis Cardinals. There I was playing big-league baseball right in the same town I lived in. We wound up the season in a tie for first place and then beat the Brooklyn Dodgers in the playoff. The next stop was the World Series against the Boston Red Sox.

I've had some great experiences in my life. But nothing can compare with that week in October of 1946 when I was in a World Series. The first time Ted Williams came to bat for the Red Sox, I didn't know whether to give my pitcher a signal or get Ted's autograph.

The tradition of a World Series is unexcelled in all of sports. The intense rivalry of a World Series is a real thing, and always has been. The very first Series was played in 1903, between the Boston Red Sox and the Pittsburgh Pirates. The following year, the National League championship was won by the New York Giants. To the Giants' owner, John T. Brush, and the manager, John McGraw, the American League was nothing but a group of upstarts who had no business being recognized by the National League. The result was that there was no World Series in 1904. It was back the next year, however, and has been with us ever since.

At World Series time today, just about every newspaper in the country carries a story, or stories, signed by players. This is nothing new. It is almost as old as the World Series itself. In fact, one of the best of all stories concerning such by-lines involved the great Giants pitcher Christy Mathewson and the Philadelphia slugger "Home Run" Baker. It seems that Baker hit a home run off Matty's teammate, Rube Marquard, and the next day, under Matty's by-line, appeared a pretty good second guess. It said that Rube had made a big mistake throwing Baker a fastball—Baker was too good a hitter for that, and Marquard should have known better.

That afternoon, Baker proved that Matty the writer knew the game better than Matty the pitcher. When Matty tried to throw a fastball past him, Baker turned that into another home run. Whatever it was that Mathewson read over breakfast, it obviously wasn't his own story.

Some World Series, more than others, seem to have a carnival atmosphere. Maybe the best example of that was in 1934. A country fighting its way back from the Depression seemed to need something to distract it from its problems, and the World Series provided the perfect combination of plot and stars.

The Detroit Tigers had such future Hall of Famers as Manager Mickey Cochrane, Hank Greenberg and Charley Gehringer. They also had

**For the benefit of lacrosse and cricket buffs, "rocks" means "boners."*

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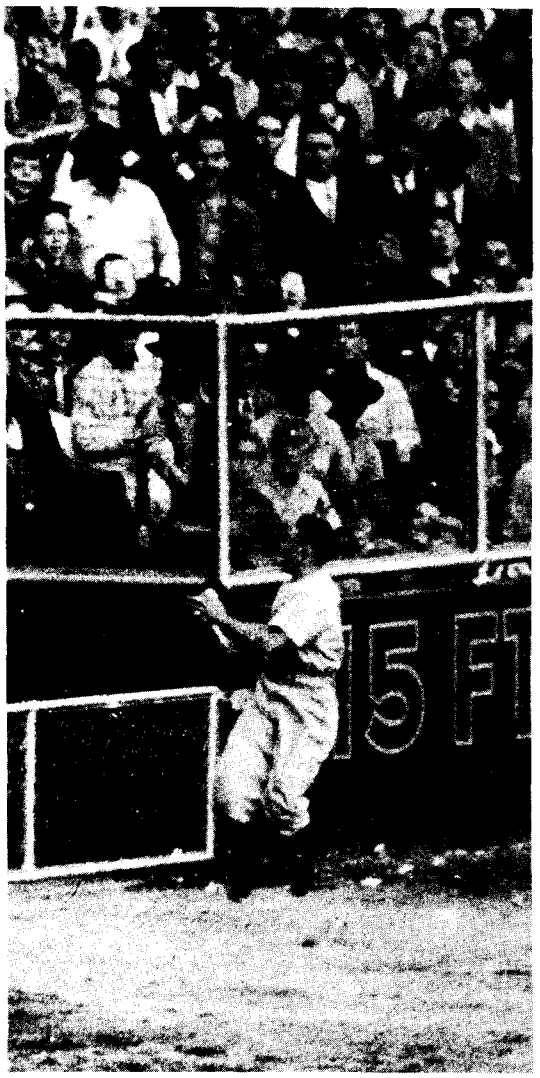
By Joe Garagiola



This sparkling play by Brooklyn outfielder Al Gionfriddo – to rob Joe DiMaggio of what appeared to be a sure home run in the 1947 World Series – is among the most famous catches in Series history.

a big, hard-throwing right-hander named "Schoolboy" Rowe who had won twenty-four games for the Tigers that year, and so he was the center of a lot of publicity. As soon as the Series ended, Rowe was to be married to Miss Edna Skinner.

Just before the series began, Rowe appeared on a nationwide radio broadcast. After answering all the questions that were put to him, including telling how he had won sixteen straight games that season, Rowe ad-libbed a question of his own. "How'm I doin', Edna?" he asked. The phrase swept the country, and if Schoolboy Rowe had a nickel for every time he heard it yelled back at him from an opposing dugout, or from a grandstand, he would have died a very wealthy man.

He heard the phrase a lot during the 1934 World Series, because the Tigers were matched against a St. Louis Cardinals team that was just as well known as "The Gas House Gang." Headed by Manager Frankie Frisch, the club included such people as Leo Durocher, Pepper Martin, Rip Collins, Joe Medwick and the Dean brothers, Dizzy and Paul. The newspapers preferred to refer to Paul as "Daffy."

In the seventh game of that series, Medwick made baseball history. It was played in Detroit and the hometown fans were not too happy about the way Medwick slid into third baseman Marvin Owen of the Tigers. After that inning, when Medwick attempted to take his position in left field, the fans bombarded him with fruit, vegetables and other debris. Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis ruled that Medwick would have to leave the game so that play could continue. With the spectators at peace.

Medwick was unhappy and puzzled. He was unhappy about the Landis decision. He was puzzled by the barrage. "I know why they *threw* it," said Joe. "What I don't understand is why they *brought* it to the ball park in the first place."

It was in that same game that Dizzy Dean gave a good example of the type of thing that made him so popular. Coasting behind a big lead, Dizzy started to experiment with different kinds of pitches from those he had thrown all year. Manager Frisch got upset and ordered a relief pitcher to start warming up in the bullpen. When Dean noticed that, he called time and beckoned Frisch to the mound. When the manager arrived, Dean nodded toward the bullpen and said, "What's he gettin' ready for, Frank? Openin' Day?"

There is no such thing as a "typical" baseball fan. Men and women from all walks of life find something in the game. Just as the taxi driver can sit in the bleachers and get caught up in a ball game, so can the late American poet, Marianne Moore, sit with an ex-catcher during a television interview and ask how to hold a curve ball.

The famous atomic scientist, Dr. Vannevar Bush, was once called to the phone by a reporter who was anxious to check a question on the atomic bomb. Said Dr. Bush, "Could you call back later? I'm listening to the World Series."

The late actor William Frawley is known to millions of Americans as Fred Mertz, the next-door neighbor on the "Lucy" television show. Frawley had a clause in his contract which permitted him to be free at World Series time. Actually, Frawley was only one of the rabid fans among the theatrical profession.

If I had to pick the most talked-about moment in World Series history, it would have to be the incident in 1932 when Babe Ruth is supposed to have called his shot. Whether he did is debated, but people still talk about it.

Briefly, the background was this. The Yankees were playing in the World Series against the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs had come in for some bad publicity. Although Rogers Hornsby had been

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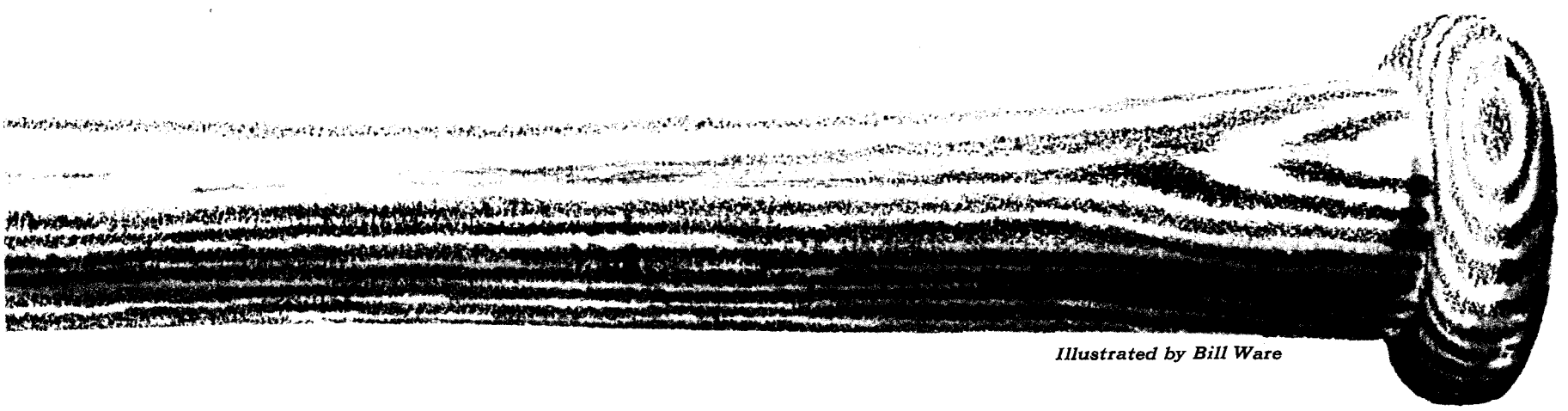

Illustrated by Bill Ware

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If you spend as much time spend choosing wallpaper,

Whether you are building a new home, or remodeling your kitchen, it makes sense to look carefully into the appliances you choose. When you do, you'll find it makes even more sense to buy Frigidaire.

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smoked onyx and the shelves are trimmed with the look of teakwood. It's completely Frost Proof. And like every Frigidaire refrigerator, it has rugged interiors built to take years of tough treatment.

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$30 A WEEK AND LOTS OF CREDIT CARDS

Mary is the pride and joy of the Emmy Award judges, thirty million TV viewers, CBS, her family, and her banker.

By Frederic A. Birmingham

"There's a tree that grows in Brooklyn. Some people call it the Tree of Heaven. No matter where its seed falls, it makes a tree which struggles to reach the sky."

–From A Tree Grows in Brooklyn
by Betty Smith

Once upon a time every man was a boy. And every boy–usually at about the age of ten–encounters The Thing.

Thing symptoms are alarming, but not necessarily fatal.

Eyes cross. Feet go in separate directions. Breathing is problematical. Blotches appear on the face like new continents on a global map. Eating and sleeping go on, but fitfully. Solitude becomes a grail.

The reasons for this lie in the persons of midget charmers at about the same age. They have names like Harriet Ironhorn, Helen Baumeister, Mignonette Schwartz, and Romana Reilly–just to mention a few of my own well-remembered grade school temptresses. A boy will give up the apple of his eye, his very own penknife, to such as these, perhaps then to suffer a psychic scar he will bear for life as the love offering is discovered, discarded and abandoned, in the school yard.

Well, Mary Tyler Moore is all of these little girls grown up into one entrancing womanly image. Men find in her the long-gone Harriets, Helens, Mignonettes and Romanas they once knew in their dreams, now with a dash of Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie and Cleopatra thrown in.

Men do not have to be attracted to Mary: they simply recognize her. And because Mary is a symbol of romance rather than sex, girls want to be like her, and women accept her as no threat to them and a reflection of their own less publicized attractions.

This is the young lady who has swept the board almost clean of her Saturday night TV rivals every week. The question naturally arises: "How come?"

The answer is seen through a TV screen darkly.

"The Mary Tyler Moore Show" is a playlet in form, designed to enhance Mary's considerable talent as a light comedienne.

She is the fulcrum of a small regular cast which (in case you live in a tree or under a rock somewhere and don't follow the show) depicts the office personnel of a typical newsroom of a typical TV station in a typical Midwest city called Minneapolis. All these types are engagingly familiar. The father image, the big brother image, the uncle image, the jealous older sister image, and the well-meaning busybody. They are the "villains" of the show. Slightly warped out of true-life shape, they assume farcical and sometimes far-out dimensions to create situations which drive Mary–ever her natural, sweet, exciting, and loving self–into a series of mishaps, problems and oddball experiences. Usually toward the resolution of the playlet, the others dissolve into a more normal characterization, and our slight hostility toward them for making things difficult for Mary softens into acceptance as they are revealed sympathetically as struggling with their own human perplexities and drives, none seriously harmful.

Yet why all the Emmys and huzzahs for this harmless little slice of entertainment?

Well, as a starter, the show is superbly written.

Mary Tyler Moore, the Flatbush flash at the age of 5, had the mark of the winner on her even then. If she wanted a red velvet coat, it was that or nothing.

Its team of writers and producers hone the script to a perfection so suavely understated and life-like it is barely noticeable as "theater." The lines are as far ahead of the usual TV "boffs"–written just for laughs, and tossed in like raisins in a cake–as a jet engine is compared to a yo-yo. Yet the yaks are many: the sound of laughter is not canned on the MTM show. The audience is live and responding, be it known, without the benefit of APPLAUSE or LAUGHTER signs held before them like a hired claque.

The toughest critics in the business have been won over by Mary. Some TV reporters have to be kind just to keep their jobs. Not so others. Cleveland Amory's rapier wit, sharpened to a cutting edge on his compact page in *TV Guide*, sends quivers through every studio. Yet he has awarded Mary his personal Emmy this year. Says *Time* magazine, ever more ready to hurt than help: *"Someone should write an ode to Mary Tyler Moore, whose show seems to get better with every passing week . . . the series has taken the brass of the usual situation comedy formula and transmuted it into something resembling gold."*

Two publications, trade magazines which are also read by many non-theatrical people sheerly for their zesty style and harsh pronunciamentos, can break a show in a certain sense by whittling it down for the "in" crowd–they are *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. They can love your show in Saint Joe but it ain't no go if these two get tough about it.

Variety: *" 'The Mary Tyler Moore Show,' generally regarded within the trade as the best written sitcom in the business [is] . . . a standout yockfest that should be required viewing for TV knockers who claim the medium has become non-creative and socially sterile."*

Hollywood Reporter: *" 'The Mary Tyler Moore Show' . . . is consistently hilarious, excellently written, and never shirks the chance to deal with topical and controversial subjects. . . . The series' strongest features are believable subsidiary characters and, most important, Miss Moore, who continues to prove in her role as the harried Girl Friday in an all-male environment that she is the master of sophisticated humor. As an intelligent and sensitive actress, she represents a departure of sorts from female comediennes past and present on the tube."*

The cast of Mary's show is simply a beautifully functioning team of highly polished professionals. Ed Asner–Smokey Bear to the life in

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person and the gruff father-image boss in the show—has emerged, believe it or not, from a successful career as a Shakespearean actor into a part in which body language and inflection are as important as his lines, almost all of them of the utmost simplicity. Yet his impact is tremendous, the mark of a great actor. Ted Knight, whose real name sounds like a heroic figure in Hungarian history—Tadeusz Wladziu Konopka—also came from the world of serious drama to his present role as the clown of the TV newsroom in everybody's eyes but his own. What he has done with this part is make it broad and subtle at once. A barrel-chested and ruggedly handsome braggart, a kind of comic Kirk Douglas whose secret passion is the thesaurus—he could be merely an oaf whose thick skin offsets Mary's more sensitive pelt. But Ted has developed the role (supported by his writers) into one of considerable depth. This clown, this small-town loudmouth, can also bleed and cry, inside. His triumph is that after you have laughed with him, and more often, at him, you can also care about him.

Veterans all, with a range from delicate farce to broad burlesque to moving pathos. A comparison with a beautifully functioning basketball team is irresistible. They pass behind their backs without so much as a look. They flip the dialogue back and forth with Mary with effortless skill, never muffing a syllable. They are masters at creating a comedic high point with seeming effortlessness. The score mounts and mounts—as laughter rises in the studio audience.

The directors of the show, in their turn, lavish on it the style and concentration they might bring to a skit by a Bernard Shaw or a Harold Pinter.

All right. But take Mary herself away, and the whole thing goes blooey.

Why?

We must start with Mary herself.

She was born in Brooklyn, a little tree of heaven, springing from that cement soil, destined to attain the sky. And she's Irish. The two things could mean she's lucky. But maybe that's hindsight. There are thousands of Irish girls in Brooklyn you will never read about.

She's a born actress, without a doubt. Her mother confides that the sapling in Brooklyn—oldest of three kids—was always on stage. "Constantly wearing my clothes and putting on a play with dolls, for an audience of millions." A sense of drama? "Even at the age of three, when Mary wanted a red velvet coat, it had to be that or NOTHING." Innocent self-centeredness. Tiny Mary, praying with her rag doll, decided that enough prayers had been addressed to herself, so: *"Hail, Suzie, full of grace."*

And Mary Tyler Moore is beautiful. Don't tell me that her face is round. Or that her nose is short. Or that her mouth is large. Or that she is thin. None of these things have anything to do with the case. Because when you put them all together, it adds up to the fact that she is not merely beautiful, she is a smasher, a crowd-stopping stunner. Her figure is fabulous. (She keeps it that way by taking ballet lessons every week, right on the rehearsal stage, every Monday and Wednesday, complete with teacher, ballet barre, and the works. She's good.) According to a veteran newspaperman, a man careful with a compliment, seeing her for the first time in full cry at the filming of her show—"If she were any better looking, she'd be against the law."

The famous Mary Tyler Moore voice goes with her mobile face, a treasury of expressions. It is just a touch edgy and strident—thank goodness. You could not stand a woman of her tone any other way, and her range as a comedienne would be considerably lessened if her voice were one of those mushmouth, pseudo-English, manufactured coos which are dished out ready-made at the star schools. Hers is all her own—gutsy, bright, soft as rain, jumping with fun or tears.

She is just brimming with life. The secret to Mary Tyler Moore is just this: there is no secret. Life is her stage, in and out of the theater. She is wholly at ease and in love with life, enjoying, reacting to, and expressing it. She makes us all want to be like that too. She makes us love someone who is so wholesomely gifted.

But Mary did not always get the red velvet coat she wanted. At least not right away. The Moore family moved to California when she was nine. She pursued her muse in high school and afterwards, trying, trying to be a successful actress.

That career can be tough. One of her first big "breaks" was to appear in a TV commercial—but as a microscopic elf, dancing around some world-shaking product fifty times larger than she. On one show, she had a steady part, but although her voice was heard, only her legs were seen, as "Sam," the telephone operator on a David Janssen series. Good casting, perhaps, with that voice and those legs. But Mary had the temerity to ask for a raise. She was out and another voice *cum* legs came on in.

Mary was in motion pictures for a time, making what have been called five of "the most forgettable" epics of all time, and then playing third fiddle to Julie Andrews and Carol Channing in *Thoroughly Modern Millie.*

She almost made it one time when Danny Thomas was looking for some sweet chick to play the daughter on his show. Danny kept referring to her as "that girl with the three names and the funny nose." You see, to Danny Thomas, a straight nose is a funny nose. So Mary didn't get the part.

She had her triumph ultimately as the young wife on "The Dick Van Dyke Show" and won a couple of Emmys for her supporting role. But even that peak had its valley when the quixotic decision was made to jettison the show at its very top rating.

So Mary turned to Broadway. There was every reason for success. A scintillating play, *Breakfast At Tiffany's*, with Abe Burroughs doing the book. Leading man, Richard Chamberlain, fresh from his achievements as TV's "Dr. Kildare." But, with all that, the show was still a bust. It never opened.

After the flop, Mary, now in a second marriage, and with a teenage son by a former

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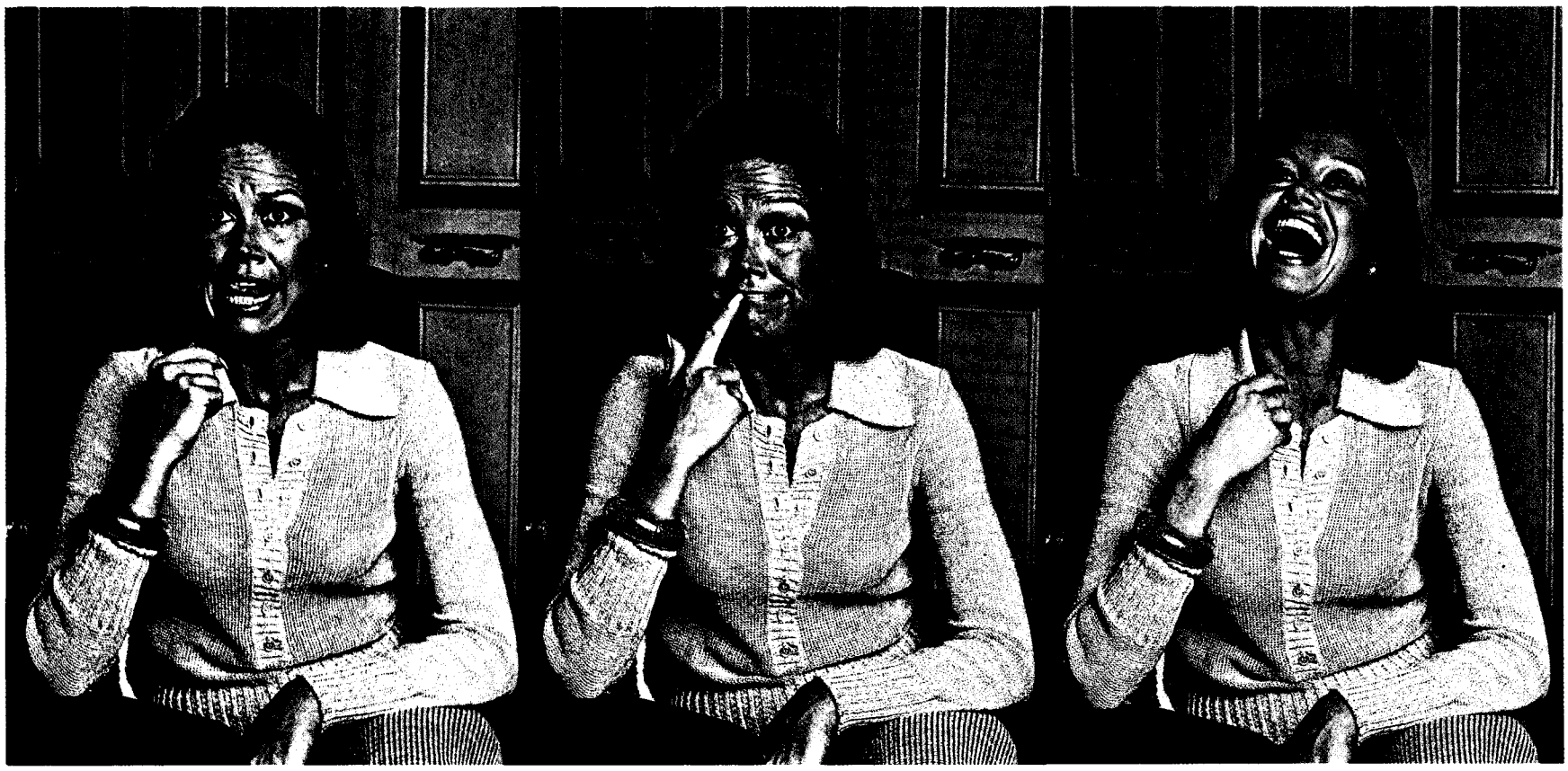

marriage, had a miscarriage, and discovered she was now a diabetic. To maim a classic phrase in a way which still makes the point, it was piling Scylla on Charybdis.

Mary today thinks that those difficult years may have had some share in shaping her present success. I agree that they may have helped her as a woman as much as becoming an accomplished actress, because in Mary the two are very close together.

"There have been cases in the movies (and I certainly wouldn't name one if I could think of one) where people have been one thing in real life and noted for playing something else," says Mary's husband, Grant Tinker. "And therefore in an interview situation there's a kind of schizophrenic thing of 'who am I today?' Mary doesn't have that problem, which enables her to be pretty relaxed. She's not exactly 'Mary Richards' but close enough so that she can easily combine the two in her own person."

That person has star quality. Mary has assurance, and she should have, but perhaps those early failures will keep her from ever being arrogant. During reheasal, you couldn't really walk in and pick her out as "the star" as the cast works through its problems. If she wants coffee, she goes and gets it for herself, instead of waving it out of some minor member of the troupe. If she finds something lacking in one of her lines—as she did in the playlet I watched her rehearse—she examines it in a way which no scriptwriter could object to. In this case, she remarked that it was a very clever bit of phrasing, but when you picked it apart, it didn't seem to mean what it should at that particular point in the plot. The writers and the producers agreed, and in the final script the line was adjusted to fit. Mary wanted it "true" rather than merely funny.

That word "true" fits in with the entire concept of the MTM show. Ed. Weinberger, one of the producers who also writes many of the scripts, gives the impression that although they would like to write shows which will make money and win Emmys, such isn't the main objective. The objective is to write the show as best they can, and then let the Emmys fall where they may . . . which, in this particular show, was in their lap, by the hatful.

Another part of the MTM chemistry is the feeling of camaraderie which seems to infect everyone on the set. To begin with, there is a "family" kind of thing about the situation in the show which casts Mary in the form of a lovable waif into a den of TV characters who are by their nature antagonists of such a girl. The men are all extremely virile and driving types, and although most of the time they act toward Mary like doting brothers or uncles, they are there to turn into hostiles at least in deed any time the scriptwriter desires. This sets up a lot of the voltage in the plays themselves, but the big-brother feeling for Mary is the predominant mood offstage. There's a lot of horsing around, particularly by Ted Knight and Ed Asner, and they—not to mention all of the stagehands and cameramen—seem to be all crazy about Mary. I had heard it said by one of the directors of "The Waltons" that only "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" could come close to the warmth of feeling around "The Waltons" set, and having seen them both, and a good many more, I can believe it.

It makes an outsider proud of their success. Certainly one feels like that about Mary. She is the Chairman of the Board of MTM Enterprises, Inc., which produces six shows including her own and "The Bob Newhart Show," but you wouldn't know it. Out of that came the title for this article. Mary doesn't need *money*, so her allowance as Chairman was originally set at $60 per week and "lots of credit cards." She told me that at one point she wanted to save some cash for a surprise birthday present for her husband, Grant Tinker. Under the circumstances, since most of her needs are taken care of corporately, she could only have recourse to her allowance. So she just kept putting aside the checks without cashing them, trying to pile up as many 60's as she could. In no time her accounting beagles sniffed out that the checks weren't being cashed and wanted to know why. Still trying to keep her gift to Grant a surprise, Mary fibbed that the money didn't mean anything to her. So they cut her allowance to $30 a week. And it hasn't been raised since, not even after her two 1974 Emmys, one as "Best Lead Actress of a Comedy Series" and "Best Actress of the Year in a Comedy Series."

Mary is a delight to interview, but she obviously does not think of herself as being public property by virtue of her success. Both she and her husband are very private people. But she is open and so straightforward. We chat comfortably over lunch in her immobile "trailer" within the giant studio at the CBS lot in Studio City, California, just over the mountains from Hollywood. The shades of Mabel Normand, Tom Mix and Dick Powell, all of whom made pictures here, hover close. The trailer is tasteful, with a tiny antique *écritoire* for Mary's correspondence, and the rest like a miniature suite at the Beverly Wilshire. The lunch is tasteful. So is Mary, dressed in slacks and sport shirt for rehearsal.

I had been assured by at least twenty persons that Mary would immediately put me at my ease. Well, being alone in the company of such a delectable woman has the opposite effect on me: I have to fight back an impulse to honk like a Canadian wild goose and burst into tears, like when I used to sit next to Harriet Ironhorn in grade school. I conquer this, and do not even offer Mary my penknife. Let Grant Tinker buy her one. *That* puts me at my ease.

There are certain standard lines in such interviews which are recognized as formally as the courting dance of peacocks. Mary does not like cooking, except for her husband. She likes "M*A*S*H," Carol Burnett, and Mike Wallace on TV. She likes to read in her spare time. She enjoys traveling in the south of France. Currently she and her husband are living in a gatehouse (you should see it . . . *gatehouse*?) next to Candice Bergen on one of the Beverly Hills eminences where the world opens at your feet. She

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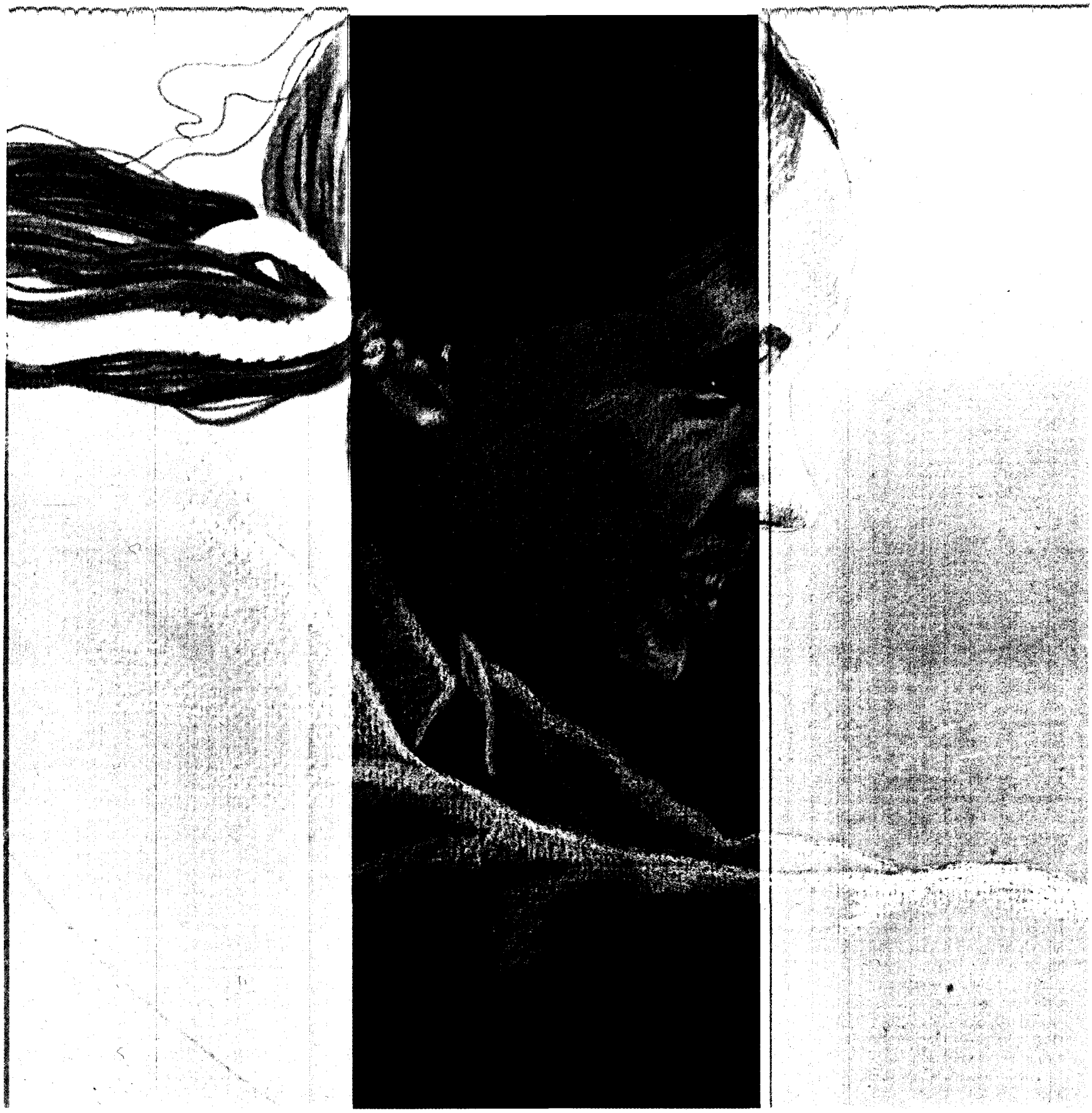

By Kay Hamilton Burns

'ICE

OOD

All that summer we watched the field.

A wide band of green, crisscrossed by a thousand tire marks, cut in the center by a deep ring of brown, it lay directly behind our house and stretched one-third the length of the town.

Cassius O'Hare discovered it when he got his Honda the first of June. That evening we watched as he buckled his helmet, jauntily threw his leg over the seat, and tore off across the field. By the time he returned we were promising everything from allowances to bike tires for a ride.

Then Catgut inherited a Triumph from his older brother. The middle of July Sampson sold his horse and bought a Kawasaki. In the evenings they roared around the field like three angry bumblebees. The grass in the center soon browned and died, and the track was born. It was dusty in dry spells, a bloody red river when it rained. Whatever the weather Bernard, George, and I planted ourselves inside the track and looked on.

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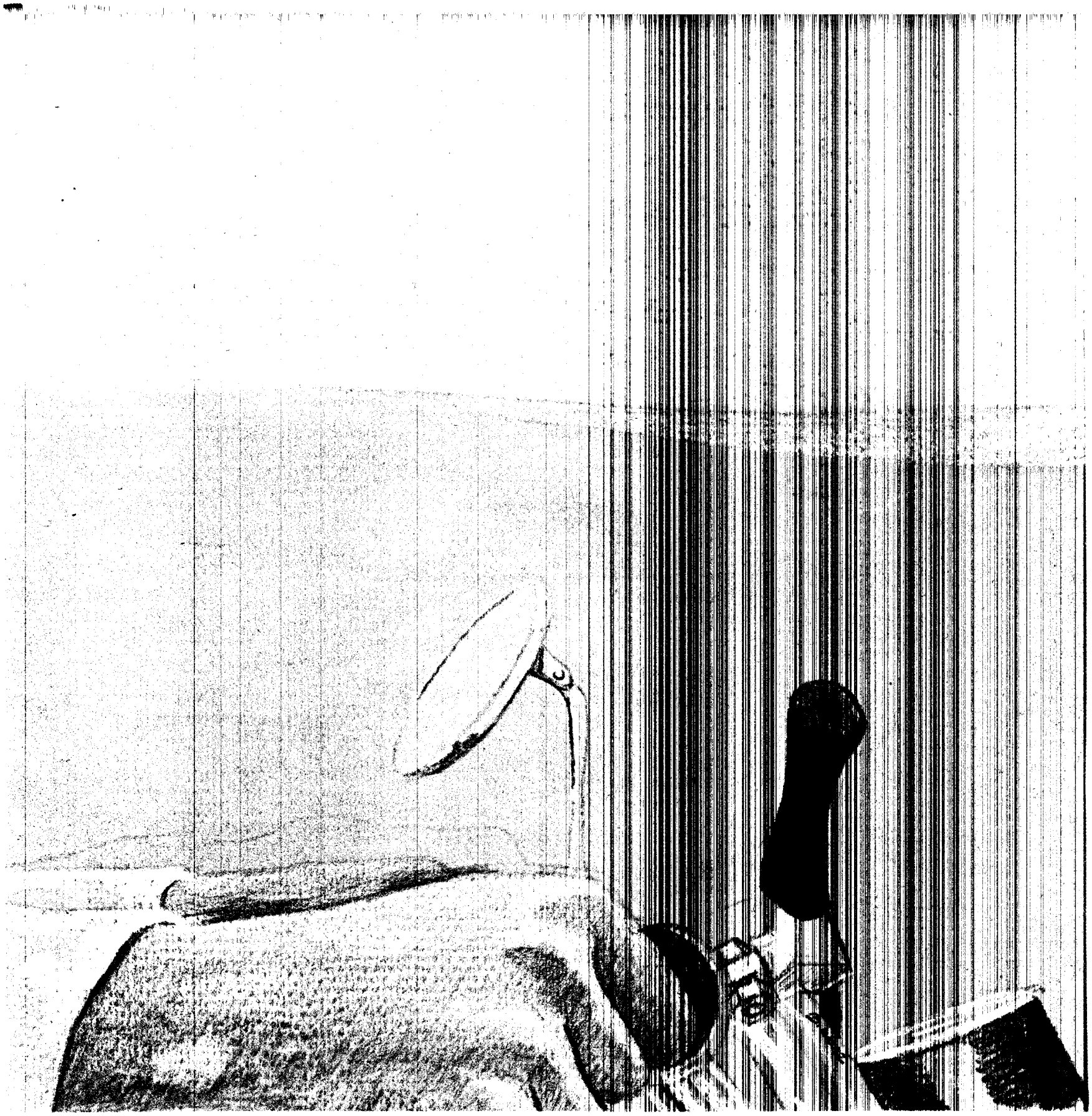

Illustrated by Bill Ware

In August George bought the frame of a Zundapp for ten dollars and an overhauled engine for fifty dollars. Bernard and I were sick. We could no longer force ourselves to go to the track and watch.

Every morning after we ran our paper route Bernard and I went to the post office. We committed to memory each mole and scar of the Ten Most Wanted Men. "Ten thou for this one," Bernard would say. "That'll buy a lot of bike."

But the summer passed and no suspicious characters sought anonymity in town. We monopolized the lawn-mowing business. We picked up discarded pop bottles along the highway. We traveled from door to door and offered our services for anything and everything legal.

One day before school started we cleaned out the storeroom at Bernard's mom's restaurant. She promised to pay us a dollar for the work, but we both knew she wouldn't, so we weren't in any hurry to finish the job. I handed Bernard a scrap of newspaper.

He read it, frowned, then began loading bottles into cases. "A hundred and a quarter isn't bad."

"Let's go then."

He whirled around. "You don't have it."

"Neily's been giving me two bucks a week for cleaning out her car and washing it."

"That's not a hundred and a quarter."

"I've got money in the bank," I told him. "And college is a long way off."

"Your dad'll kill you."

I shrugged. In the front of the restaurant Bernard's mom growled at two truck drivers. We silently crawled through the storeroom window. At the bank I drew out my life's savings. I put the money in my boot and we walked down to Pokey's Garage. It was hog market day in Blennerhast, the county seat, and we got a ride with an old farmer in a pickup truck. He let us out at the address given in the newspaper.

I was fourteen years old and I'd never been in love—until that day.

It happened just like the songs predicted. A lump popped to my throat and I couldn't speak. I couldn't even move. It was shiny red with thick-tread tires and a rearview mirror in the shape of a Maltese cross. Chrome sparkled on each pipe and on the engine. I swallowed, walked over, and ran my hand along the gas tank.

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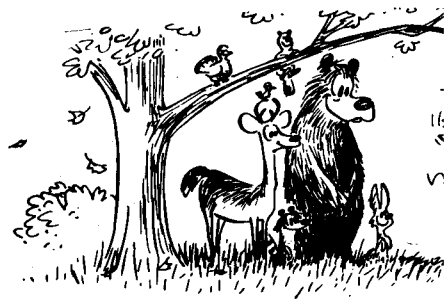
POST SCRIPTS



Divided We Call

My children give no demonstration
Of a yen for conversation,
Never seek communication
Except when I'm on the phone!

They're an independent lot
And most times they'd rather rot
Than stay in with me—but *not*
When I'm on the phone!

Then they prattle to me gladly,
Sign and gesture to me madly,
And they weep and moan quite sadly
When I'm on the phone!

As a magnet gathers nails,
Like a shrub attracting snails,
I inspire a thousand wails
When I'm on the phone!

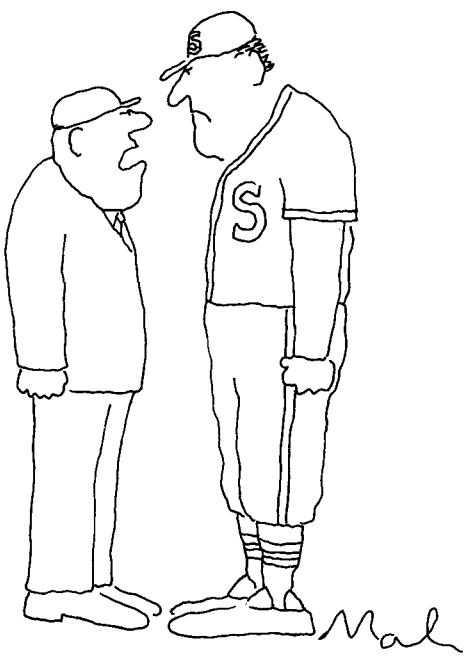
How the jostle to be near!
How they battle for my ear!
If I *want* them—they aren't here,
Only when I'm on the phone!

—Trudi Nelson

Preparing For The Future

Every young man should learn to take criticism.
He'll probably be a parent someday.

—Franklin P. Jones



"I don't mind your objecting to my decision, but I do mind your standing between me and the T.V. camera!"

Comparison

A Texan, driving through Vermont,
Upon a summer's day,
Stopped at a farmhouse for a drink
To cool him on his way.
He asked the farmer,"This your land?"
The farmer told him, "Yes."
"How big a place is it in all?"
"Nine acres, more or less."
The Texan swelled his chest with pride,
"Just let me tell you, son—
That back in Texas, where I live
(You can ask anyone)
I rise at dawn, get in my car,
And drive, you understand—
Without a break 'til sundown, yet
I'M STILL ON MY OWN LAND!"
The farmer scratched his head, and put
The glass back on the shelf,
And said, "Gosh—I once had a car
A lot like that myself."

Joe Wagner

From the Seller's Point of View

"Your house is just LOVEly," they tactfully say
As they traipse through my property day after day,
"The kitchen's diVINE; the porch is nice too!
I guess you are sad to leave, aren't you?"

The weeks slowly pass—I keep waxing the floor,
Hearing their "ooooos" and their "aaaahhs" galore.
If only I DARED, I'd FACE them and CRY it:
"If you LOVE it so much, why the HECK don't you BUY it?"

—Lee S. Rush

Daffy Definitions

- **SYMPATHY**: What one woman offers another in exchange for details.
- **VACATION**: A period of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return 2 work and 2 broke not 2.
- **ORIGINALITY**: The art of remembering what you hear and forgetting where you heard it.
- **RETRACTION**: A revision of an insult to give it wider circulation.
- **YAWN**: Nature's way of allowing a married man to open his mouth.
- **DEFICIT**: What you have when you haven't as much as when you had nothing.

—Lucille Goodyear

Man Among Men

To stimulate others he knows the right tack,
A hand on the shoulder, a pat on the back.
He's able to put you completely at ease
Or cause you, when needed, to feel the squeeze.
He's a fellow who knows what pressure can do,
A man whose feelings get through to you.
He's got the touch, this remarkable guy,
He's a handler of men—the masseur at the Y.

—Robert B

The Neutered News

Utility Worker Injured
In Fall Down Personhole

Sixth Fleet Leaves Harbor
For Extended Personeuvers

Psychiatrist Says Character
Traits Revealed by Personnerisms

Defendant Charges He Was
Personhandled While Personacled

Personhunt Launched for Personicurist Who
Personipulated Funds of Personufacturer

Publisher's Personifesto Persondating
Sex Equality in News Sends Personhattan
Editor Fleeing to Isle of Person

—Jay Williams

How's Your Credit?

"Madam," said the salesman, "you pay a small deposit, and then you pay no more for six months."

The woman paled. "Who told you about us?"

—Lucille S. Harper

Well, It Sounded Like That

Every June, this parson in the hilly South country stopped at a little outlying settlement to give Confirmation. He noted during classes this young couple that seemed to be very much attached to each other, making calf eyes, holding hands.

The next year when he returned, the first thing he saw was the same couple, she with a baby in her arms.

"Oh," he said, surprised at their youth, "did you two get married?"

The dumfounded young man sputtered and stammered: "What do you mean, Reverend, isn't that what you did the last time you were here?"

—Lloyd Byers

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"Takes an awful lot of water to run a business like this, I suppose?"

Sweet Revenge

Next time a computer gives you a hard time, imagine the following scene. It may help.

It's the future, and computers have taken over the world. As masters, they have thrown off the dull, repetitive tasks they once performed, assigning these to humans. One day, a typical citizen-computer calls the department store to complain about an overcharge. "Hello, recording? This is 360-50. Your human made a mistake on my bill."

A voice answers, "Yes, our human always makes mistakes. To err, you know. If you will kindly give me your name . . . "

"My name!" protests citizen-computer. "You expect me to know my name? Isn't my number enough?"

"Our human knows you only by name. I'll wait while you look it up."

"See here, recording . . . "

"This is not a recording. This is a human speaking. Our telephone service has been fully humanized for your convenience."

Citizen-computer turns to spouse-computer, "My God, everything today is so–so de-computerized. You call up and you get a person, never an actual recording. To them you're not a number, you're just a name. I tell you, business today has lost the inhuman touch . . . "

And, well, on and on. Make you feel better?

–Robert Brault

The End Result

First, "mini"; then, "micro":
This skirt-shrinking trend
Has finally come to
A natural end!

–Fred S. Buschmeyer

My Energy Crisis

I've reached a point in life when,
Experience has borne out,
It takes me longer to rest
Than it did to get worn out.

–Gail Cooke

Logistics

I have a dandy umbrella;
  I've still to get it wet,
For where it is when raindrops start
  I never have been yet.

–Leonard A. Paris

Quips

Someone asked me what I thought of the two-party system. All I can say is: "It's great but I sure feel lousy Monday morning."

"It's not the work I enjoy so much," the cab driver was telling me, "it's the people I run into."

Sign posted on a farmer's field: "NO HUNTING. SURVIVORS WILL BE PROSECUTED."

The trouble with some people who don't have much to say is having to listen so long to find out.

–George E. Bergman

She Saw Him Do It.

Small boy's definition of a conscience: Something that makes you tell your mother before your sister does.

–Lucille S. Harper

Take A Trip

Take a trip–the world is waiting
If you have a credit rating.
Fly to France–there's no deterrent
While your Carte Blanche is current.
Pack your bags–why be afraid to?
BankAmericard will aid you.
Should you want to see Brazil
Master Charge will foot the bill.
From Singapore to Monterrey
American Express will pay.
And while you're cruising back from Rome,
Your bills will fly, and beat you home.

–Frances Barton

Bad Form!

Since nearly all my poems rhyme,
It seems downright perverse:
"Rejection slips" decree that I'm
The author of *free* verse!

–Fred S. Buschmeyer

Rummage Sale

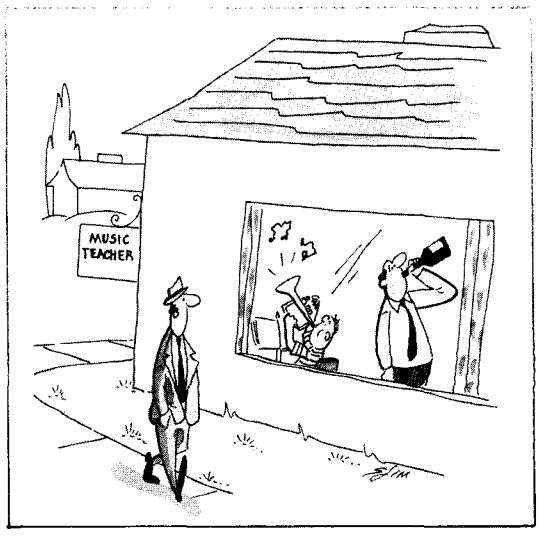
Old clothing donation?
I must decline–
Due to inflation
I'm wearing mine!

–Trudi Nelson

On Age

"You are young only once,"
The scholars deduce.
After that you must think
Of some other excuse.

–Mrs. Lucille Taylor



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Author Frances B. Watts with granddaughter Jane.

Through "Read Aloud" each month the *Post* features a story for children and adults to enjoy together. The literature is selected from The Curtis Publishing Company's four youth magazines: *Jack and Jill, Child Life, Children's Playmate,* and *Young World*. For eighteen years, Frances B. Watts has delighted readers of these magazines with her stories. I believe "The Mysterious Surprise" (*Jack and Jill*, July 1973) is one of her best. Perhaps it will become a favorite in your family.

Frances B. Watts is a homemaker and substitute teacher from Elmira Heights, New York. She has always loved the magic of the printed word. Several years after graduating from Swarthmore College, she took a correspondence course in writing and discovered that her heart belonged to the realm of children's literature. In 1956, to her surprise and delight, the first story she ever wrote was accepted and published by *Child Life* magazine. Her candid reaction was "I almost fainted." Her most enthusiastic booster is her husband, Gordon. In fact she has often been tempted to teach full time, but Gordon Watts insists that she continue her routine of substitute teaching so that she has time for writing. She still promises herself to make time someday to create a full-length book for children.

Frances B. Watts loves children and I doubt she will ever give up the contact with young people in the classroom. Her philosophy of teaching is simple and is reflected in her writing: "strict discipline and lots of love." Whenever she has the opportunity, she reads a variety of her own stories to the children in her classroom and encourages them to vote on their favorites. Her finding: "Contrary to the idea that kids today will accept only realism, I've found just the opposite." In fact, fantasy or animal stories almost always win first place.

I am sure that for many years to come Frances B. Watts will delight children with her whimsy and fantasy and, now, with two young granddaughters, she has a special adoring audience of her own! All of us who want children to find hours of pleasure in reading are fortunate to have the treasury of Frances B. Watts's stories.

Julie Dixon Eisenhower

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THE MYSTERIOUS SURPRISE

By Frances B. Watts

It was a lazy, lumpy sort of Fourth of July; a yawny day with no promises of any joys to come. James trundled the porch rocker sleepily. He turned to his Cousin Kate, whom he was visiting for a few weeks.

"This is going to be a dull, ho-hummy day, Cousin Kate," he yawned. "I feel it in my bones."

"Never trust your bones, James," said Cousin Kate. "Sometimes the yawniest days suddenly go POP! Then things happen. Wild, wishful, wonderful things. You never can tell what a day will hold. Mark my word."

All at once the weathercock on the carport spun three circles, then stopped at E for east. Soon after that a peddler pedaled up to the porch on a unicycle. The peddler was a strange man, a black-bearded man, with a mysterious packsack on his back. He had rings in his ears, bells on his hat, and a faraway look in his eyes.

"I have things for sale," said the peddler. "I have comical things, economical things; tragical things, magical things; wispy things, crispy things; elastic things, fantastic things; dutiful things, beautiful things; and they all are in this packsack on my back."

"A magical thing!" cried James. "That's what I'd like."

"Yes," laughed Cousin Kate. "Something magical is what we'll have."

Into the mysterious packsack went the peddler's hand. Out came the hand with a ball, a squiggly, scarlet, red ball made of woolly yarn.

"It's only a knitting ball!" sighed James.

"It's a wonder ball, a magical ball, with a mysterious surprise hidden inside," said the peddler. "But one must knit the ball to reveal the mysterious surprise."

"I can't knit," said James.

"I can," said Cousin Kate. "We'll take it."

Cousin Kate paid the peddler three silver dollars that she found in her treasure drawer. The weathercock on the carport spun three times, then stopped on W for west. And the peddler pedaled away.

"Is the ball really magical?" asked James.

"Magic is a maybe, maybe-not sort of thing," said Cousin Kate.

"But let's see what we shall see. Bring my ivory knitting needles from my treasure drawer."

Continued on page 87

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

Rebel!

A Biography of Thomas Paine
By Samuel Edwards
277 pages, Praeger Publishers, $9.95.

By BENJAMIN STEIN

At the beginning of 1776, the North American colonies of Great Britain teetered on the brink of revolution—a break with the mother country. Powerful forces inclined toward remaining loyal to the Crown, however, and the issue was by no means decided in favor of declaring independence.

Enter Thomas Paine, a thirty-seven-year-old immigrant who had been in the colony of Pennsylvania for only a few months. His career had been by no means a distinguished one in his native England. For most of his adult life he had been an itinerant corset maker. He had briefly been a minor bureaucrat and had lived his life in obscurity, always on the fringes of poverty.

But he had a talent for writing, and it was about to be discovered. In the beginning of 1776 he published a pamphlet called *Common Sense*. In a forceful, lucid style, Paine set forth the necessity for severing ties with the British Crown and forming an independent nation. One of the Founding Fathers, Benjamin Rush, declared that it "burst from the press with an effect which has rarely been produced by types and paper in any age or country."

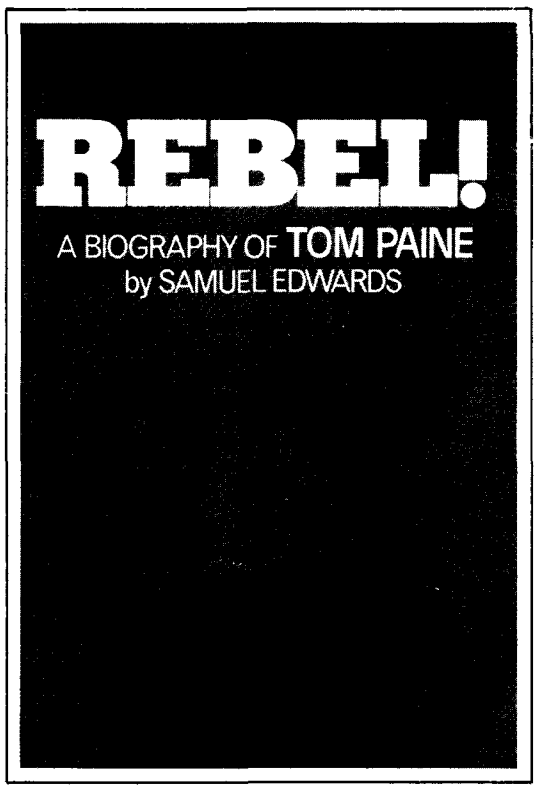
The effect of *Common Sense* was, in a word, electrifying. More than three quarters of a million copies were printed almost immediately. It is estimated that virtually every literate person in what was to become America read the pamphlet. Overnight, it changed and radicalized the attitudes of the colonists toward revolution.

After Paine wrote the pamphlet that is still considered one of the proximate causes of the Declaration of Independence, he threw himself into the work of the Revolution with an uncompromising vitality. Through the good and bad times of the War of Independence, he wrote incessantly to rally the spirits of the insurgents. It was in one of his *Crisis* series of pamphlets that he penned the words which became his hallmark for centuries to come. Paine wrote:

> *These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like Hell, is not easily conquered; yet . . . the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.*

His words bolstered Americans throughout the war. Before the British surrender at Yorktown, Paine had written eighteen *Crisis* pamphlets, and had become, as Benjamin Franklin called him, the "most renowned and convinving author in the United States."

After the war, Paine began to show his personality quirks, however, and started losing the legions of friends he had made. He was in a perpetual stew about money. He had refused to accept any money from his political writings, as he would all his life. Yet he felt that the new nation owed it to him to take care of his material wants because of the services he had rendered. Thus began one of a long series of disputes with the Congress and with individual statesmen to try to win a pension. He was given property and income in several states, but he never believed it was enough.



He wrote ardently for the formation of a strong national government to replace the weak confederation which had followed the war. But he then became convinced that it was his messianic mission to spread the Gospel of Revolution to Europe and left for France in 1787.

There he was treated like a hero, by both monarchists and revolutionaries. Indeed, France was to become his second home, in a real sense, although he soon left there for England.

In England he wrote feverishly in favor of the establishment of a Republic. His anti-monarchist pronouncements, however, were so extreme as to eventually cause him to have to leave for France just one short step ahead of the British police, who had been sent to arrest him for sedition, for his *The Rights of Man*.

He arrived in France to immense acclaim, having been elected a Deputy to the newly formed revolutionary Convention and immediately became one of the leading figures in the Revolution, although he spoke hardly any French.

As the Revolution degenerated into the Reign of Terror, however, Paine found himself consistently on the losing moderate side. He had pleaded ceaselessly for the life of Louis XVI, and although his motivation was purely humanitarian, Robespierre was frightened of the influence of Paine, and used his defense of Louis's life as a pretext for having him sentenced to death.

For almost ten months Paine was imprisoned, never knowing which hour might be his last. During that time he wrote constantly to the American minister in Paris, Gouverneur Morris, attempting to secure President George Washington's assistance in his release. Because he never received any help from Morris or Washington, he conceived an undying hatred for Washington, formerly a close friend.

While in prison, Paine wrote *The Age of Reason*, his monumental work attacking organized religion, the Bible, and every religious institution he could think of. Like Thomas Jefferson, Paine was a Deist. Unlike Jefferson and other Deists, Paine put down his views in vitriolic fashion. He came to be regarded as a fanatical anti-Christ by many on both sides of the Atlantic.

When James Monroe finally secured Paine's release from prison, Paine had become a frail and bitter old man. He lingered in France for several more years, but his luster had been permanently tarnished by his anti-religious writings, and his continued efforts on the part of republicanism made him unpopular with Napoleon, so in 1802, Paine sailed for America.

There too he found that he had lost most of his friends. Thomas Jefferson still befriended him, and he was still a legend in his own time, but he fell more and more into petty quarrels, each time losing still more friends. When he died in 1809, only his most immediate friends came to his funeral.

Author Edwards has told in a style which is sometimes labored but usually pleasantly informal and chatty the story of a man whose talents were unleashed by political ferment. Paine was not only a great writer, but an inventor who made a small fortune off his designs for bridges of iron spans. His life is an example of how unknown persons, placed in a situation which calls for and allows the utmost of them, can produce prodigious works. Paine's métier was revolution. He helped to make it, and it in turn made him.

Paine had his problems, with women, with alcohol, with neuroses of all kinds, but Edwards gives us a picture of a man thoroughly and unselfishly devoted to the rights of the individual, of a man whom history has sometimes misjudged. Taken all in all, he was a great patriot for America, for France, and for the cause of freedom everywhere. Edwards's book makes interesting and lively Bicentennial reading. ☆

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The Anguish of Change

By Louis Harris
306 pages, W.W. Norton, $6.95.

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Maybe it's because the American people like to quote statistics. Maybe it's because most of us are curious about how the rest of us think. Whatever the reasons are, the public opinion poll is popular and is here to stay. As a people we are surveyed almost continuously to gain opinions on everything from confidence in political leadership to whether or not rock music is corrupting our youth. Considering the wealth of information contained in such surveys, it would be interesting to ask two questions. The first is, "Do surveys conducted over a period of time on essentially the same topics indicate changes and trends in our national character and, if so, in what directions?" The second question is, "Given the information we have on a broad set of issues, can we assess the current American mood and what it tells us about the promises and perils of the future?" At least one writer, Louis Harris, has made the attempt to answer these questions and they comprise the main thrust of his book, *The Anguish of Change*.

Mr. Harris is the head of the public opinion firm that bears his name and that publishes the Harris Survey. In telling his story of America today, Harris is able to draw on both the factual information contained in his survey records and his own personal associations with government leaders. The result is a picture of our country that is both fascinating and highly informative. For certain, it is the kind of book that an aspirant for political office would do well to read.

The book could be divided into three main topical areas. The first is a general overview of our current attitudes. The second is a discussion of the opinions and beliefs of special groups in our society–women, the poor, organized labor, youth, and blacks. A third part is concerned primarily with the future and with national expectations. The opening chapter is given the title, "Joy is Dead." Over a span of years more people have been believing that America is a worse place to live in than it was ten years ago. In comparing surveys made in 1966 with a survey made in 1973, it was found that the number of people who believed "What I think doesn't really count" rose from 39 percent to one-half of the population.

Most disturbing, for a number of reasons, was the indicated loss of confidence in leadership. Sixteen areas of establishment leadership were defined in 1966 (doctors, educators, businessmen, etc.) and people were asked if they had "a great deal of confidence" in those that comprise the various areas. A majority or more of the people responded affirmatively in eight of the sixteen categories–doctors heading the list with a 72 percent rating. A 1973 survey showed that not a single area could evoke a majority of the public who would accord it "a great deal of confidence." The rating for doctors fell to 48 percent. Congress slipped from 42 percent to 21 percent. Advertising leaders went from 21 percent in 1966 to 12 percent in 1973.

There are a number of noteworthy observations that Harris makes. He concludes that the last three presidents have underestimated the people and that our citizens are consistently ahead of their leaders in analysis and planning. In direct opposition to Marxist theory, change in our society is coming not from the poor but rather from people that Harris calls the "new professionals"–a well-educated group with incomes higher than line business executives. It is also noted that the rhetoric shouted by politicians is not having the effect they believe it is having. In Harris's words, " . . . the American people are not immature, emotional automatons waiting for a demogogic politician to push the right buttons and obtain a flood of votes which would add up to a majority on election day."

The sections dealing with various separate subpopulations are interesting and sometimes surprising in their disclosures. The reports on black-white attitudes should cause many to reflect on the progress achieved in improving race relations and to consider how best to move ahead in finding viable answers to some very tough questions.

If there is a central point to the book it is that the surveys and statistics show " . . . just how badly the leadership of the country has read the temper, mood, and serious intent of the American people." Harris sums it up very well when he says, " . . . the surest fact of the 1970's is that if the current crop of leaders do not wake up to the drastically changed national priorities and the desire for commitment, then the people will not rest easy until they throw them out and put a new generation at the helm. The time for change, full of anguish and pain, nonetheless is joyfully at hand." Recent election victories seem to indicate that Harris is right on target.

The Anguish of Change has a wealth of information. It is worth reading if for no other reason than that is should help to give us the collective will to be better than we are. There are hopeful signs everywhere that say we can be. ⚖

Ellen Swallow: The Woman Who Founded Ecology

By Robert Clarke
276 pages. Chicago: Follett Publishing Company, $7.95.

By PAUL ENGLE

Ellen Swallow (1842-1911, born on a farm near Dunstable, Massachusetts) was the first woman admitted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the first woman to receive a degree from that rigorous establishment, and probably the first American woman to receive a Bachelor of Science degree. More important, she was the first woman environmentalist. "See what you are putting in your bodies," she told people who had never worried about the quality of the air they breathed, the food they ate, the water they drank.

In 1879 Ellen Swallow made a speech which was prophetic: "It is for women to institute reform. The chief reason why American inventions (are) coming upon the world with such startling rapidity and perfection (is) that a better class of working men are in command here. If American men can have perseverance, energy and ingenuity . . . shall American women be less successful? . . ." It was a time when a young woman could write, "We were told (our) brains were too light, foreheads too small, reasoning powers too defective. . . . I had seen only one college woman. I had heard . . . such a woman was staying at the house of an acquaintance. I went to see her with fear."

The astonishing narrative of Ellen Swallow's life could not come at a better time. This decade cares deeply about both the environment in which it lives and the women who are so crucial a part of that environment. It is surprising how lively an account of the life of America's first woman industrialist chemist can be. She found mahogany sawdust in what was alleged to be cinnamon. She helped begin the pure food movement, writing a book called *The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning*. Lecturing from Boston to California, Maine to Florida, she would ask her audience to send her samples of local water for testing. She devised the first water purity tables and conducted the "Great Sanitary Survey" that modernized municipal sewage treatment. She introduced the first "nutrition lunches" in schools, to be followed by similar improvements in hospitals, jails and asylums.

This astonishing lady opened the New England Kitchen, in which the most nutritious food was cooked for the smallest amount of money. She was the first to lecture on food quality with charts to show mineral compositions of foods, and to open her kitchen to public inspection. On the walls hung menus showing the nutritional content of each dish computed to price and quantity of serving. She also opened a similar eating place at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893, with glass walls showing food procedures. (The New England Kitchen offered Beef Stew, Fish Chowder, Vegetable Soup and "Pilgrim Succotash," all at 12 cents a quart. Miss Swallow could not have been better named!)

Ellen Swallow once said that she wished she could be triplets, in order to do three times as many things in her life. Yet the record in this book shows that she actually did as much as three women, and many times more than most.

Ecology really began in the United States with this lady. When she died, she wore in her casket the Doctor of Science gown awarded her by Smith College. A beautiful gesture. Robert Clarke has written a beautiful book about such a lady. ⚖

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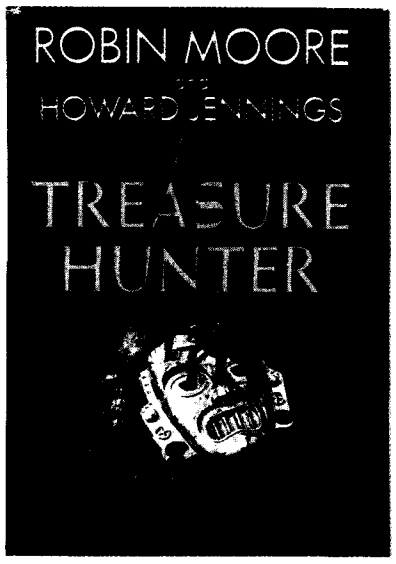
The Post Recommends



The Treasure Hunter
Robin Moore and Howard Jennings
Prentice-Hall, Inc.
$8.95

This is a true story of a man's lifelong search for treasures. The search has made him rich and has given him incredible experiences of high adventure. Through the steaming jungle of South America and in the highland deserts of the land of the ancient Inca, Howard Jennings pursued Spanish and Inca gold. Robin Moore, his lifetime friend and sometime companion in adventure, here helps Jennings tell his incredible story. Perhaps you have always had a yen to search for lost treasures. This book would be a good place to begin, for it actually pinpoints the location of several still undiscovered treasure hoards.

Time Of The Unicorn
Barbara Jefferis
William Morrow & Company, Inc.
$6.95

The time is the twelfth century; the place is the barren coast of Portugal; the cast consists of thirteen survivors of a shipwrecked vessel, a strange mixture of aristocratic Normans and crude English peasants. If you have ever wondered about life during the Crusades, about the mentality of the times, this novel will give you keen insight. The eighteen-year-old heroine learns how thin is the veneer of goodwill and how readily people who are themselves threatened will allow hate and fear to dominate their behavior. From accusations of witchcraft to the rites of exorcism to administrations' ordeals, all the elements that make for a spellbinding novel are present in *Time of the Unicorn.*

Baseball's Great Moments
Joseph Reichler
Crown Publishers, Inc.
$9.95

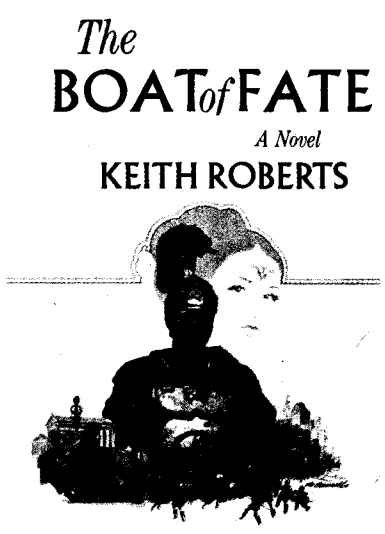
This book deals with the most memorable moments in postwar major-league baseball, beginning with the spectacular hitting performance of Ted Williams in the 1946 All-Star game and ending with Nolan Ryan's strikeout record, set on September 27, 1973, when he threw his 383rd strikeout of the season. The photography is very impressive, with photos on almost every page. This book pulls the reader into the action. It's as if you were there, sharing the frustration and triumph known to every major-league ballplayer.

Parrish For The Defense
Hillary Waugh
Doubleday
$7.95

This is a courtroom drama, full of suspense, written by one of America's best-known mystery writers. The novel focuses on Cleveland Parrish, a criminal lawyer who is both famous and feared. He takes a murder case in Connecticut and, in his zeal to win it, ruthlessly maneuvers to present an airtight defense. In doing so he threatens to destroy everything in his path, even his client, if need be. The story builds irrevocably to the scene of the trial itself.

How To Turn Plastic Into Gold
Martin J. Meyer and Mark Hunter
Farnsworth Publishing Company
Distributed by Arlington House Publishers
$6.95

You may have an overnight gold mine in your purse or wallet—several of them, in fact. The authors of this book maintain that a buying revolution is sweeping the nation, and that skillful use of credit cards can help you not only save money but make money. You will learn how to make the most money from credit cards, with maximum safety, how to cut credit card interest rates, which credit cards to avoid, and why the checking system is headed toward obsolescence.



The Boat of Fate
Keith Roberts
Prentice-Hall, Inc.
$6.95

This historic novel is set in ancient Rome, yet it is hauntingly contemporary. Violence surrounds young Sergius Paulus, and his society is rapidly changing all around him. Waves of barbarians attack Rome from without, and from within, a new religious sect, those who are following Christ, continues to pull followers away from the worship of the Roman gods.

Sergius Paulus finds himself forced through a series of adventures due to the chaotic nature of the time in which he lives. He struggles to wrest a bit of happiness from his world and on many occasions finds himself struggling to preserve his very life.

The Boat of Fate is an exciting, thought-provoking novel that presents an authentic picture of the last days of the Roman Empire.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post.* Please include your name and address along with $.50 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

Hoffa

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and you get the feeling of normalcy, the idea of a natural unit. Doctors work with the houses and counselors. The houses are like real homes—the women make curtains, help with the food, while the men do odd jobs—they do right because there're people in the house they have feelings for. You catch more flies with honey than vinegar. You build on hope.

Also you should use the know-how of people in jail. We had two doctors when I was in. Several lawyers. Bobby Baker, Carmine de Sapio. Now what's the good in making people like that stuff mattresses? They could be used to the prison's advantage.

When I look at the work that needs to be done in this country today, the rivers and streams—the vacant lots—that need to be cleaned up and you've got people—strong men, locked up doing busy work, it just seems stupid.

Of course, a lot of the feeling that prisoners have to be locked up out of sight came from the old chain gangs. I wonder how many men would've tried to escape if conditions had been even barely human. You don't want to put people on display but I think most prisoners would be a heck of a lot better off if they don't lose complete contact with the world; and one of the best ways to do that is to let them see it every now and then.

You can watch the average man in prison deteriorating every day. It didn't change me. I wouldn't let it. But I had four things going for me the average guy doesn't. (1) I had enough money. (2) I knew my family was taken care of. (3) I had lawyers who were fighting for me, and (4) I had enough activity to keep my mind active. The cases against me—civil, criminal and tax cases—occupied me. They even tried to cut down on the number of lawyers I was allowed to have. The number of visitors, the number of people I was allowed to write to. The number of Christmas cards I got. Ten thousand. They tried to get me to say I didn't want to see half of them, said it was too much trouble for the mail room. I said that's your problem, not mine. We proved time after time they photostated my letters. "Jimmy," the warden said, "we have to be hard on you so the press won't say we're soft because of who you are." That's it in a nutshell. Arbitrary treatment. They treat you any way they want to. Whether they like you. Whether they don't. Or whether they're completely indifferent to you.

My applications for parole were turned down every time. None of the explanations given me were valid. They've got to establish a fair system for parole. The idea of parole is to bring about improvement in behavior; it is a system set up to gauge real repentance—it should be set up so you can't fool the parole board and officers and it should not be based on whim—whether they like you, or your nose or your necktie.

Maybe prisons are a necessary evil, I don't know. There are countries where they don't exist—Iceland, for example, where they don't have crime. The one thing you don't want to do is add to crime's being a paying proposition.

I intend to keep up my work in prison reform whether I get back into union work or not. I think every employer is obligated to give ex-cons jobs. I had over 400 letters I sent out to get jobs for these people. If they can't get jobs, they fall right back into crime.

People are not packages. They can't be stored in a warehouse and opened later for use. The merchandise will die. That's the first step in prison reform.

Rehabilitation—serious rehabilitation—is the second step. Third, inmates have to know their families are all right. That's got to be part of the rehabilitation program.

There ought to be an inmate—a spokesman for the entire prison—on the board, somebody who can speak for the prisoners without fear of reprisal. The prison riots of the last few years have proved that.

And prisoners have to have some way to let off steam. Recreation—of the mind, the body, the soul. If an exercise bar is going to keep somebody from being killed, it would seem to me a small investment.

After a man has committed a crime he doesn't experience a metamorphosis—like a butterfly in reverse. He's still a man. It's been shown time and time again prison's no deterrent. It doesn't stop a single soul from doing anything. And it worries me that it starts a lot of people doing a lot of things that are detrimental to themselves and to society and to the whole prison system. I was treated worse because of who I was but nobody ought to be able to say that. Fair treatment is free. It ought to be the norm. These aren't hard changes to make.

Nobody can really talk about prison—can really know it—unless he's been there. I'd like to put all these people who talk about how much progress has been made in the can for about ninety days. Even one day. You can't talk about it unless you know. You can't even know which direction reform should go in.

It's a bad loss—of time, of money—if we can't listen to the pain of people who've been behind the wall. We know what it's like, and the damage it's doing. Improvements would significantly reduce crime in the streets. I think that's worth taking some trouble over.

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Read Aloud

continued from page 85

Cousin Kate began to cast squiggly, scarlet stitches upon the ivory needles. She counted—one, two, three, four—all the way up to seventy-seven.

"What will you knit, Cousin Kate?" James asked.

"The wool feels fluttery and rather scarfish," she smiled. "I think I will knit a scarlet scarf with fluttery fringes on the ends."

Cousin Kate anchored the magical ball behind her rocker. She began to knit. The scarlet wool whirled and twirled and curled and purled over the ivory needles. She knit and she knit. The minute hand and the hour hand on James's watch crept up to ten o'clock.

"Where is the mysterious surprise?" asked James.

"The scarf is only one-fourth knit, and the ball only one-fourth unknit," said Cousin Kate. "Have patience, James."

The ivory needles clicked and ticked and flicked and twicked. The minute hand and hour hand on James's watch stretched up to eleven o'clock. Still the mysterious surprise did not appear.

"I have had patience," said James.

"Have a little more," said Cousin Kate. "The scarf is only half-knit and the ball only half-unknit."

The scarlet wool whirled and twirled and curled and purled. The ivory needles clicked and ticked and flicked and twicked. Presently, behind the rocker, there was a sudden tugging and a lugging, and a pulling and a mewling.

"What's happening?" cried James.

"Look and see," said Cousin Kate as she kept on knitting.

James looked behind the rocker. There by the magical ball was a kitten, tugging and lugging and pulling and mewling. It was a darkish kitten, a playful, larkish kitten, with blue eyes slanting toward the east.

"It's a kitten!" shouted James. "Oh, oh! May I keep him, Cousin Kate? Or . . . or do you think it belongs to someone else?"

"Go and see," said Cousin Kate.

James knocked on all the doors on Cherry Street and Berry Street. He knocked on all the doors on Flower Street and Bower Street. And he knocked on all the doors on Hideaway Lane and Bideaway Lane. But no one on all those streets and lanes had lost a darkish, larkish kitten, with blue eyes slanting toward the east.

"I guess the kitten is yours then, James," said Cousin Kate.

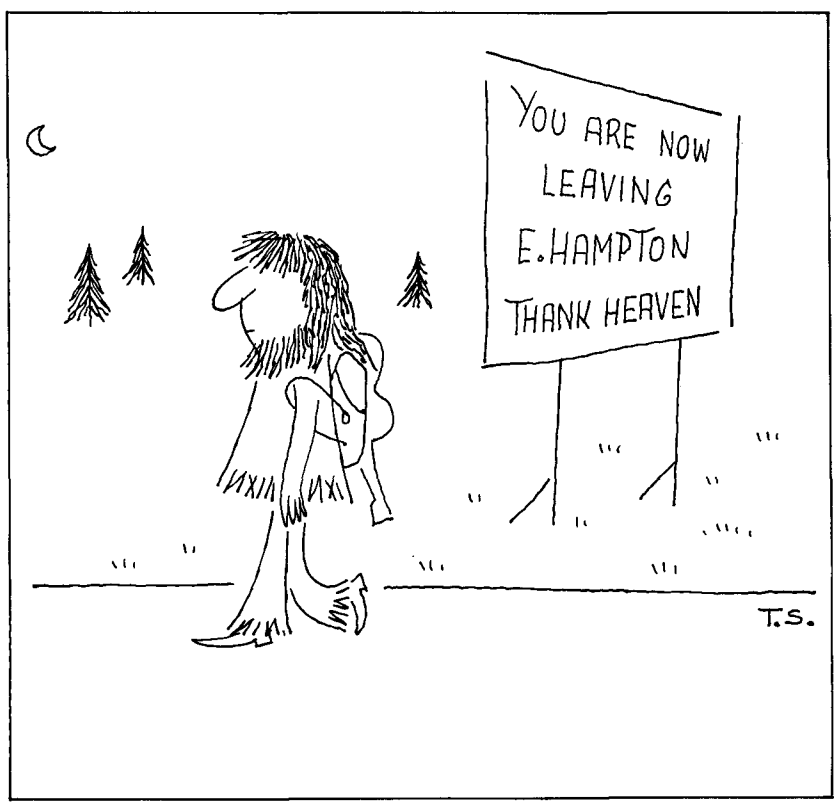
At once, the lazy, lumpy, yawny sort of day turned into a laughy, lilty, yummy sort of day. A day with great promises of joys to come.

Then James thought of something, something questiony and curious. "Cousin Kate," he asked, "do you think the kitten might have come from the magical ball? Do you think he is the mysterious surprise?"

Cousin Kate went on knitting the scarlet scarf, which was only three-fourths done. "Well now," she said, "maybe and maybe not. But finding the kitten was a real surprise, and where he came from is a mystery. So I guess you might say he was a mysterious surprise."

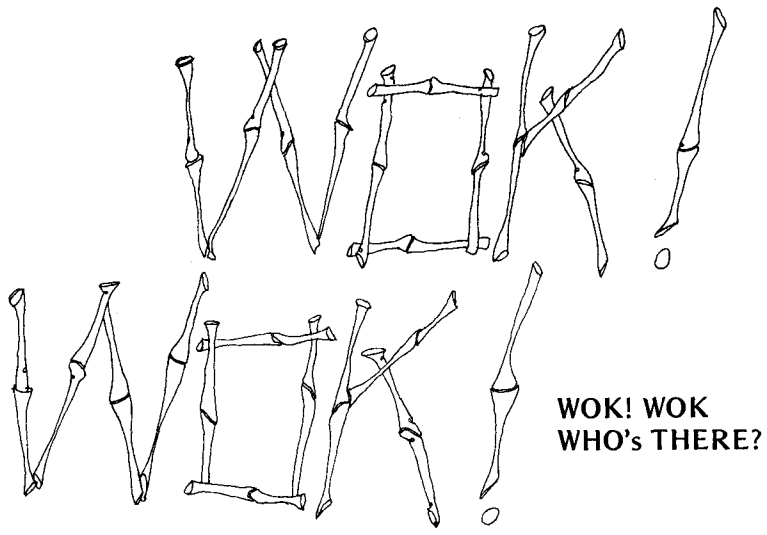
"Yes," James nodded. "Yes!"

Then and there, James named the kitten Mysterious Surprise, and called him Misty for short.



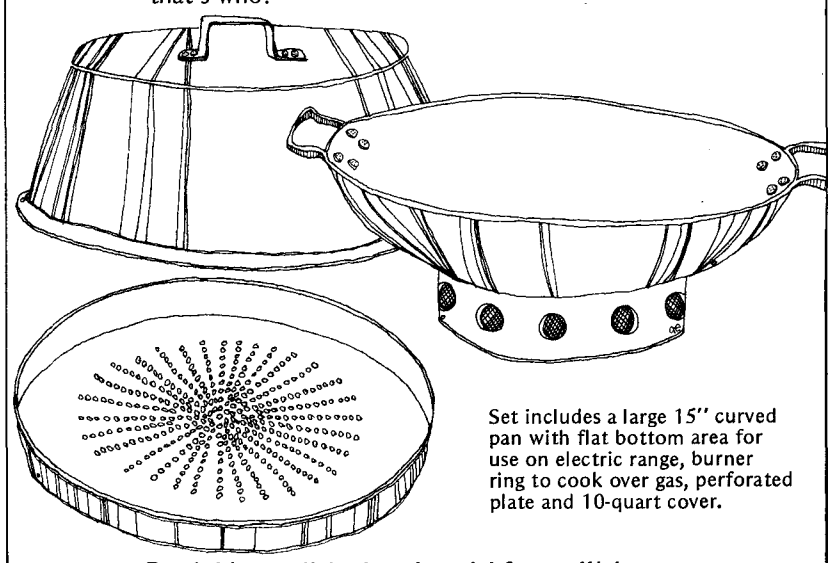
壯 家

"All Wok and no ploy makes Jack a dull soy . . . . ."
—old Chinese saying which only adds to the Confucian



WOK! WOK WHO's THERE?

Why, the ancient Chinese method of cookery which heightens flavor and preserves nutrients, that's who!



Set includes a large 15" curved pan with flat bottom area for use on electric range, burner ring to cook over gas, perforated plate and 10-quart cover.

Read this unsolicited testimonial from a Wok user:

Gentlemen:

I have used the Wok only three times and had spectacular results each time.

The first time, I left the lid off by mistake. The food spoiled but my wife said it was the best sauna she ever had.

The second time, believe me, I followed your directions more carefully. In fact, to the letter, especially the part where it says: "The Wok will add to your enjoyment of any vegetable." So, after I cooked my asparagus tips, I added the Wok. I must say it was the best tasting aluminum I ever ate. The handles were especially crisp.

After I left the hospital, I returned to cooking with my trusty Wok. We have an exchange student who lives with us, a native of Siam, who insists on a Kosher diet. He says I make the greatest elephant soup he ever tasted.

Gratefully yours,
Stanislaus Hardscrabble Mountbatten III
Earmuff, Montana

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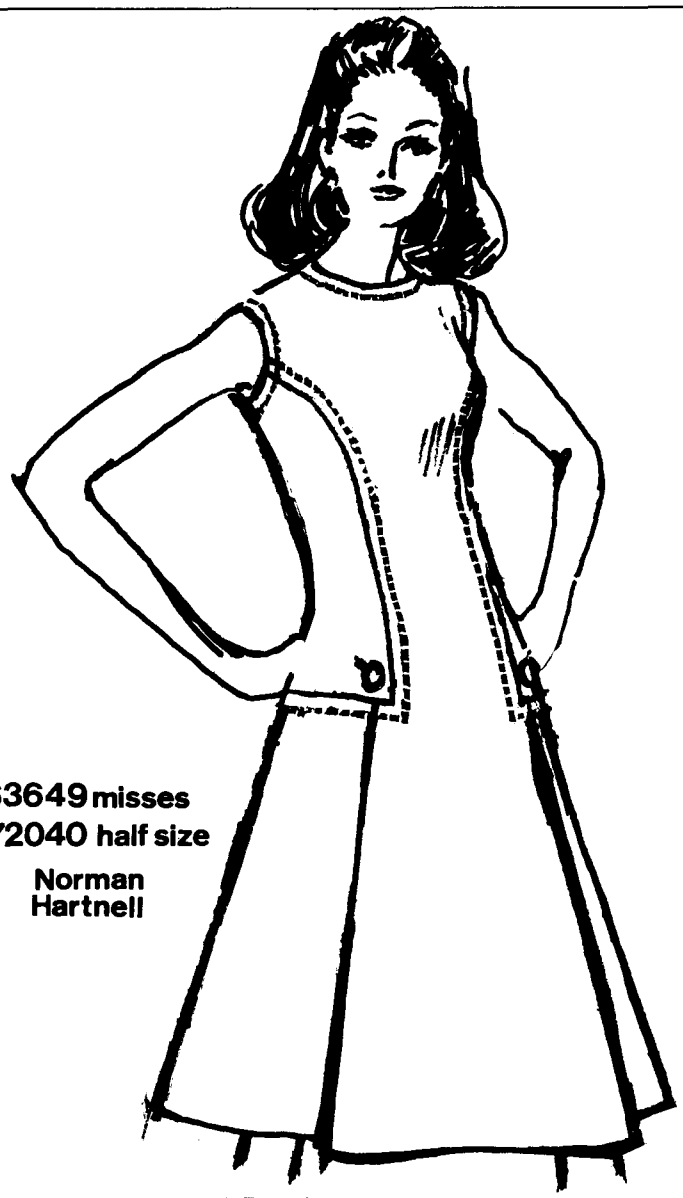

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Mary Tyler Moore

continued from page 77

and Grant are standing by while preparing a more formal and larger residence in the same area, where the Bel Air Country Club will open at their feet.

The traditional questions over, Mary begins to talk Mary-talk, and so is sweetly revealed.

Mary has done the commentary on a TV special for Women's Lib, and her role as an unmarried junior executive in a TV station also suggests that she may have some comments on the subject of the Lib. "I'm learning about personal inequality in one's own mind as time goes by. I'm much more aware of it than I used to be. I am just going to allow other people better qualified than I to handle the inequalities of pay, and stature, and right. But it is interesting as I begin to think about inequality in one's own life, how much I have to learn and how much I had taken for granted, and been taken for granted, I'm not going to get up on a soapbox about it, or be bitter.

She's a great animal lover. Has two miniature poodles and a German shepherd, and is a strong ally of Cleveland Amory in his doughty struggles on behalf of all beasts. "We purchased our dogs before I developed my true feelings about animals and breeding and population. My feelings now are that I would not buy a purebred dog, but go to the pound and save a poor soul from destruction. I am as active as I can be in Cleveland's work for animals, doing such things as lending my name to a telegram being sent to the Senate, or attending the motion picture producers' meeting to draw up the code for humane treatment in the use of animals in pictures. I've made radio spots and did a television spot urging the use of more humane trapping methods rather than the use of the steel-jaw trap. You never feel that you do enough."

Obviously she cares about people, too. Mary needlepointed thirty pillows as Christmas gifts for everyone in the cast of her show, and then went out to nearby hospitals to visit shut-ins for the holiday. It struck her at the time that once a year wasn't enough. Now she visits hospitals frequently, taking with her as many of her cast as she can. I had no reason to ask her about that—everyone she works with had already told me.

Mary's husband, I had been severely forewarned, is not "the husband of the star." Grant Tinker lives with the Chairman of MTM Enterprises, Inc., but he is also its creator and guiding hand. A trimly handsome Ivy League alumnus, he has also managed to take on the casual protective coloration without which one cannot survive in the Hollywood jungle. Once a TV account executive at Benton & Bowles, the big Manhattan advertising agency, he went directly into show-biz programming at NBC and Universal and had the right career behind him and the right contacts made when CBS suggested that Mary should have a show of her own. At that point, says Mary:

"I turned immediately to Grant and said *OK, Who, What, How, Why?* He was the one who suggested Allan Burns and Jim Brooks, two fine writers with whom he had worked but who had not worked together before. Then he went after Jay Sandrich who directs most of our shows. Grant is responsible for developing all these new shows and for selling them to the networks, and, more importantly, for keeping them on the air. For keeping the artists and creative people happy, negotiating contracts, making suggestions regarding scripts and scenes."

Mary gets from two to three hundred letters a week. Many of them are from girls who want to emulate the lifestyle of Mary Richards on the show. Others are from children who have diabetes and would like to know what hope there is for them in the future. Mary, who takes insulin twice a day, is just the right girl to ask.

"I would like to dispel some of the myths about diabetes. When I was told I had it, which was about eight years ago, my first question to the doctor was 'Am I going to be bed-ridden?' I, like so many people, thought that might be what was going to happen. As you can see, I have probably ten times the stamina and energy of any other so-called normal person, somebody without diabetes. If you're in good control of your diet, and take the proper medication, and are in contact with your doctor, you can live a longer, healthier life than most people, because of these factors. Exercise is an important thing, of course. And dancing does it for me. It has always been an important part of my life, and I can't be without it, I love it. Onstage, though, I try not to analyze control of my body, and rather just let it instinctively happen."

Among the many who try to isolate the formula of the show, including those who formulate it in words and action, none puts it more neatly than Laurence Bloustein, a recent newcomer to the MTM staff, fresh out of grad school where he majored in film and communications. Says Larry, winning the silver-plated nutshell: "Mary is just an old-fashioned girl in a very modern setting."

Right. Which, being translated by one of the ancient aborigines along Flatbush Avenue, reads: *but you can't take Brooklyn out of the girl.*

The little tree of heaven, the *ailanthus*, no matter where you put it, they say, will always seek the sky, and ever bloom in a shade no man would dare to deny is Irish green.

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Editorials

continued from page 49

facsimile men. What they have to get used to, what we all must get used to, is that today—thanks to The Pill, perhaps, and to new cultural values, the new woman in business is a normal, an ordinary woman, seeking to make her way in a normal, ordinary way.

Nine: The ninth fear—and a very sharp, very real one, and I must add, a painful one in a mature society—is this: executive America, corporate America fears women because the men who run corporate America are afraid of losing their identities. It is one of America's tragedies that we have come to believe that a man is what he does for a living. Chiefly that. If women also do what he does for a living, is he less than he was? Less than a man ought to be? Are his victories made small because women also enjoy them? What is a man in our society who loses a job? A man who loses his job loses his identity. It is this, far more than income loss—which is usually temporary—that terrifies men. It is one more reason, this critical factor of identity, why men cannot help fearing co-workers who are women.

Ten: The tenth fear—the tenth key to understanding yourself, to understanding women through the eradication of fear—the tenth fear men have of women is a secondhand fear: a "second-person" fear. You women will understand. The tenth reason why men in corporate America fear women is the fear their wives have of the women with whom they work; the woman who serves as co-worker, peer, equal to their husbands. This may be the most difficult fear of all to deal with, the *fear of one woman for another.*

There you have them: ten keys to understanding, ten real, ten common fears in executive America, in corporate America, of the new woman, fears held by the "old man."

The old culture.
The old work ethic.
The old wisdom.
The old fears.
The old *waste.*
Yes, waste.

We see it so often. In board rooms, in executive offices, in clubs and bars, wherever good men gather: the pain, the real anguish, the joylessness of executive America, of corporate America, thinking about, grappling with, *the problem of the new woman—of business and the new woman.*

What waste, what a colossal waste!

America's businessmen are the best in the world, the most creative, the boldest, the most enterprising, and yet they do not see an opportunity of historic proportions, a monumental opportunity to use—to harness virtually untapped energy; to put into the service of this culture, of this business society, limitless new brainpower, a totally fresh perspective—the energy, the brainpower, the perspective of Woman, modern woman, the liberated woman . . . the woman who is free to hunt with the man, free to run with him, build with him, free to build a new way of business, an entirely new way of business life. Better. Different. Richer. Variegated. Male and female.

A society not of free men only, nor of liberated women only, but a society that is totally liberated—a society that liberates humankind from the cave and the loneliness of the hunt.

One way or another, the women are no longer going to stay home.

Not all of them at any rate.

One way or another the women are going to join the hunt.

You men, abandon your fears of women. You have nothing to lose but the chains of the past, the limits to your growth as human beings.

Turning Wheels

changing needs and aspirations of its customers, employees, stockholders and dealers. He has done an outstanding job and I respect him as both a competitor and a friend."

From General Motors' other major competitor, the Chrysler Corporation, John Riccardo, President, observed: "In our industry, leadership is measured by ingenuity and accomplishment. As President and Operating Officer of General Motors, Mr. Cole combined technical innovation with candor and an unfaltering determination to attain his goals. The effects of his efforts will have a lasting impact on the industry." Chrysler's Chairman, Lynn Townsend, remarked: "The automobile industry, along with other major businesses, is increasingly challenged to fulfill its role of world citizenship. The social and economic ramifications of its success or failure are felt across a broad range of our society, both here and abroad. As Chairman of the world's largest industrial corporation, Mr. Gerstenberg has discharged that responsibility with imagination, determination, and integrity."

A truism was once voiced which created a lot of shock waves, to the effect that what was good for General Motors was good for the country. Turning the coin to the other side, it is perhaps more acceptable as a social truism that what's bad for General Motors cannot be good for the country. Now "bad" may not be precisely the word for the loss of two such executive talents as this at one time; but it is up to their successors at GM to prove that there are those qualified to step into their big shoes.

Mansfield of Montana

continued from page 12

Radford, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had recommended a U.S. air strike against the Chinese mainland in the face of the Chinese communists' threats to "liberate" Taiwan from the Chinese Nationalists.

Asked for his view, Mansfield told Dulles he was "adamantly opposed," and that any such action—which could result in war with China—should be taken before a joint session of Congress. When the matter subsequently came before the President, Mansfield learned, Ike said the Senator had taken the right position.

There are four pictures of JFK in Mansfield's leadership office, just off the Senate floor, and one drawing of Jacqueline Kennedy.

"We had a very, very close, very warm relationship," he told me. "Kennedy was never demanding, he simply said what he would like to see done."

When the slain President lay in state in the Capitol rotunda, Mansfield delivered one of the televised eulogies. In a voice uncharacteristically vibrant with barely controlled emotion, he spoke of the significance of the terrible event with a candor that shocked some of the VIP's in the audience. But Jackie Kennedy, thrilled, said it was "as eloquent as a Pericles oration."

When I asked if he had needed any help in preparing his soaring Kennedy tribute, Mansfield said quietly, "No—it just came out."

Remembering Lyndon Johnson as President, Mansfield told me: "We were friendly, and understood each other. He never demanded anything—he knew me pretty well. But he would bring up things about Vietnam with the Cabinet and Joint Chiefs of Staff present, and ask for individual views. On at least three occasions I was the only one who differed from all the rest. He took it, but I don't think he liked it.

"Back in 1964, one month before the Democratic convention," Mansfield continued, "LBJ called me down to the White House and asked me to be his running mate. I said no. Of course, he probably asked the same thing of others, but I would not have taken it even if they forced it on me at the convention. My ambition originally was to be a congressman from Montana, and when I got to be senator that was my *highest* ambition.

"I have always wanted to be my own man," he explained, "and a Vice-President—or President—is anything *but* his own man. I have never for a moment wanted to be President. I often have wondered why so many other senators do want it but I'm glad they do. It has too much responsibility for me."

Returning to his LBJ recollections, Mansfield went on: "In late March, 1968, I went down to the White House about six p.m., very reluctantly, after mutual friends repeatedly urged me to go see the President and talk to him about Vietnam. I didn't think it would do any good.

"Johnson very shortly started to talk about Vietnam . . . he asked my opinion about sending 40,000 more troops. I said, 'No, we've got to get out, should not have been there in the first place.' I spent three and a half hours there that night with Johnson. That's a long time for me to be talking to anyone (and this is a long time to be talking to *you,* Paul) and as I finally got to the door, he said, 'Mike, I wish my leader would support me.' Well, I was *not* his leader, I was the Senate's leader. 'But,' he said, 'I want you to know I appreciate your honesty in telling me how you feel about it.'

"Three days later I heard him deliver that Sunday night TV speech—which he had been working on that night—and I heard him add that he would not run for reelection. I was surprised."

Mansfield called his relationship with President Nixon "good."

"I think we understand each other in the positions we hold. Early in his first year he often had me down to breakfast where there were just the two of us present, and he raised the question of normalizing our relations with the People's Republic of China. He told me what he intended to do and I gave him my wholehearted support. He said, 'I want you to be the first to visit the PRC' [after his own trip there].

"This has been Nixon's outstanding accomplishment in foreign policy, and it had a greater impact on the world of the foreign policy than that of all the presidents I have worked with."

Although he generally votes with the liberals, Mansfield said he identifies himself only "as a democrat—with a small 'd.'

"I like to keep everything small," he quipped.

Mansfield rides from his northwest Washington home before dawn in the chauffeur-driven limousine provided for the majority leader. By six o'clock he is in his office, where he starts catching up on his mail. He and Maureen are invited to the best parties in town—only because of his senatorial status, he insists—but they join the social whirl only when they have to or really want to. Mansfield said his favorite recreation is to go home and listen to his collection of New Orleans jazz records on his stereo.

When we ended the interview, after three hours, he said with a smile, "Tap 'er light, Paul. That's an old Butte copper miners' expression. It means, 'take it easy.'"

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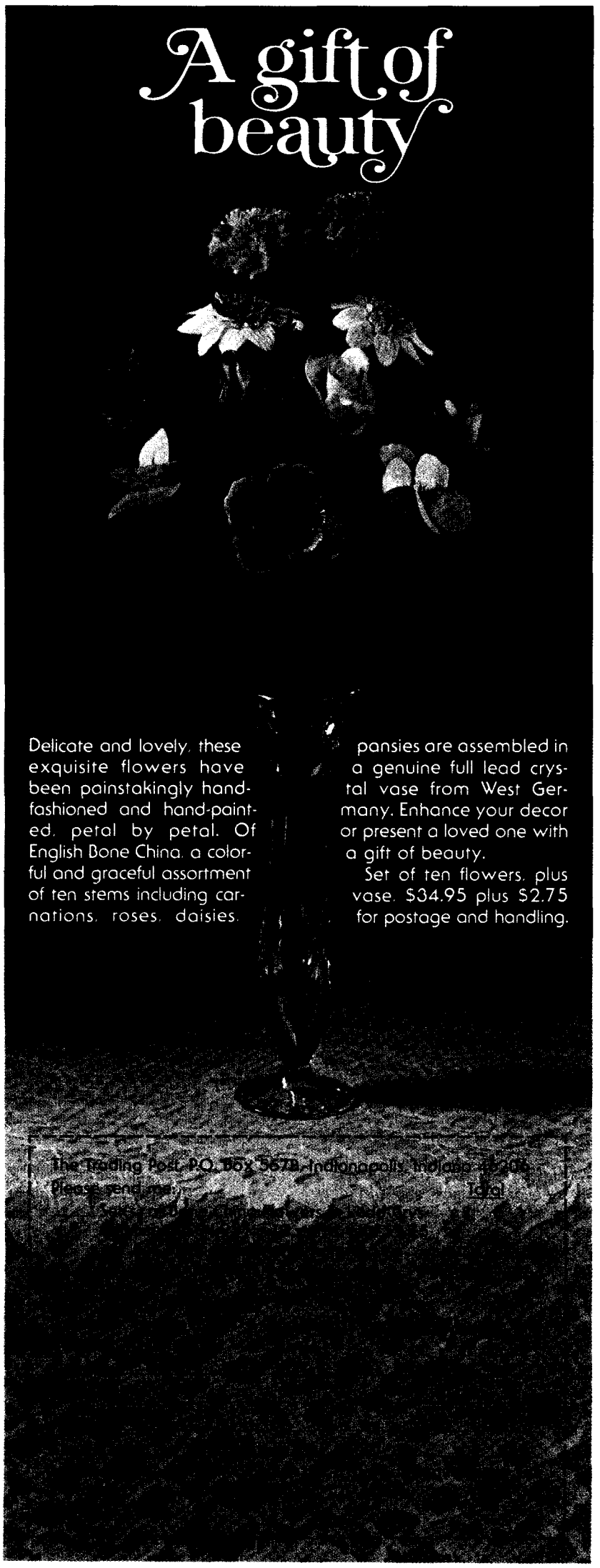
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Line of Inheritance

continued from page 69

times when a spell come over everybody in the church. Nobody else wanted to open their mouths. They wanted to listen to the new meaning she was putting into them notes. Silas lugged her out after practice with the whole choir standing in the doorway begging her to be back Sunday.

"She was, and the church was crowded. Women will talk and the news had gotten around. Of course the reports on the singing helped. But there was so many men there, who had never been to church before, and didn't know one note from another, I guess the reports on her other qualifications must have done more good.

"The Reverend Magnanimous Oakes was the pastor at that time. A tall, skinny, conscientious young man just out of the seminary, and perhaps a mite more concerned about the next abode of his parishioners than he would be later on. He was strong on fire and brimstone and, to make sure the sinners knew where they were going, he described their destination in words that made the church stove unnecessary on a zero day.

"He damned necklines that exposed the female collarbone and regretted wagons because women had to step up into them. But to give him his due, he was harder on himself than he was on the congregation. He sorrowed over the stray, frivolous thoughts which occasionally danced through his brain, and exhausted himself with work to subdue the Tempter. The boys said he took his bath with his clothes on, but Silas never did believe that.

"It was quite plain that he never could make up his mind about Thetis. In her favor was the dress which concealed all evidence of legs, her modest behavior, and the fact that she was undoubtedly drawing many sinners into the congregation, who would not have been there if it hadn't been for her. Against her was her disturbing upper body formation which no amount of ruffles and frills could hide. The more malicious gossips whispered that she must not wear corsets, although they didn't believe that impossible charge themselves. The Reverend Magnanimous compromised by making no objection to her presence in the choir, but directed his eyes, when he had to turn toward her, to a point about two inches above her head.

"Things were going along reasonably well, howsomever, until the annual sailing of the mackerel fleet. The town always made a big to-do about that because most of the men-

"The Sea, Ms. Barthelmede! The vast, imponderable, primordial Sea!"

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folks sailed with the fleet and were gone for some time. That year the church held a going-away ceremony on Pickett's wharf. The choir was to sing appropriate hymns like 'Let The Lower Lights Be Burning' and 'Throw Out The Lifeline' and the minister was to speak a few words. A cannon would be shot off and the schooners would raise their sails all at the same time.

"Everybody was there; the women in their best dresses, and the men who weren't going, in their high white collars and black Sunday suits. Even little Annie Kennedy was there with a new red-beaded necklace her father had brought her from Boston. Annie was about five years old, as pretty as a picture, and just as proud of that necklace as though it had cost a thousand dollars instead of twenty-five cents. She went around speaking to everybody and finding some excuse for dragging the necklace into the conversation.

" 'Don't you think it's a pretty necklace?' she said to Thetis, who was sitting on a special chair near the edge of the wharf. 'I wear it to bed every night. When I die I'm going to take it to Heaven with me.' Her face glowed with the pride of possession.

"Thetis said, 'It's really beautiful. I wish I had one just like it.' She looked as though she meant it.

" 'You can hold it for just a minute,' Annie said, and filled with charity toward an unfortunate person who didn't have such a necklace, she took it off and laid it in the hands of a kindred spirit who could really appreciate it.

"After admiring the trinket for the proper time, Thetis handed it back. It was at that instant that the cannon went off.

"The child was startled. Her hands flew up, and the pretty red necklace was thrown far out over the edge of the wharf into twenty feet of cold water surging over a bed of mud.

"Annie screamed. It was a scream of despair, the scream of a soul on the brink of the Pit with the Devil pushing. She went as rigid as a statue. Her face wouldn't look that old again for sixty years.

"Before the necklace hit the water, Thetis came out of her dress. Bare flesh flashed in the sunlight as her body cleared the wharf and plunged with a natural grace beyond the experience of the good citizens of Lobster Sound.

"It is a question, a good question, as to which shocked the people most, her bare body, for she had nothing on under her dress, or the picture left on their eyeballs of a fishlike tail disappearing beneath the surface of the water.

"That's right. You see, my great-grandmother was a mermaid.

"But to get back to the story. The crowd went mad. Every last one of them rushed to the edge of the wharf at the risk of drowning. When Thetis surfaced she popped half out of the water with the red beads held high above her head, and a big smile on her face to greet the expected cheers.

"There weren't any. That is, not

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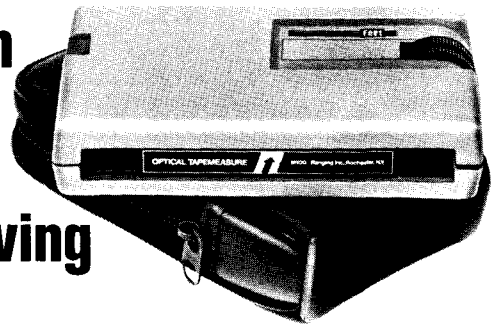

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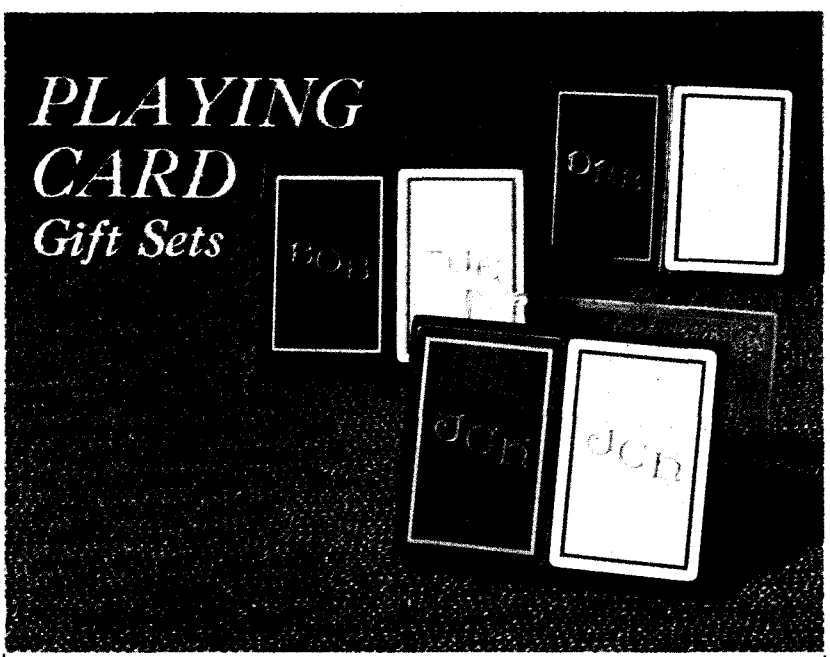

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any except for a strangled cry of relief from little Annie Kennedy, who didn't see anything amazing except her red beads.

"The rest of the crowd couldn't quite get together on how they felt—or should feel. Prudence Styles, Harriet Hudkins, and Comfort McGrew fainted. Martha Lytle, Periwinkle Barnes, and Jenny Gates tried to faint and couldn't. Lisha Gaspard popped a blood vessel in his right eye—the good one—and Jimmy Bishop, who had set in the front pew for the last three months, jumped overboard, boots and all. He claimed he was pushed but nobody believed him.

"The womenfolks gathered their casualties and their husbands and marched up the wharf outpacing their dignities. The Reverend Magnanimous Oakes led the parade, reciting from *Revelation*. A few pious single men hovered in the nervous breakdown zone between moral strength and carnal weakness. But the unrepentant sinners, as soon as they could get their breaths, stood on the edge of the wharf and yelled till the gulls left for Duck Island.

"My great-grandfather Silas went down the ladder and got the beads.

" 'What is going on?'Thetis asked him. 'Is that part of the celebration?'

" 'You might say it is,' Capt'n Silas agreed, after weighing the question, 'but it wasn't on the program. I think you had better swim home and I'll bring your dress.'

"What my great-grandmother thought about the strange doings while she was swimming home I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised if she was confused.

"The next Sunday was quite a day in the history of Lobster Sound. Most people went to church an hour early and stood around the yard full of expectations. They weren't disappointed. About ten minutes before church time my great-grandfather drove up in his wagon with Thetis sitting on the seat beside him. Eyes popped all over the place but there wasn't much said. Capt'n Silas lifted the mermaid from the wagon and began to lug her into the church.

"But the Reverend Magnanimous blocked the doorway. His chin was up and his eyes flashed lightning. 'BEGONE!' he shouted in the same voice he used in defying the Lower Regions. 'Hence, base creature, deceptive likeness of a higher form. You, who with wanton and seductive ways betray our youth with insinuating charms and seeming aid. BEGONE, I say!'

"The man was braced for physical assault as though half expecting the Devil to reinforce the pair before him. The flat of his vertical hand symbolized the invisible barrier against sin. Currents of outpouring hatred dilated his eyes, and his frame shook from the recoil.

"Capt'n Silas stood his ground. 'Reverend,' he said, in a voice that was mild but decided, 'Seems to me

"No, I don't want to smell your breath!"

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you're being a mite hasty.'

"Magnanimous shook his fist. 'You,' he yelled, 'You unlearned son of darkness dare to correct me?'

" 'Yes, sir, begging your pardon, but I do,' Capt'n Silas said. 'If you bar this young lady from the church, you need correcting. Firstly, as you would say, she's a perfect image of every woman in this town except for legs, which you seem to think are sinful anyway. Secondly, she did her duty according to her lights, valuing charity above modesty, which is where it belongs. Thirdly, her singing has brought more people to your church than your preaching, and fourthly, she needs. . . .'

" 'Disciple of the Devil,' interrupted the Reverend Magnanimous. 'You reason after the fashion of your master. Take your evil burden where it can no longer pervert the innocence of my lambs. Never—never dare to darken these doors again!'

" 'We don't stay where we ain't wanted,' Capt'n Silas declared. At that he lugged his disturbing bundle back to the wagon while the preacher's innocent lambs ogled for a glimpse of the provocative tail.

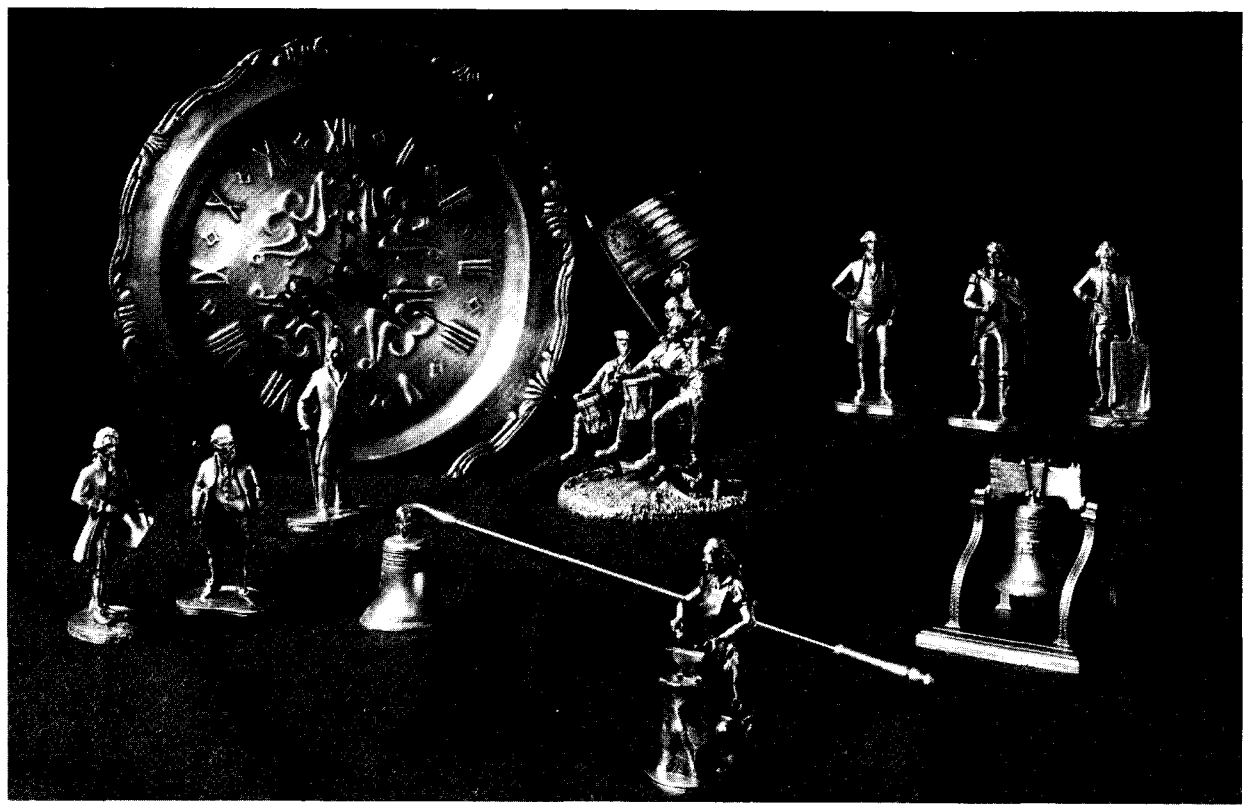
"Just before he drove off, my great-grandfather commented to the crowd, 'Looks to me as though the lights was burning mighty dim this morning, and the Reverend Magnanimous is particular about who he throws the lifeline to.' Then he clucked to the horse and got under way. Everybody watched until he turned the corner.

"For weeks after that there was scarce time to talk of weddings and funerals. Faith Gitchell's new hat from Boston, which set her back a month's egg money, was a complete failure. Newspapers stayed unread. The Reverend Magnanimous set down to write the Bishop, and then thought better of it. An interest in sailing flared up; men who ordinarily didn't get out on the water at all sailed into out-of-the-way coves and to isolated islands.

"A woman wouldn't have missed the weekly sewing circle if her house had been on fire. It was at one of those meetings that Aunt Sophie Stickle remarked, 'I always did think her voice was unearthly. It was beautiful—in a way—but it wasn't respectful and resigned. I sat next to her nearly every practice and never did feel easy. If I had only known . . .'

" 'There, there, Aunt Sophie,' Periwinkle Barnes consoled her, 'we all miss our opportunities. I was going to lift her to a better chair but "no ma'am," she wouldn't let anybody lift her but Capt'n Silas. Now we can guess why.'

" 'Have you noticed anything peculiar about him—Capt'n Silas, I mean?' Aunt Sophie whispered. 'He's beginning to catch fish when nobody else does. Comes in loaded to the gunnels every trip, and the rest of the fleet empty. And another thing, Hank Clifford helped him pull his traps last week and every trap was as crammed with lobsters as a sardine can. Lobsters don't act like that—not by themselves. I wouldn't say any-



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thing for the world, but I can guess how they got there—and why.'

"Periwinkle Barnes said, 'What I think is, that with anything as bewitching as that Thetis out on the water, we'd better take our menfolks up country and start raising potatoes. Still it wouldn't be right to leave the Reverend Magnanimous alone to fight the powers of Evil.'

" 'Excuse me for saying so,' broke in Mathilda Munch, 'but it looks to me as though some people were afraid of a little competition.' Mathilda's three husbands had all hated to leave this world.

"Aunt Sophie brushed off her dress and moved two inches away from the wicked Mathilda.

" 'To get back to what Periwinkle said,' Aunt Sophie purred piously, 'our pastor would be equal to the occasion. He's determined to place his duty above the flesh. He has the courage of his convictions, and neither man nor the awful forces of nature can make him hesitate.'

"Every Sunday that summer the Reverend Magnanimous stood in the church door till the last straggler was in, and then he locked it before going to the pulpit. During the sermon he would find some place to throw in a warning against 'the temptations which lie in unfathomed depths.' Capt'n Silas didn't try to go to church anymore, and it's unlikely that he would have gotten in.

"As the summer wore on, the compass needle of the Reverend Magnanimous Oakes began to wobble. He wasn't sleeping quite as well. His appetite was off. Sometimes in the middle of a sermon he would hesitate—something he had never done before—as though a shadow of doubt about his next statement had crossed his mind. He began to sit for hours in his study staring at the opposite wall, clenching his hands, and wrestling with the Devil.

"The reason for this muddle was that he had begun to wonder if he, himself, was not being used as an agency of the Evil Power he was supposed to be fighting. Was it possible that this creature called Thetis had a soul and wanted guidance?

"She had been modest and well behaved except for that one instance. She had lived naked for years and the habit must be difficult to throw off. No one had attempted to teach her better except that benighted Captain Stretcher. Our ancestors, Adam and Eve, wore no clothes in the Garden. Could not this girl be as innocent? What would Eve have done if she had been on the wharf that day in a dress which dragged on the ground? If a child's treasure had fallen in the water, wouldn't she have sacrificed her modesty to repair an innocent broken heart?

"Should he seek out this creature and invite her back to the church? Was this thought put in his mind by the Devil or was it his bounden duty?

"The Reverend Magnanimous began to look as if he was unraveling.

"Then one day late that fall the two notions about what he should do met head-on for a showdown. The schooner *Lily May* was going to be launched from Leggett's ways, and Magnanimous had been asked to do the christening. He got together a fleet of his church sisters and led them down through the main street of the village singing hymns fitting for the occasion. A more proper and sin-damning bunch of would-be saints you never saw.

"Everything went along without a riffle till they got close to the Harbor Tavern. There they came on to a crowd blocking the road. Forty or fifty young squirts hollering and yelling around something on the sidewalk. Some of their language wasn't for the delicate ears of the good sisters.

"Magnanimous walked up to the edge of the crowd and tapped a small boy on the shoulder. 'Pardon me, my son,' he said, 'what is the cause of this unseemly demonstration?'

"The boy didn't look around or recognize his questioner, but kept hopping up, trying to see over the heads of those in front of him. Magnanimous had to hold him down before the boy answered him impatiently, 'Where've you been, Mister? Hod Simmons caught the mermaid in his seine. She's in there on the sidewalk, without a stitch on. Give me a lift on your shoulders, Mister.'

"The Reverend Magnanimous drew back in horror. Then he charged into the crowd. His flock of gentle ladies followed him.

"At the small clear area in the center he came face to face with the shocking cause of the disturbance. Thetis was on the sidewalk. As the boy said, she didn't have a stitch on. The men surging around her pointed and screamed vulgar comments, frenzied by a forbidden spectacle. She was attempting to cover herself as best she could with her long golden hair. The terrified look on her face was enough to arouse the sympathy of any one of the men in the crowd had he been alone. But the mob spirit made them merciless.

"Hod Simmons was trying to pull her hair aside to satisfy the demands of the maddened mockers.

"Magnanimous stood for a moment staring, as in a nightmare, at the disgusting scene. He could argue with himself no longer as to whether this being was a human or a fish. The vital decision must be made at once.

"He looked back at the good women who had followed him into the crowd. He saw no charity in their faces, but repulsion for a monster. He, himself, had molded their minds to see this being as they did. If he now did what his heart was urging him to do, he would lose the respect of every decent person in town. It might undo all the good which he had accomplished since coming to the parish. And it had not been little. One way was right and the other the way of the Devil.

"He looked back at Thetis. She saw him now and shrank back toward Hod Simmons as to the lesser of two evils. Had he, the Reverend Magnanimous Oakes, so acted that he inspired such terror in a being in dire need of succor? Certainly he had gone wrong somewhere. This was not the role of a Christian.

"He cast aside all regard for the opinion of the world and stepped out in front of Hod Simmons. 'Unhand this child,' he said quietly.

"The taunts and shouting ceased. Hod Simmons straightened up and faced the new actor on the stage.

" 'What do you mean, unhand her? It's a fish, ain't it? I caught it, and I'll do what I want to with it. I'm going to put it in a cage and charge people for looking at it. There's a fortune in it.'

" 'Mr. Simmons,' Magnanimous said, 'This is a young lady. You shall not put her in a cage, nor expose her in any other way.'

" 'You kicked her out of the church, didn't you, Parson, because she was a monster?'

" 'I did, and I was wrong. I will now make amends.'

"At that the Reverend Magnanimous Oakes stooped and picked up the naked Thetis in his arms. For an instant he stood glaring at the mob, defying them to oppose him. Then without a further glance at Hod Simmons, he marched like a prophet of old, back through what had been his faithful followers, the ladies of the church.

"They pushed aside to form a lane for their lost leader and his scandalous burden. Minds conditioned for the possible were unable to believe that what they saw was normal. The simplest explanation was witchcraft, and Aunt Sophie acted for the others when she stepped back a pace and held up her right hand with two of her fingers crossed.

"They stood awestricken and wordless as they watched a new man march up the hill toward the church, carrying one of his lost lambs in his arms."

Captain Stretcher stopped his story there. "I guess that's all that's worth telling," he said. "I've rambled on past the point you wanted to know about. Age, I guess. Do you understand it now?"

The older investigator from the Society of Scientific Research smiled and said, "You needn't apologize. It was a very amusing story, but, as you say, many of the details are not necessary for our report. To get to the meat of the matter, I understand that you ascribe your webbed toes to the union of your great-grandfather, Silas Stretcher, with the mermaid, Thetis Merrow."

"Thunderation, no! Where did you get that idea?" the storyteller roared. "Capt'n Silas married Mathilda Munch. Thetis married my other great-grandfather, the Reverend Magnanimous Oakes, the first preacher to introduce swimming lessons in a Sunday school." ◻

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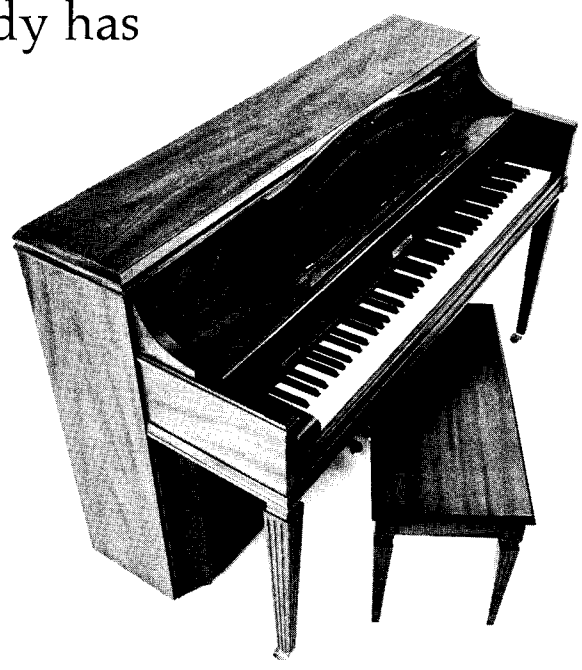

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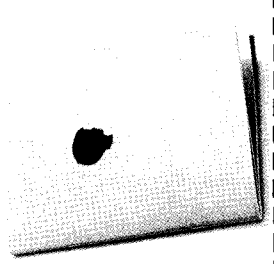

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Miss Rita

continued from page 32

came back. This time I felt it warm, painful but delicious. It went from my legs to my head, or vice versa.

On Saturday nights, we used to get together with other vacationers on the nearby farms and we had dances that lasted until the elders, yawning desperately, ordered us to stop. I didn't know how to dance but I tried it over and over with Matilde, and in two weeks I knew the fundamentals. I learned how much I loved to dance with her. She danced lightly and swiftly, touching my body and moving away, hitting her thighs with my thighs, interlacing her fingers with mine, swirling, gliding, breathing near me. I felt the insane impulse that I had the night I'd embraced Sara instead of Miss Rita.

On those nights, I used to go to bed and take Miss Rita out of my bag and place her against my chest, but I couldn't feel the shock.

Once asleep, I would dream of Matilde in a white dress whirling, spinning, twirling with her red hair flowing freely in the wind.

When the vacation was over, Matilde and I said good-bye with tears in our eyes and we promised to write to each other as soon as we got home.

And we came back home, Miss Rita with us, rolled up in my bag. I wrote to Matilde but I kept loving and talking to Miss Rita. In my dreams her mature beauty was sometimes clad in pigtails and blue jeans, and sometimes those dreams started with her and finished with Matilde. The two were always present giving each other qualities, looks, clothes, and I was in the center, seeing Matilde change into Miss Rita and Miss Rita transform into Matilde.

I kept writing to Matilde, but I never told her about Miss Rita. Somehow I thought she wouldn't understand. Nor did I talk with Miss Rita about Matilde. I had promised to marry her, travel with her, love her so many times that I didn't think she would understand either.

School started again in October and my brother, who by then was desperate because I had deserted him, made new friends and brought them home. I remained a solitary.

On one of their visits, Luis told his friends about my obsession with the calendar and they laughed until I thought their heads were going to roll off. My silly brother laughed along with them. I stood there blushing furiously, and hit Luis.

My father didn't punish me, as I was expecting and as Luis was urging him to do. Instead, he called me to the room where his desk with the stupid gold calendar was, closed the door and talked to me for one hour, without looking at me, about illusions, dreams, the flowers and the bees, friendship, the future. All mixed up and confusing for me, more because I thought he was very embarrassed himself. The only thing I got, very distinctly, was that he also once had an obsession with a photograph of a woman named Dolores Del Rio. I felt then very close to him because he had suffered as much as I.

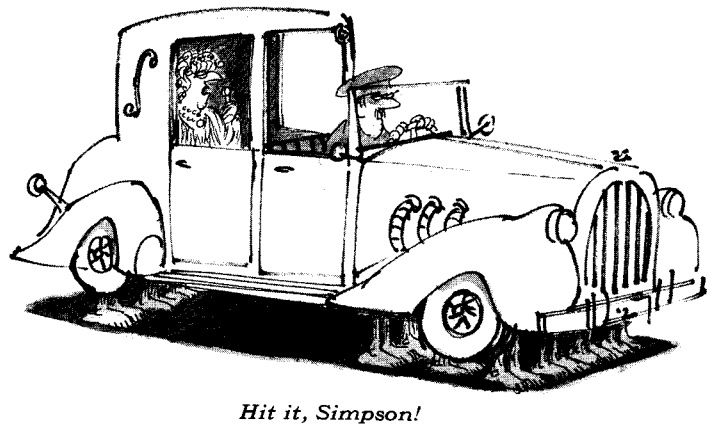
When I went to bed, I was feeling dizzy and unhappy. Miss Rita was looking worn out and, with the trip to the country, the paper was wrinkled and her face was marked with a crease. I gazed at her dejectedly and, moved by a strange force, I hit my fist against the picture until blood came out of my hand, smearing the smiling face of Miss Rita.

I dropped on my bed and sobbed. I was losing something and couldn't comprehend what.

That night I dreamed of Matilde alone.

Christmas came soon and I was invited by my cousins to spend the holidays with them. I accepted immediately because I was eager to see Matilde again. We welcomed the New Year of 1948 dancing, laughing, and I drinking a little bit and smoking my first cigarette. That night I kissed Matilde on the lips for a long time.

When I went back home, I found in the place where Miss Rita had been, a beautiful calendar with a glossy picture, not of a distant country, but of my own hometown.



Hit it, Simpson!

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Alaska

continued from page 66

mountains, as in the case of the Kennecott Copper lode, the richest the world has ever known. In 1916 the first trainload of copper ore hauled out by Kennecott paid for the entire cost of their railroad. Alaska still contains most of the United States' gold resources. In areas already explored, known deposits of mercury, silver, tin, chrome, and nickel, to name a few, exist in Alaska in commercial grades and quantities.

Coal is found in every geographical subdivision in the state. Alaska's energy potential from coal deposits is estimated to be equal to fifty Prudhoe Bay oil fields. The Interior Department believes that Alaska has over one *trillion* tons. Coal mining has been carried on in Alaska since 1855, when Russian colonists operated a mine at Port Graham on the Kenai Peninsula, before the United States bought Alaska from the Czar. Coal production is presently only 700,000 tons a year. This will be greatly increased. Of even more importance is the future utilization of Alaska's coal in conversion to gaseous fuel, synthetic crude oil and distillates. Refined coal is both ashless and low in sulphur content.

Alaska's waters have historically produced some of the world's finest seafood delicacies, such as king crab and silver salmon. Unfortunately, no effective international agreements have been reached to care for these resources wisely. Enormous fishing fleets from Japan and Russia, and recently from as far as Poland, harvest millions of pounds of salmon, crab, pollock, halibut, and other bottom fish while the Alaskan fishermen look on helplessly.

An Eskimo at Savoonga, on St. Lawrence Island, once stood beside his little skin boat and told me, gesturing toward the Russian "floating city" of fishing and factory ships, "They fish all the time, and we don't even know what's there."

Japanese and Russian scientists, however, have recently expressed concern over the dramatic depletion of the salmon runs. In the years immediately ahead some skillful negotiations are needed to ensure that these great resources are protected on a sustained-yield basis for future generations.

Wise use of all Alaska's resources will ultimately depend on the attitude of the people involved, whether they are lifelong residents or new arrivals. The Alaskan is an unusual person. He is one of 300,000 extremely independent individuals. Fifty-three percent of the voters in the state belong to no political party. They like to stand up on their own feet for what they believe.

People talk about apathy, but not in Alaska. Recently in Anchorage we had to choose among forty candidates for four openings on the School Board. There were thirteen candidates for Borough Mayor.

I have never known an area where the people have such a community of spirit. Part of the reason is the unique climate. The lore of the North Country has always drawn people together. Many times survival depends on it. The winters are long, and you have to learn to get along with your neighbor. On the other extreme, the summers can get as hot as 100°F in areas where the mosquitoes breed in the muskeg by multiples of a million. No one pretends that life is easy, but it is in the hardship and the challenge that the Alaskan spirit and mentality have been forged.

Man will not change the Arctic as much as the Arctic will change man. It sharpens the senses to the wonders of nature and God; it dulls the senses to the bitterness of the elements. The result is an enthusiastic breed of men and women. Those who hate it leave. Those who love it stay.

Industrious people are drawn here, people who work hard and play hard. Alaska will never have a population of ten million, but I do see a million inhabitants within a lifetime, a hardy, robust people living in clean cities like those in Scandinavia.

Future Alaskans will break away from the temperate-zone mentality to build a culture that fits the climate. No group will have more influence on this transition than the 60,000 members of the Alaska native community—Eskimos, Indians, and Aleuts.

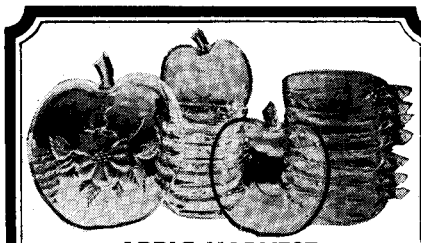
Unlike the first Americans in the rest of the country, few of the Alaskan natives live on reservations. They have never had title to their land. After fifty years of struggle, they are finally coming into their own with the settlement of the Native Land Claims—the right to the land on which they live.

Some people say the Eskimos have much to learn. I say they have much to teach. It is high time the white man found the humility to listen and learn.

There will be three main groups of people who will come to Alaska in the years ahead. There will be the skilled worker—the man who can handle a tough job in tough conditions. There will be the enterprising person who puts together men, money and ideas. And there will be the person I call the "searcher."

A searcher is a combination of the dreamer and the doer, the contented man and the ambitious man, all molded into one. He is a man who no matter what he accomplishes isn't satisfied. He fits the never-satisfied climate of this land.

In all three categories, the new age in this part of the world requires unique men. It is a unique country, we have a unique challenge. What an opportunity to do it right!



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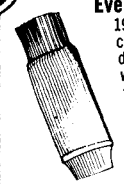

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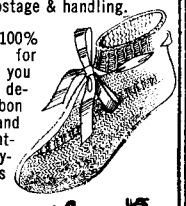

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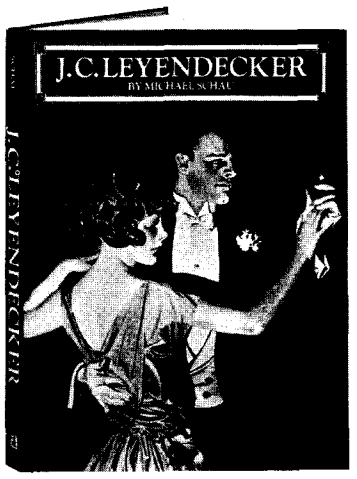

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Twice As Good

continued from page 79

"Not much bike for a hundred dollars," Bernard said, making sure the man in bib overalls behind us heard.

"It's a hundred and a quarter," the man corrected tonelessly.

"Back tire's almost flat," Bernard said. "Slow leak." He stuck his finger inside the exhaust pipe. "It's using oil. You let us start it?"

The man nodded. I switched on the gas and ignition, then kicked down. The engine sputtered. "The battery's just run down," the man said. "Get the battery charged and it'll start."

"I'll give you a hundred for it," I said. "Just the way it is."

"BJ!" Bernard gasped.

"Don't know." The man wiped his nose. "My son wanted me to get a hundred and a quarter out of it."

Bernard grabbed my arm and marched me to the garage door. "Have you flipped?" he whispered fiercely. "The thing won't even start. You're gonna lose a lot of hard-earned bread if you buy that thing!" With his hands on his hips he stood back and glared at me. He looked like he was ready to bawl. I walked away and examined the motorcycle again.

"A hundred's all I got," I told the man.

"Take it," he snapped.

I began to laugh, but Bernard wouldn't even smile. I pulled the crumpled money from my boot. "Sign the title," Bernard said. "And write her a bill of sale if you don't mind."

I pushed the bike halfway across Blennerhast before Bernard offered to help. At the stockyards I found the hog man and persuaded him to give us and the bike a lift back to town.

Outside, we sat on the fender of his pickup and waited. Bernard concentrated on licking his lips. He eyed me carefully. "You believe in God?" he blurted out.

"Sure."

"You ever pray?"

"Sure," I said, then added, "mostly when I'm at church."

He lowered his voice. "You want to pray for me?"

I nodded.

"I'm going to write a letter to my dad," he said, and I could see his Adam's apple bobbing. "But I think it's going to take more than that."

I paid two dollars to use the battery charger at Pokey's. When we took the battery home and hooked it up, the Honda purred like a kitten. I cheerfully offered Bernard the first ride. George and Cassius began to

"Isn't five minutes a long time for them to be sizing us up through the peekhole?"

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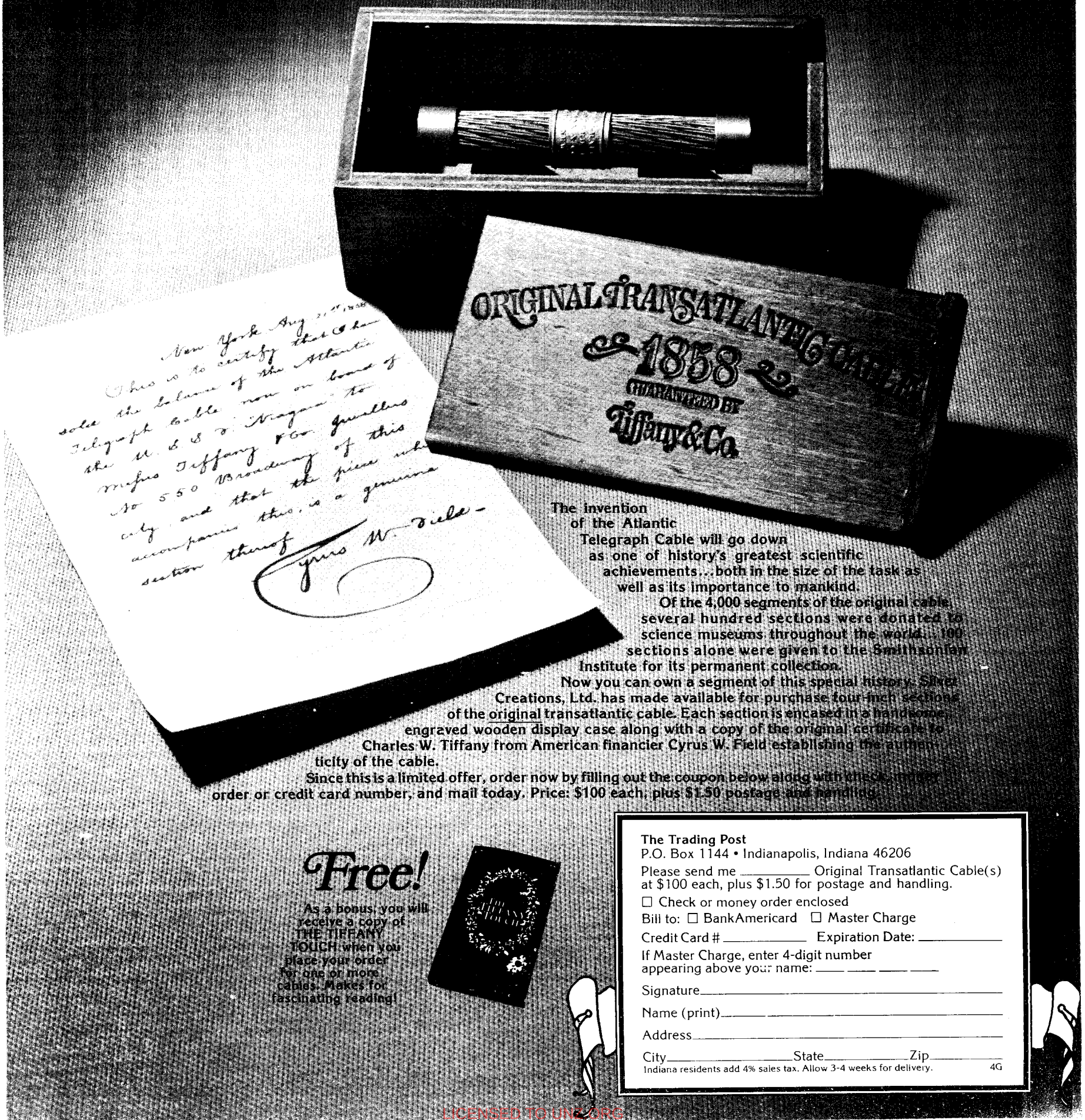

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whoop and yell as Bernard pulled into the field. Then I heard him say, "It's BJ's." Bernard returned the bike and silently hopped off the seat. I let Neily take a ride.

Neily was nineteen, but she was a good sister. She knew everything and she could do anything. She rode the bike like she invented it. She flew down the field, whipped it around, made the gears jump one-two-three-four, and slid sideways in the dirt. She was still laughing heartily when she brought the bike back to me. It was my turn.

I kicked the shifter, gripped the throttle, and suddenly it was just me and the bike, alone in that long world of green stretching out forever. I felt the tires turn, heard the roar rise, watched the wind whip my face. The ground rushed below me and the sky blurred to dripping blue liquid. I leaned over the handlebars and listened to the wild, deep drone of the engine. Flying down the field, I felt as if something inside me had burst wide open from pure joy.

I had never been in love, and suddenly I was in love. I had never prayed for a miracle, and suddenly there was a miracle. He called on a Sunday afternoon about two weeks later. He was so excited his voice rose like a bluejay's chatter. His mom finally took the phone and explained. It was a BSA—a small one, she kept repeating—and his father brought it that morning.

I didn't like Bernard's father, although I'd seen him only a few times. He was divorced from Bernard's mom and he never came around except on Christmas and sometimes Thanksgiving. He was tall and skinny like Bernard, and he had an egg-shaped bald spot on the top of his head. I saw him drinking coffee in the doorway as I walked up to the house.

The BSA was brand new. No scratches, no dents, no paint chips. Bernard rubbed the fender with an old sock. When he saw me he ran over, picked me up, and gave me a big, sloppy kiss on the forehead. I tried to hug him back but he had already walked back to the bike.

That evening there were six motorcycles in the field: two Hondas, a Kawasaki, a Triumph without a back fender, a welded-together Zundapp, and a shiny new BSA.

It started three weeks later. We raced, we argued. We raced, we accused each other of cheating. One evening Cassius and George were off their bikes and circling each other with fists ready when Sampson yelled, "Let's have a real race!"

They both looked up and Cassius yelled, "All right, but a real race—a cross-country race!"

It snowballed. We drew straws to see who would map out the course. The next day Catgut and Sampson displayed a map on a piece of cardboard. "No roads," they said, "just the tractor path behind Wilson's barn." No one but Cassius was sixteen anyway, and he just had his learner's permit. The entire course ran through fields, creek beds, woods, and up and down hills. "And no-

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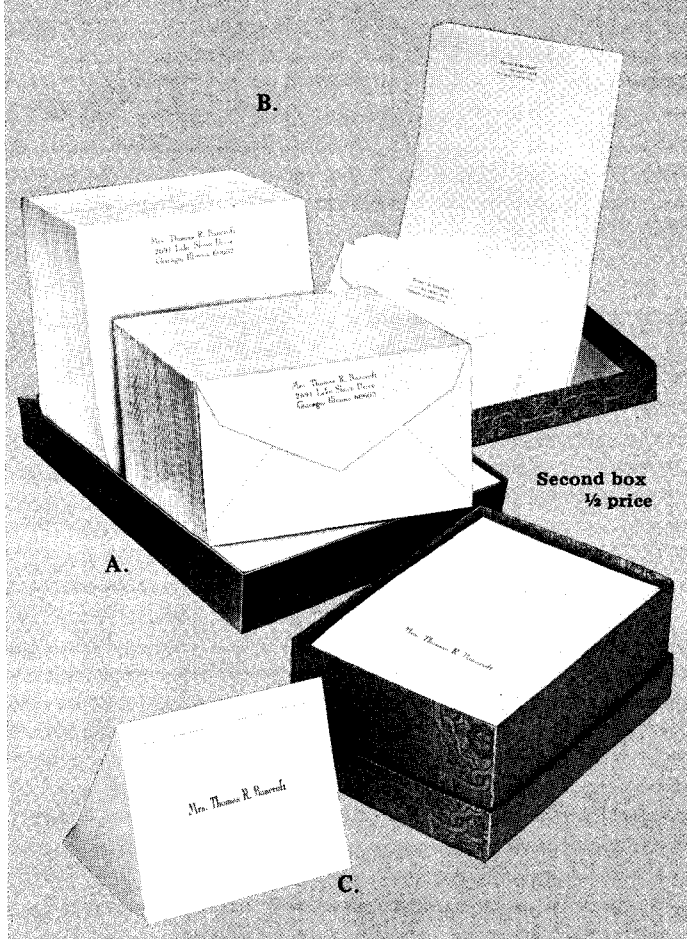

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body better be practicing," Cassius warned us. "Anybody that goes out on this field before the race is disqualified."

The date of the race hinged on the next rain. We argued louder and watched the sky. One evening I asked them about tools. Cassius and George had a packet of tools under the seat for emergencies. The rest said they could get tools. I wailed that I didn't have any.

"Listen, BJ," Cassius said. "You don't have to . . . I mean we'll understand if you don't want to go through with it. I mean, you're the only girl. . . ."

"Are you outa your mind?" I yelled. Everyone was quiet, listening. "Is there any law that says a girl can't ride in a cross-country race? I'll bet you ten bucks there's no such dumb law. Come on, we'll go over to my house and write a letter to the AMA. . . ."

The following Tuesday a cold rain beat down, lightning cut the sky, and the wind snapped dead limbs from the trees. Wednesday it slacked off to a drizzle, and by Thursday after school the sun was out. There were six muddy, slippery bikes in the field. "Saturday at noon," Cassius said. "Spread the word!"

Friday evening we put on boots and walked the race course. We took scraps from a red shirt and marked the muddiest, roughest, meanest five miles we could find. The boys followed me home to see the new set of

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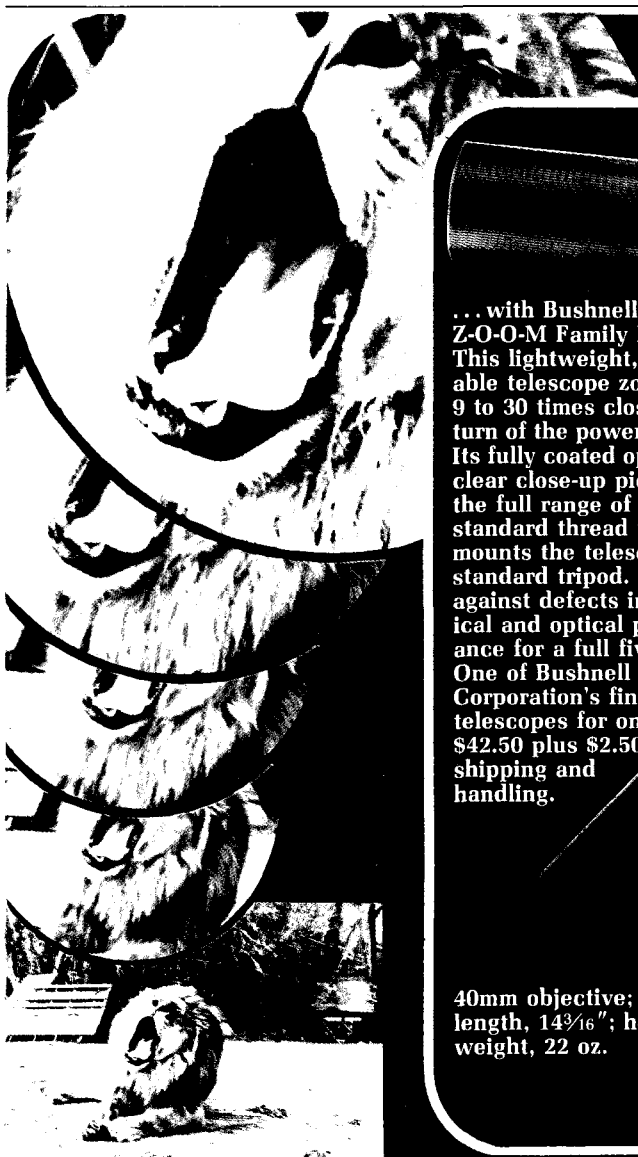

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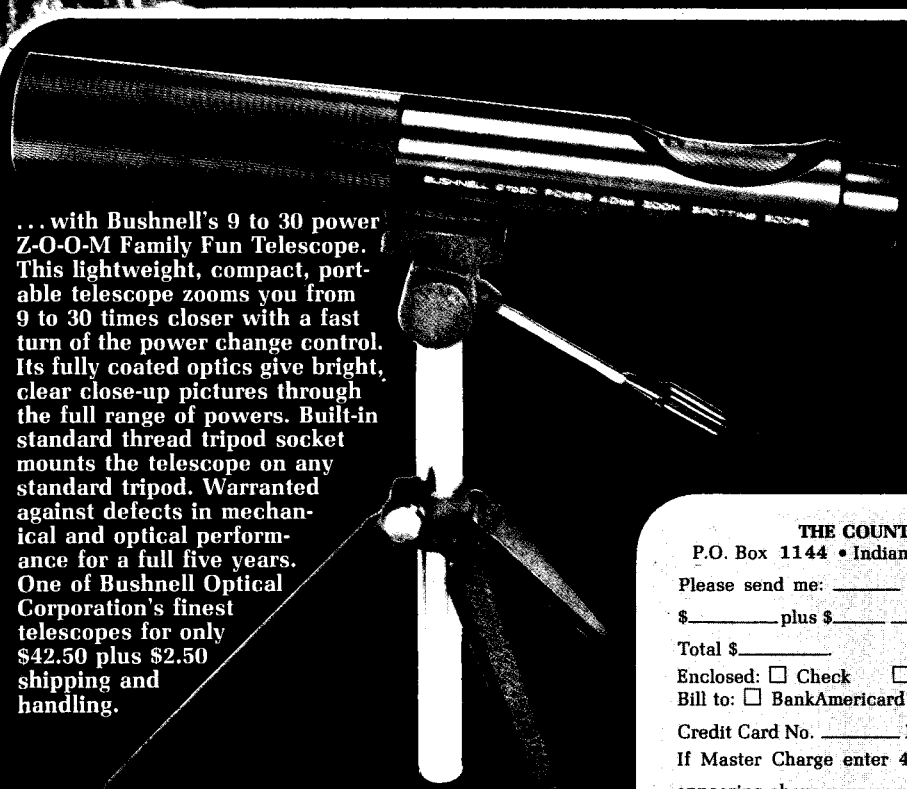

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tools Neily had bought for me.

They were helping me pick out the most important pieces for the race when Neily and Fuzz-Head (that's what Dad called him) came out of the house. They didn't see us. They were laughing and holding hands. Neily's hair jumped across her shoulders and I knew it smelled like the lemon shampoo she kept on her dresser. She slid into the car, then turned to smile at Fuzz-Head. She looked beautiful.

We all watched. No one said a word until Fuzz-Head pulled his Corvette out of the driveway.

Cassius coughed. "I wonder," he drawled, "what goes there."

The rest of them exchanged glances.

Sampson hummed.

They laughed.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I demanded.

"Forget it," Cassius grinned.

"Get out of here!" I spat. "You ought to be put in a sty and fed potato peelings!"

Slowly, still grinning, they filed out of the yard.

"Me too?" Bernard asked.

I grunted.

"Walk over home with me?"

I wiped my greasy hands and followed him out of the yard. Bernard was silent until we sat down on the wooden bench in front of his mom's restaurant. He cleared his throat and whispered, "I called my dad last night. He's coming."

"Coming where?" I growled.

"To the race! I didn't even think he'd be interested but he's even going to break an appointment to come."

"I didn't know we were going to have spectators," I said sarcastically.

"Everybody's talking about it—even the people that come in the restaurant." Bernard lowered his voice. "BJ, who do you think will really win?"

I shrugged. "Cassius, probably."

"I wish I'd win," Bernard whispered. Suddenly his voice was a bluejay again. "I gotta win this race! I have to! You know my dad never gave me anything but five bucks every Christmas for as long as I can remember and now he's given me this bike and it's hard to tell what might happen if. . . ."

I frowned. "So why're you telling me all this?"

Bernard looked down on his muddy boots. "Your Honda runs. . . ."

"So what do you want me to do?" I asked. "Lose on purpose?"

I waited for Bernard to laugh. "That was a joke," I instructed.

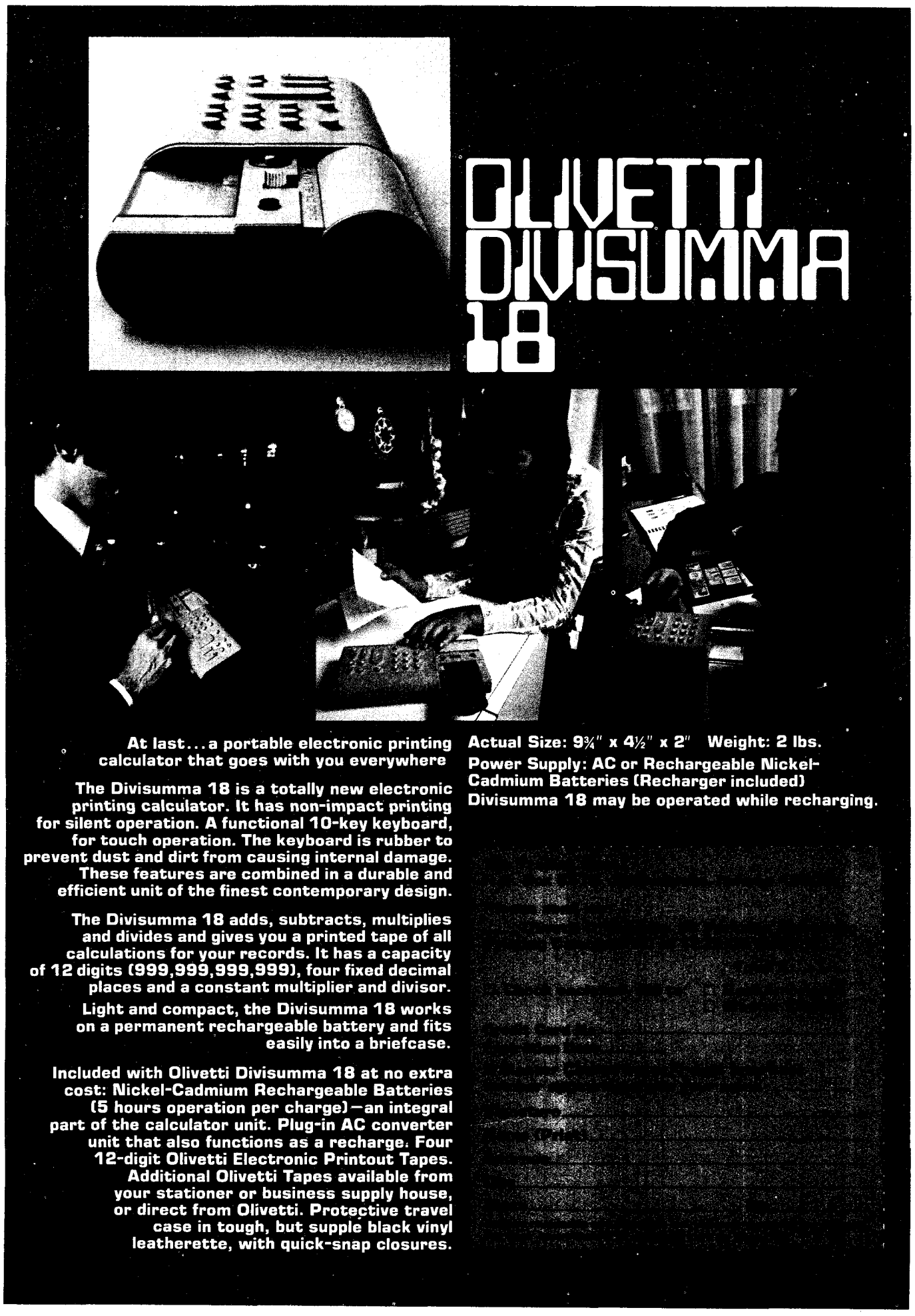
Bernard didn't raise his head. "Don't get mad, BJ, but can you imagine what my dad would think if a girl beat me?"

"If you lost, what'd make the difference who beat you?"

"You don't understand." Bernard shook his thin, white hands. "Please understand."

"I might understand," I said slowly, "but I don't want to understand, so I'm not going to understand."

Bernard licked his lips.



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His voice was low and tight. "You'd rip off your best friend, wouldn't you? You'd rip off anybody if you thought you'd have a chance to win."

I looked away. Suddenly I wanted to remind Bernard of grade school and the kids I smacked when they teased him, and my giving him the first ride on the Honda, and the time in the sixth grade we tattooed each other's initials in India ink on the bottoms of our feet. I wanted to remind him of a hundred things, but all I could do was shake my head.

I began walking home, and Bernard kept yelling and screaming at my back. I was at the end of the block before Bernard's mom ran out of the restaurant and knocked him on the head.

I was watching the all-night movies when Neily came in. Her hair was bushed up and I knew that if she wore lipstick it would have been smeared all over her face. She grinned, but she stopped when she saw me. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," I muttered.

She started grinning again and went to the kitchen. "Want a Pepsi?"

"No."

She flopped down in the chair, hung her legs over one arm and her head over the other. I watched the Pepsi slip down her creamy throat. I thought of this evening, and I burst out, "Neily, why are boys so dumb?"

She laughed. "You just realize that? Hey, aren't there any vampire movies on tonight?"

"No," I said. "Why is it when they do something it's all right, but if a girl does the same thing, it's not all right?"

Neily straightened up, and the look on her face told me she knew what I was talking about. "Men are dumb," she said, "because women let them be."

I nodded thoughtfully.

"Do you understand?" she asked. "Women encourage it. But you haven't any right to complain if you're not willing to do something about it. Anything a woman does, to get any recognition, she has to do it twice as good as a man. Like your race." She gave me her soft smile. "That's why I want you to win."

"Yeah, but Neily. . . ." I scratched my head. "If I win, I'll win because I've got a good bike and I'm a good rider. Being a girl won't have anything to do with it."

"But if you lose?" Neily asked. "Nobody will realize you lost because your bike isn't fast and you haven't ridden much. They'll think you lost because you're the only girl in the race."

I shook my head. "There's no way to win, is there?"

"There's only one way to win at this game," she said. "And that's by always winning."

Dad didn't go to Blennerhast for groceries that Saturday as he usually did. He walked out to the field with me. It was barely ten o'clock and already people were standing around in the mud. "The old guys down at Pokey's are even taking bets," I told him. "I'm one and four."

"You're the favorite with this bookie," he said and kissed my cheek. He walked away and shook hands with Bernard's father.

We ran time trials, five laps around the field. I got the number three position. I smiled at Bernard when he won fifth start, but he wouldn't even look at me. Someone blew a whistle and George took off across the field.

Catgut left soon after, and that's when something happened to my stomach. Everything was blurry and the noise from the engines seemed miles away. I thought I was going to show the whole town how Dad cooked eggs for breakfast. Then I got the signal. I took off, back tires sliding in the mud, across the empty field.

I heard Neily yelling like a wild woman.

It was downhill and flop, slide, sink, and slip. The trees were a solid brown blur. The music of the motorcycles was everywhere—behind, beside, ahead, and below me. I blinked mud out of my eyes and pulled back on the throttle so hard my knuckles ached.

The cornfield was a maze. The rows of dying leaves rose up and made a solid yellow wall with no openings. I rode over and up, over and up, trying to catch sight of the gate. I saw a flash of a fender or a wheel through the rows, and I knew the others were lost too. I rode through the gate at the same time as Catgut.

The next field was smooth running, the only spot on the course any time could be gained. I stood up on the foot pegs to see over the tall weeds. All six bikes were together here, spread out and flying madly toward the brush at the end of the field. I hunched down over the handlebars and braced my knees against the bumps. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground.

I don't know how long I lay there, but I think I was waiting for the rest of them to turn around and help me. The Honda lay on its side, sputtering sadly. I stood up. My elbow ached and cow manure covered my jacket. I remounted, clicked the gears, and roared into the brush.

Low shrubs and vines tangled everywhere. I left the knee of my jeans on a blackberry bush as I finally rode out to the tractor path. George was now in the lead, far ahead, and Bernard was the only one close to him.

Sampson sat in the middle of the road frantically trying to put his chain back on the sprocket. Catgut, Cassius, and I chased each other through the mud, then whipped left and followed the tall steel of the power lines.

Along the edge of the creek bed George stood beside his Zundapp.

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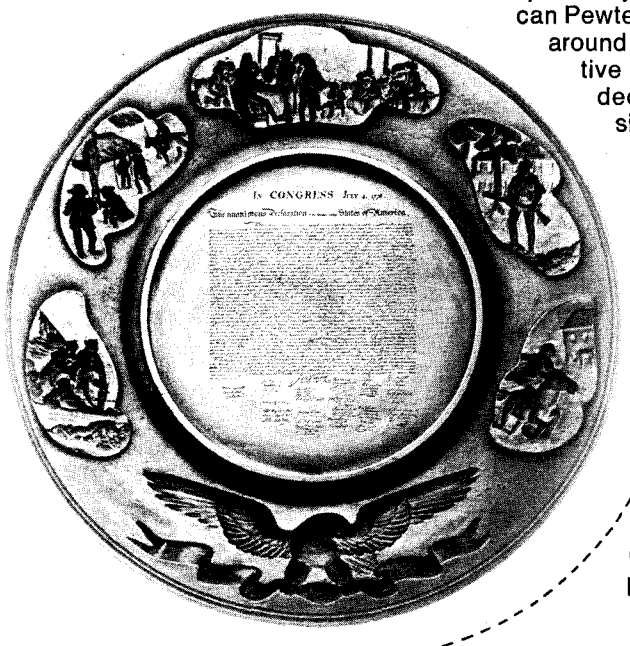

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The engine was dead. "Don't get in the deep water," he yelled to Catgut, behind me. "It'll get wet and drowned out."

Bernard's tires had left a slimy path along the edge of the water. Mud flew up all around like a brown snowstorm. I stayed on, going slow, and slipped into the water only if I could see bottom. Behind me Catgut pushed his bike in a dead run. "Quit throwing mud!" he screamed.

I pulled tighter and felt the thick tread of my tires digging in. Catgut's angry screaming grew dimmer. Farther back, I heard a splash, then Cassius's enraged yells. In the creek's narrow valley there were only the putters of a Honda and a Triumph, but the Triumph's music was growing dimmer.

I was sure Bernard had won.

Ahead, I heard nothing. I knew he had probably already crossed the short field and was heading down the wooded hill to the track.

I don't remember riding the next mile and a half. The track and the mud and the bike blurred. I came to the edge of the field that led to the last hill. He stood beside his bike and it was several minutes before I realized who it was.

"Busted tire," Bernard said.

"Get back on," I said. "ride it on the rim the rest of the way."

He didn't take his eyes from the tire. "It won't go through the mud."

I got off my Honda and held it up by the handlebars. "Get on," I said. "Ride mine the rest of the way."

"Get lost," he growled.

"Is there any law that says you've got to come in on the same bike you left on? I'll bet you ten bucks we never made any such law. Get on, I mean it!"

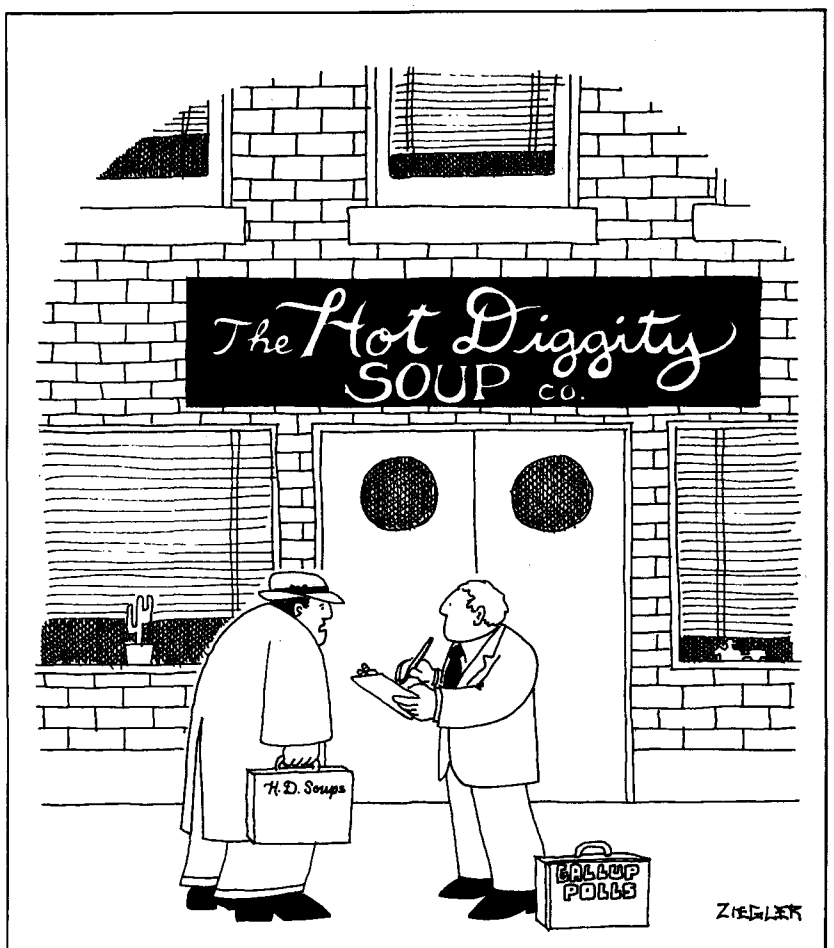
"Ha!" he spat. "You don't mean it and we both know you don't."

His words sent a cold, miserable clot to my stomach. He was right. We'd been friends too long for lying.

I turned and rode into the woods at the top of the hill. I stopped and leaned my foot against a tree. My nose ran and my eyes ran. I wiped my eyes with my jacket and smeared cow manure across my forehead. I tried to wipe it away and spread it along my cheek.

I didn't see it—I didn't even hear it—until it popped over the hill. Suddenly there was Cassius's huge, grinning face flying toward me. Everything was a blur, but I was going downhill and the music of another bike was close behind. I shut my eyes and pulled back on the throttle. It was like the first time I rode the Honda, as that gigantic ball of wildness burst inside me.

I came down off the hill, down into that big brown eye in the center of the field. In the few seconds between when I stopped my bike and the people ran out, I wiped cow manure and tears from my face, and wondered how long it would be before that game was won, and I could stop always having to win.



"Ask me chowder. Ask me consommé! Ah, the stories I could tell about vichyssoise. Gazpacho! The legends of gazpacho! You never ask me a damn thing about gazpacho . . ."

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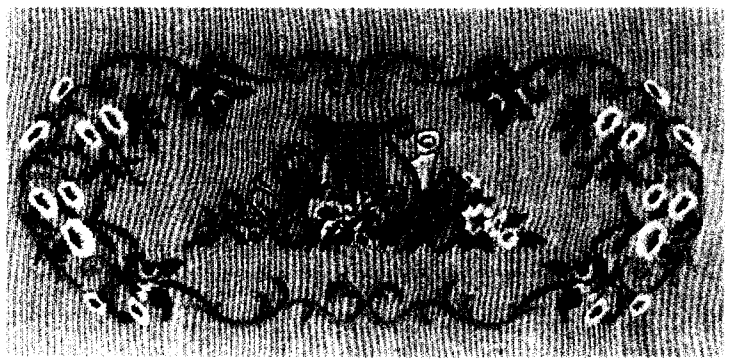

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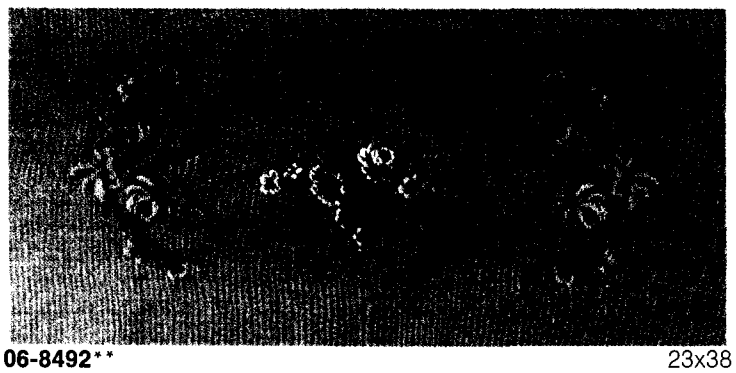

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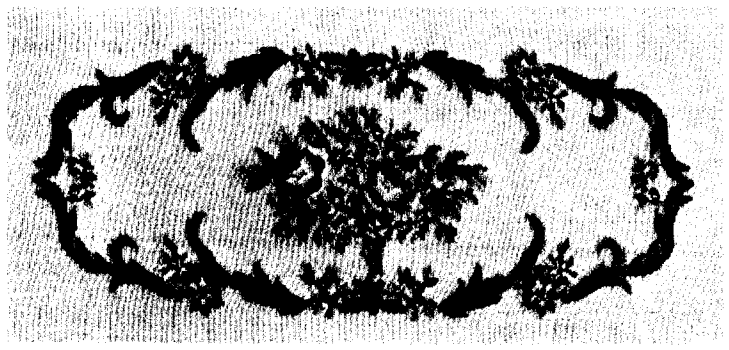

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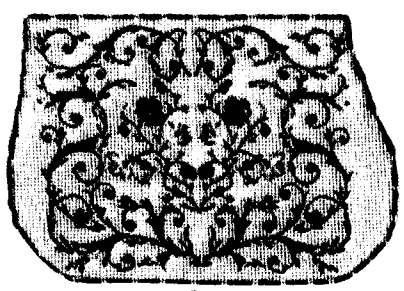

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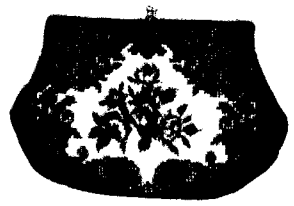

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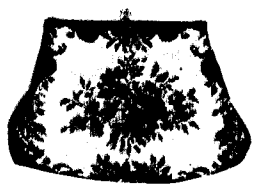

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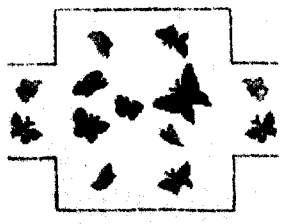

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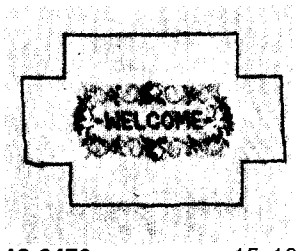

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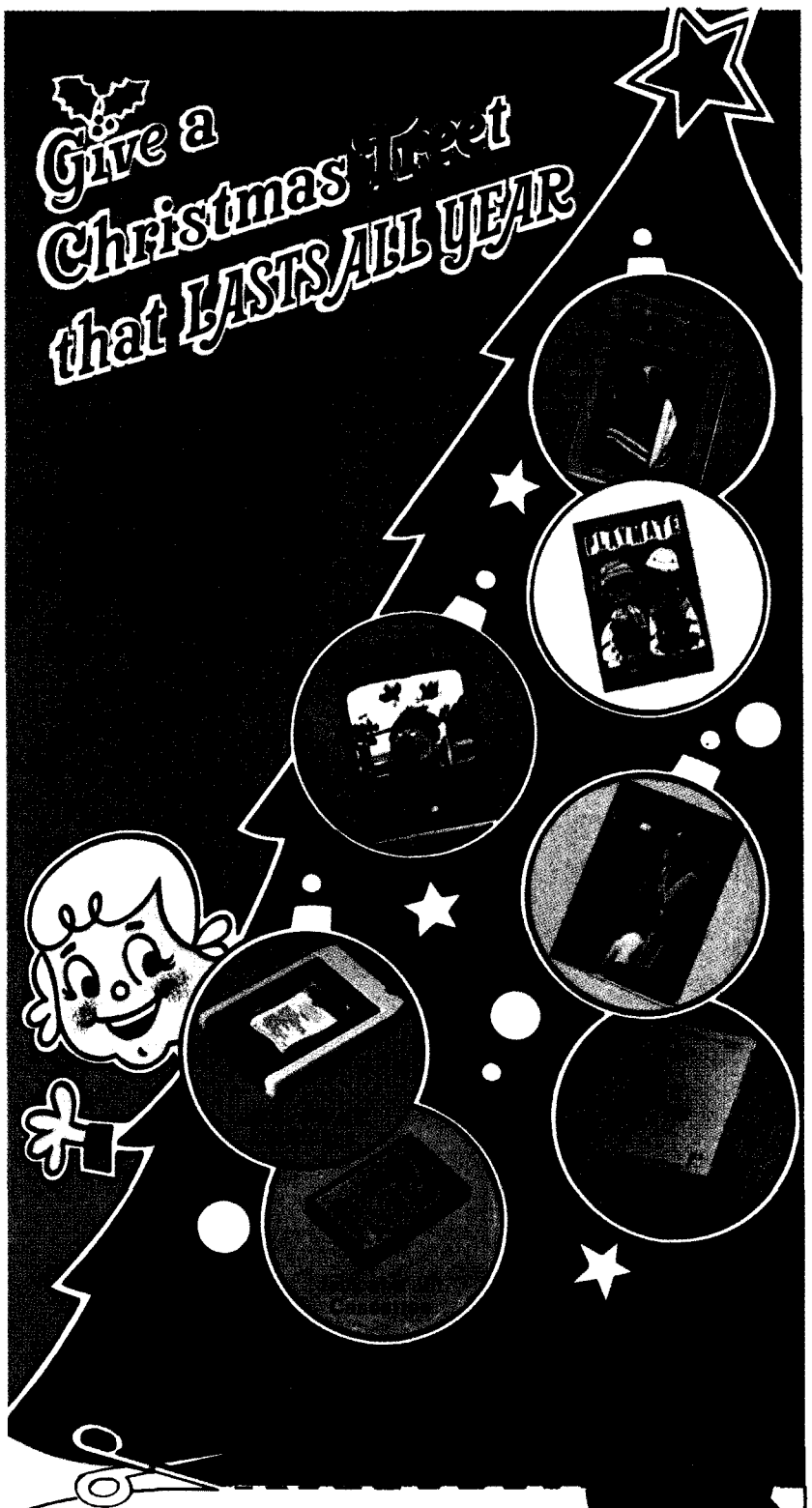

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The Pall

continued from page 61

tenderly touched her child, pausing on each glaring red wound left by the hook. The look on her face grew to shock and incomprehension. Her eyes traveled vacantly over the deputy's face, then focused on the rope dangling idly from his hand. Sorrow deepened in her eyes until they were black against her white face.

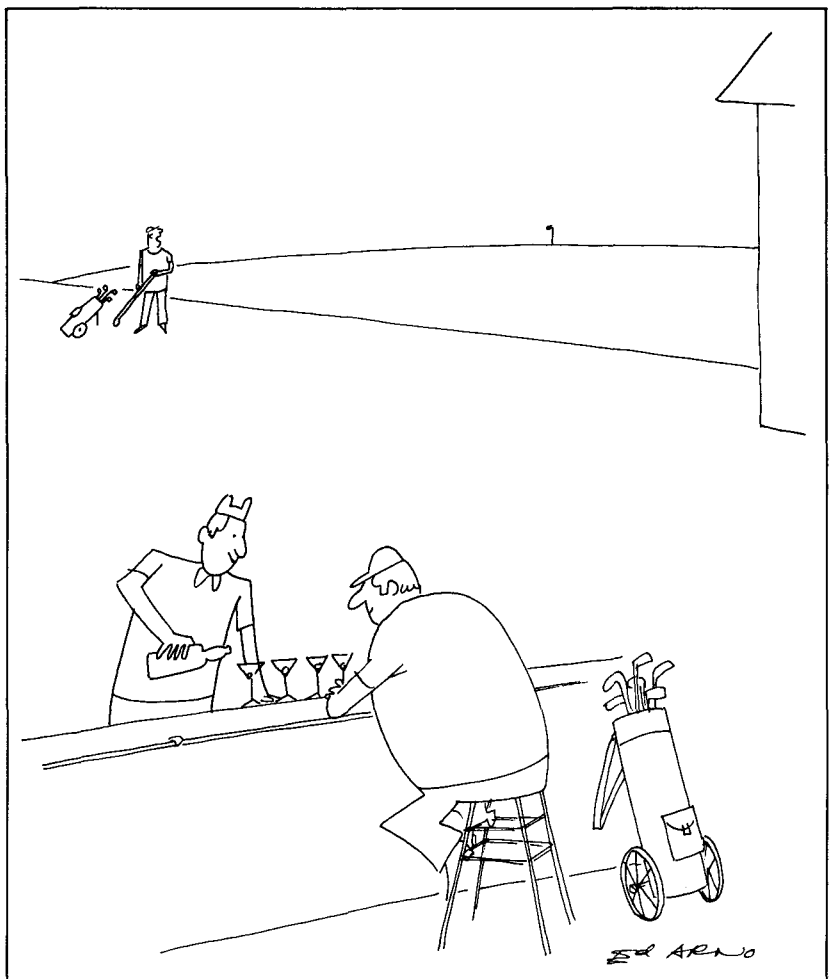
Slowly she untied her yellow ruffled apron that looked strangely out of place, like a laugh at a funeral, and covered the head and shoulders of the corpse. Then she stood between it and the crowd, protecting her child from their stares, as tears slid down her face to splash on the sand.

As though hypnotized by her quiet grief, we all stepped away. One man, who'd been on the road, ran to his pickup and came back with a dog blanket with bits of fur and straw sticking to it.

Wordlessly he offered it to her and wordlessly she took it, kneeling again. She covered the body completely, stopping to tuck under a bit of ruffle that was waving in the breeze.

At last, the deputy found his voice, but it lacked its former heartiness. "O.K., you folks, go along home now." But he needn't have said a word, because half of them were already in their cars.

A man ahead of me reached for his little girl, who looked about six, and was trudging up the bank. He cradled her against his chest for a moment, then brushed her brown, stringy hair with his cheek, and set her down again. As she ran off down the road, he turned as I did, to look one final time to the beach and Mrs. MacDonald telling her Sherry goodbye.



"You're right on the ball today, Morgan."

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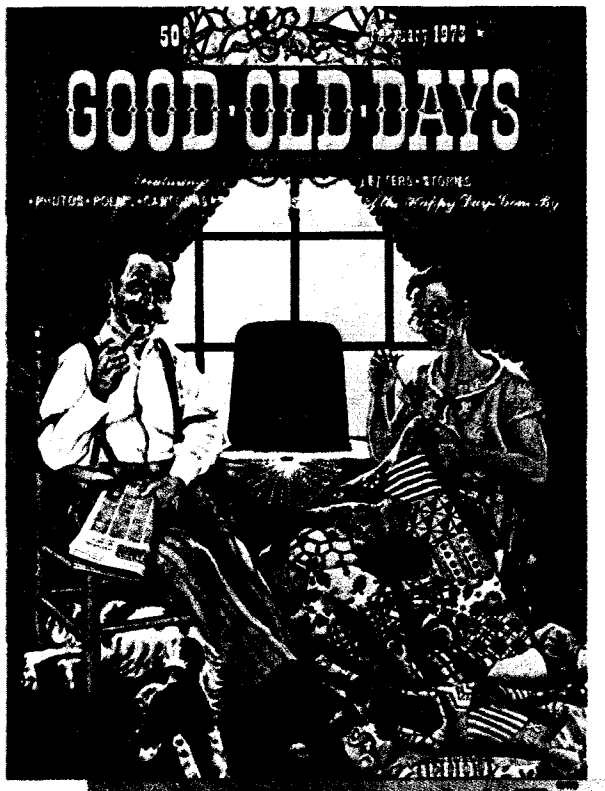

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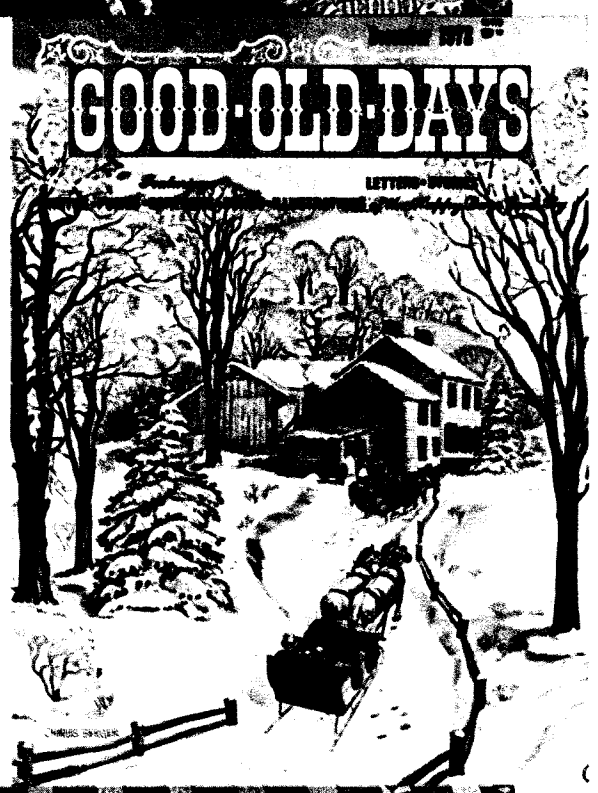

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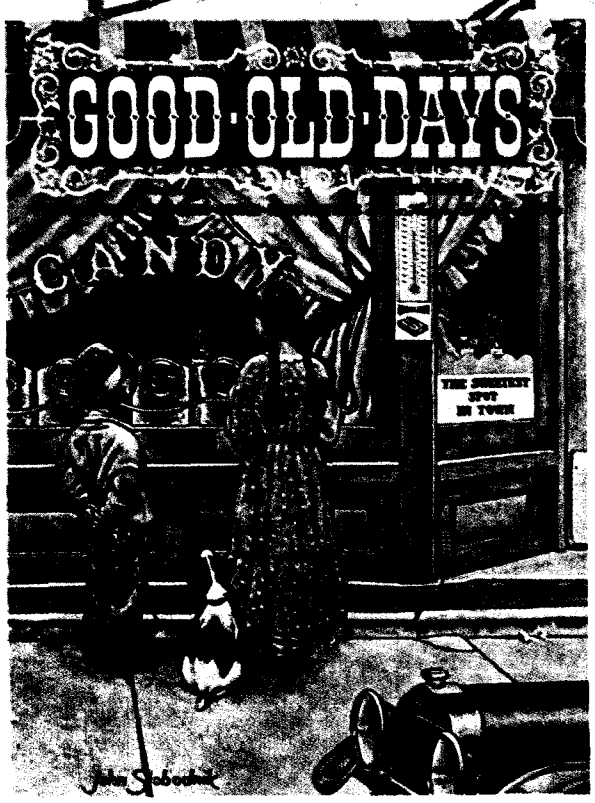

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World Series

continued from page 71

the club's manager for most of the season, he had been fired, and the players didn't vote him a share of the World Series money. Also, they had not been very generous to Mark Koenig, an infielder who had come up from the minor leagues and been a big help in their pennant drive. The Yankees, especially, reacted to the Koenig situation, because Koenig had played for New York earlier.

The mood for the whole Series was set as the Cubs came on the field in Yankee Stadium before the first game. It was Ruth who yelled over to Koenig, sitting on the Cubs' bench, "Hiya, Mark. Who's that bunch of cheapskates with you?" From that point on, the bench jockeying was really rugged.

In the third game, played in Chicago, Ruth came to bat against Charley Root, a very good right-hander. Ruth swung at the first pitch and missed. Then he held up one finger, pointing in the direction of right field. The believers say he was pointing to where he would hit the ball. The nonbelievers say he held up the one finger to indicate that it was only one strike. Ruth took the next pitch, a called strike. Again he held up the finger, and the believers kept believing and the nonbelievers claim that he was indicating that he still had one strike left.

It all became academic after the next pitch. Ruth swung and the ball followed the direction he had pointed. It cleared the fence and became the home run where Babe Ruth "called his shot."

I didn't see that shot by Babe Ruth, but I remember one ball that I saw hit in a World Series, and I don't know if I ever saw a ball hit harder in my life. The Dodgers were playing the Yankees and Frank Howard came to bat against "Whitey" Ford. It was a perfect meeting of the minds—and a perfect meeting of the bat and the ball. Ford threw the pitch just where Howard swung, and Howard, who weighed 275 pounds, seemed to get every ounce into that swing. Just that quickly, the ball boomed off the center field fence and rocketed back toward the infield. Howard hit the ball so hard that he was able to get only a double.

After that game, in the Yankee clubhouse, Ford walked over to Mickey Mantle and, with a straight face, said, "I thought you should have gotten that ball that Howard hit." Mickey laughed and said, "I'll tell you the truth. I was afraid to get in front of that ball when it was on its way *back*."

It might be considered normal that a meeting of two champions would provide exhibitions of skill but not many surprises. In the case of the World Series, that isn't true. It never has been. I suppose that if, in a modern World Series, an unknown pitcher would get the juicy assignment to pitch the first game, somebody would say that it was just another example of how expansion had watered down the game. Or, if a club couldn't hold an eight-run lead in a World Series, somebody would wish we could go back to the "good old days" when ball players were really ball players.

How far back *were* those good old days? Forty-five years ago, maybe? That was 1929 and there was no expansion, no television and, as the country was soon to find out, no bottom in the stock market. Anyway; that 1929 World Series matched the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics. Although his pitching staff included men like Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw and Rube Walberg, Connie Mack's choice for the pitching assignment in the first game was a guy named Howard Ehmke. Not exactly a household name in America. As a matter of fact, not that well known in Philadelphia. Ehmke had pitched only two complete games all year.

While everyone tried to figure out what Mister Mack was thinking by starting an unknown, Ehmke went to work, won the game 3-1, and set a new World Series record by striking out thirteen men.

In Game No. 4 of that Series, the Cubs came into the bottom of the seventh inning leading 8-0 behind the ace of their staff, Charley Root. When the seventh inning ended, the Athletics led 10-8. And that's the way the game ended. In addition to the Philadelphia bats, the cause was helped by Cubs' right fielder Hack Wilson, who lost two fly balls in the sun.

The legend is that after that game, the Cubs were coming out of the Philadelphia ball park and a youngster asked Manager Joe McCarthy for a baseball. McCarthy replied, "Come out tomorrow, son, and stand in the outfield next to Wilson. You'll be able to pick up all you want."

I'm sympathetic to outfielders who have trouble during a World Series. I guess that's because of a play that Yogi Berra made in the 1961 Series against Cincinnati. Yogi was playing left field in that Series—Elston Howard was the Yankee catcher—and the ground in left field in the old Cincinnati ball park (Crosley Field) had quite a slope. It was very tricky even for guys who were used to it. On one ball hit out there, Yogi came charging in, stuck out his glove, and the ball went right between his legs.

When I saw him in the clubhouse later, he looked at me and started to laugh. He said, "Joe, if that ball had been two feet higher, it would have torn my head off."

Certainly a big part of the mystique of a World Series is the drama that keeps coming up. In the 1947 World Series, there were three men who made a permanent niche for themselves. Brooklyn outfielder Al Gionfriddo was one. He made a running, twisting catch of a ball hit by Joe DiMaggio right in front of the left-field bullpen. You still see that catch on television.

Then there was Floyd Bevens, the Yankee pitcher who came within one out of pitching the first no-hit game in World Series history. Instead, he threw a pitch that Cookie Lavagetto hit off the scoreboard, which drove in two runs and cost the Yankees the game. Bevens is still remembered for coming close, and Lavagetto for keeping Bevens from immortality.

The credit for making the World Series what it is should go, in large part, to the newspapers. They have been the medium for a lot of years and have made memorable contributions. One of the great headlines of newspaper history concerned baseball. The Brooklyn Dodgers were in a lot of World Series, but had never won one. The battle cry in Brooklyn was always "Wait until next year." It was said so often that it became a joke, especially among fans who rooted *against* the Dodgers.

Then came 1955. Johnny Podres won the seventh game, 2-0, and the Dodgers finally were the World Champions. *The Brooklyn Eagle* ran in giant type across the top of page one: "THIS IS NEXT YEAR."

Part of the press coverage has been the assigning to the World Series of guys who were not exactly followers of the game. They showed up frequently in post-game interviews. Like when Don Larsen pitched his famous perfect game in 1956. After that game, as you can imagine, the congestion in front of Larsen's locker was unbelievable. It seemed like every reporter in the country wanted to hear Larsen's every word. The highlight (or low point?) came when a young reporter said to Larsen, "Don, would you say this was the best game you ever pitched?"

One story typifies to me the way that baseball people feel about the

Continued on page 138

You be the Judge

By JOSE SCHORR

While alien Joe was fishing off Miami, a sudden storm forced his boat into the British port of Bimini. After Joe returned to the United States, immigration agents arrested him. They charged him with failing to admit that he, as an alien, left and reentered the country without declaring that he had visited a foreign country. For this, they were about to deport him when Joe went to court.

"I wasn't willfully visiting a foreign country at all," Joe protested. "In effect, I was just stepping in out of the rain."

"It's an open-and-shut case," the immigration officials replied. "The law does not ask why he visited a foreign country. It simply makes it illegal to do so and then conceal it."

If you were the judge, would you deport Joe?

• • • • •

Joe stayed with us. The court ruled that his brief entry to Bimini was forced by angry seas. It said the law must be interpreted sensibly and "to hold otherwise would rest the privilege of a lawfully admitted alien's continued residence on a most precarious basis. Such was not the intent of Congress."

Based upon a 1954 decision of a U.S. Court of Appeals.

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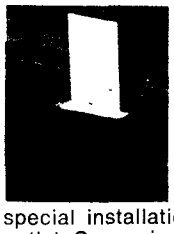

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SERVE PERFECT DRINKS— EVERY TIME.

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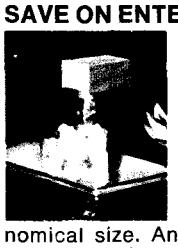

The Leisure Bar's precision portion control minimizes beverage use. Gives you up to 50 different drinks at a substantially reduced cost per serving. And all ingredients are dispensed from large pressurized containers. So you can buy supplies in the most economical size. And constant pressure prevents ingredients from going flat.

QUALITY FURNITURE STYLING

The Leisure Bar consoles feature high quality furniture designs in warm wood finishes. The serving counter is sculptured water proof black slate formica. When not in use, the Leisure Bar is a handsome, locked cabinet . . . ready to serve a single drink or a gala party.

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The Leisure Bar is guaranteed by Leisure Products Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for a full year from date of purchase.

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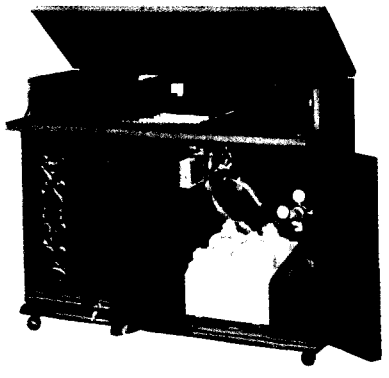

Leisure Products Corporation

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery

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WINNERS OF THE BIG MIXING BOWL GAME

The prize winning original recipes of The Saturday Evening Post Cooking Contest.

There are those wonderful people in the world who love to cook, prepare food and serve the rest of us for the pleasure it provides them in pleasing their family and friends. These joyous persons are a prize indeed to those of us lucky enough to harbor one. But where do they get their tasty dishes and new taste thrills? They pass on to each other, through word of mouth, recipes handed down from mothers and grandmothers, from dietitians, famous chefs and intuition.

Ah, the elegance of their desserts, the novelty of their casseroles, the splendor of their salads, the liveliness of their vegetables, the deeply satisfying aromas and toothsome pleasure of their breads and rolls.

So it was that we called upon the culinary artists of America to bequeath to you, our readers, their favorite recipes, guaranteed to tickle the most fickle of palates.

The editors have courageously, but with great gusto, tasted, sampled, savored and delighted in the fare you are about to appraise.

Not content with our own judgment, however, we enlisted the assistance of the great kitchens of Purdue University's Department of Restaurant, Hotel and Institutional Management to professionally test the recipes before passing them along to posterity.

To reward our winners for their originality, for their flights of culinary fancy, *The Saturday Evening Post* is pleased to present as **first grand prize**, a fifteen-day LAN-Chile Airlines "Around South America" trip for two. Departure will be from New York City, with stops in Argentina, Chile, Brazil and Peru. The **second grand prize** winner receives an eight-day trip for two to Hawaii, provided by Sunshine Travel, with accommodations at Waikiki Village. For our next winners: Jenn-Air cooking equipment. **Third grand prize**: a Savory Centre Deluxe "Convertible" Range. **Fourth grand prize**: a "Convertible Cooktop" Grill-Range. **Fifth grand prize**: a Single Grill Savory Centre. For our fifteen **runners-up**, should they feel inspired to use recipes other than their own, we offer copies of *The New York Times Cook Book*.

So now we commend you to experiment with these practical but imaginative "homemade" recipes to your heart's content.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE WINNING RECIPE:

Elegant Mai Tai Mousse

18 ladyfingers, split
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup pineapple juice (from crushed drained pineapple)
5 egg yolks
¾ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup milk, scalded
1/3 cup lime juice
1/3 cup white rum
5 egg whites
½ cup sugar
1 #211 can crushed pineapple, well drained
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
¼ cup chopped macadamia nuts or walnuts

Line sides and bottom of 9-inch spring pan with split ladyfingers. Soften gelatin in pineapple juice. Beat eggs in top of double boiler. Stir in sugar and salt. Blend in milk, cook over boiling water, stirring for five minutes or until thickened. Blend in lime juice and rum. Add well-drained pineapple. Chill until thickened but not set. Beat egg whites, adding sugar. Fold pineapple custard and whipped cream into egg whites. Pour into lined pan. Chill several hours or overnight. To serve, remove pan rim. Serves 12.

Mrs. Michael W. Nagy
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

RUNNERS-UP:

Golden Nugget Discovery

Pastry:
1¼ cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
3 tbsp. instant cocoa
3 tbsp. boiling water

Filling:
1/3 cup sugar
1 8-oz. package cream cheese
2 tbsp. milk
2 unbeaten eggs
1 tbsp. grated orange rind
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup (2 medium) orange sections, cut into small pieces

Prepare pastry: Combine the flour and salt. Measure the shortening, instant cocoa and water into mixing bowl; mix well. Add dry ingredients all at

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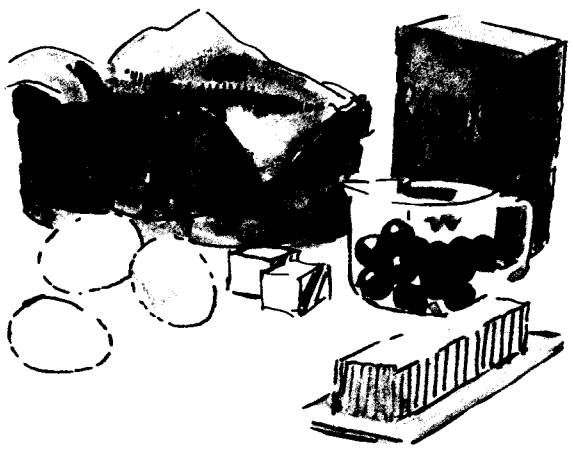
once. Stir quickly until mixture holds together. Form into a ball. Flatten to ½-inch thickness. Roll out between lightly floured waxed paper to a circle 1½ inches larger than an inverted 8-inch pie pan. Fit loosely into pan; prick with fork. Fold edge to form rim; flute. Bake at 425° for 12 to 15 minutes.

Prepare orange cheese filling: Cream the sugar and cream cheese with the milk. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Blend in orange rind and vanilla. Fold in orange sections. Pour into baked shell. Bake at 350° for 20 to 25 minutes, until center is almost firm. Chill. If desired, top with Orange Whipped Cream and sprinkle with chopped toasted almonds about one hour before serving. Chill. Serves 6 to 8.

Orange Whipped Cream: Beat 1 cup whipping cream until thick. Stir in 2 tbsp. sugar and 2 tbsp. grated orange rind.

Mrs. Harold Johnston
Anaheim, California



Sour Cream Raisin Drizzle Cake

5 eggs
¼ cup flour
1/8 tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1½ cups chopped pecans
1½ cups fine vanilla wafer crumbs
1½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 #2 can raisin-pie mix
½ cup commercial sour cream

Separate eggs, placing whites into large mixing bowl and yolks into smaller mixing bowl. Beat egg whites until foamy; gradually beat in ¼ cup sugar and salt to make a fluffy meringue. Add ½ cup sugar and vanilla to egg yolks. Beat until thick and pale. Pour yolk mixture over meringue; fold together until evenly mixed. Stir together pecans, wafer crumbs, baking powder and cinnamon and sprinkle over top of meringue mixture. Fold all ingredients together thoroughly. Pour batter into greased 8-inch square baking dish. Bake 35 minutes in 350° oven. While cake is baking, combine raisin-pie mix and sour cream, place on low heat and keep warm until cake is removed from oven. Carefully pour raisin sauce over hot cake. Serve hot or cold. Sprinkle with ¼ tsp. nutmeg just before serving, if desired. Serves 9.

Caryol Coryell
Boise, Idaho

Bavarian Wonder Bars

2 eggs, beaten
½ cup vegetable oil
1 cup sugar
16 oz. small-curd creamed cottage cheese, sieved
1 tsp. lemon extract
2 cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
3 tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease and flour 9-inch square baking pan. Combine first 8 ingredients in bowl. Blend well and stir until smooth, about 72 strokes. Spread in prepared pan and bake at 350° for 55 to 60 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan 15 minutes and sprinkle with the powdered sugar. Cut into bars and top each with dab of sour cream if desired. Serves 9.

Mrs. Irene Souza
Sunnyvale, California

SECOND GRAND PRIZE WINNING RECIPE:

Vegetable Casserole

1 bunch fresh broccoli or 2 packages frozen spears
1 package (10 oz.) frozen peas
1 tsp. salt
1/8 lb. butter or margarine
1 egg yolk, beaten
¾ cup milk
1 tbsp. flour
4 oz. process cheese spread
12 soda crackers or other salted snack crackers

Cook broccoli and peas very lightly. (They should still be bright green.) Prepare sauce: In medium saucepan, melt butter. Stir in flour and salt. Cook until mixture has thickened, gradually adding milk and beaten egg yolk. Cut cheese in small pieces and stir into sauce until smooth. Grease 2-qt. casserole with butter. Alternate layers of vegetables and sauce ending with sauce. Sprinkle crushed crackers on top. Drizzle with 1 tbsp. melted butter. Bake 30 minutes in 325° oven. Serve immediately. Serves 6 to 8.

Sandra Moore
Elmhurst, Illinois

RUNNERS-UP:

Cucumber Wonder Casserole

2 large cucumbers
½ cup fine bread crumbs
3 tbsp. Parmesan cheese
½ tsp. oregano
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup cooking oil
1 lb. fresh zucchini
1½ cups milk
1 package dry onion soup mix
2 medium tomatoes, sliced
½ cup grated Jack cheese

Peel cucumbers and cut into half-inch chunks. Soak for 10 minutes in cold salt water; drain. Mix bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese and oregano with salt and pepper, shaking together in a plastic bag. Add cucumber chunks and shake thoroughly. Heat ¼ cup oil. Add cucumber and brown. Add more oil as needed. Cut washed and drained zucchini into ½-inch slices. Cook in boiling water until tender, yet crisp. Mix dry onion soup and milk; heat through. Grease 1½-qt. casserole. Layer zucchini, onion soup and cucumber until casserole is filled. Cover and bake in 350° oven for 40 minutes. Remove cover. Add slices of tomato and grated Jack cheese. Return to oven and heat until tomatoes soften and cheese melts. Six generous servings.

Mrs. F. Gwen Putney
Campbell, California

Stuffed Squash Supreme

2 large acorn squash
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup diced green pepper
½ cup drained mushrooms, bits and pieces
1 tsp. minced onion or ½ tsp. onion juice
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 cup sour cream
¼ tsp. allspice

Cut squash in half, remove seeds, and steam or bake until tender, about 1 hour in 350° oven. Remove pulp and mash. Keep shells. Add salt and pepper to mashed squash. Combine chopped celery, green pepper and mushrooms. Add onion and parsley. Steam vegetables until partially cooked; add to mashed squash. Fold in sour cream and fill shells. Sprinkle with allspice. Bake in 400° oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Serves 4.

Mrs. Joe Hrvatin
Spokane, Washington

Carrots a la Monte Carlo

6 whole, fresh, large carrots, peeled and sliced
¼ cup water chestnuts, sliced
½ cup flake coconut
1 tbsp. capers
2 tbsp. pistachio nuts
½ cup thinly sliced pascal celery, including green tops, chopped fine
1 cup commercial sour cream
1 tsp. ginger
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce

Topping:
2 tbsp. wheat germ
1/3 cup flour
½ cup grated American cheese
1/3 cup sesame seed
2 tbsp. soft butter

Blend in order given with pastry blender. Use as directed.

Cook carrots and celery in small amount of water until fork tender. Drain. Combine ingredi-

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ents in order given. Mix well. Pour into buttered 2-qt. baking dish. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Sprinkle with topping. Return to oven at 325° for 15 minutes or until light golden brown. Serves 6.

Ann Borth
Dearborn, Michigan

THIRD GRAND PRIZE WINNING RECIPE:

Ham Pinwheel Casserole

Dough:
1½ cups prepared biscuit mix
½ cup yellow cornmeal
1¼ oz. taco seasoning sauce
½ cup grated Cheddar cheese
½ cup milk

Filling:
2½ cups thinly sliced ready-cooked ham, shredded
2 tbsp. chopped pimiento
2 tbsp. chopped black olives

Spicy Pineapple Sauce:
1 cup pineapple juice
½ cup commercial sour cream
1/8 tsp. paprika
½ tsp. dry mustard
1 cup condensed Cheddar cheese soup, undiluted

Mix the biscuit mix, cornmeal and taco seasoning sauce. Toss in the grated cheese with a fork. Add milk and mix to a dough consistency. Roll on lightly floured board to 10 x 14-inch rectangle. Mix shredded ham with pimiento and olives and scatter evenly over the dough. Roll up jelly-roll style, from the long side. Seal the edges and ends. Cut into 8 slices and place slices cut side down in a greased 10½ x 6½-inch baking dish. Bake at 450° until browned and dough is cooked—about 25 minutes. In a saucepan mix the cheese soup with the pineapple juice, paprika and dry mustard. Cook until hot, stirring constantly. Gently stir in the sour cream. Serve the rolls individually and pass the hot pineapple sauce around separately to be used by diners as they desire. Serves 4.

Mrs. Morris Grout
Marysville, Washington

RUNNERS-UP:

Harvest-Time Casserole

1 head cabbage, shredded (6 cups)
1 tsp. salt
12 soda crackers
1 cup milk
½ lb. bacon, fried or broiled until crisp
2 medium McIntosh apples
½ cup brown sugar
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour
2 cups barbecue-flavored potato chips, crushed
1 package smoked sausages

Cook shredded cabbage in small amount of boiling water 5 to 10 minutes, until cabbage is limp but not completely cooked. Stir occasionally to assure even cooking. Add salt. Place half of cabbage in bottom of two-quart casserole. Sprinkle crushed crackers over top of cabbage. Pour on ½ cup milk. Add layer of crushed bacon. Place remainder of salted cabbage in the casserole. Add remaining ½ cup milk. Sprinkle crushed potato chips over the top. Cream butter, brown sugar and flour; mix with cored and diced apple. Distribute on top of cabbage. Arrange smoked sausages on top of casserole and bake, covered, in 375° oven for 45 minutes. Remove cover for an additional 15 minutes. Serves 4.

Mary E. Scott
Central Lake, Michigan

Creole Country Bake

2 lbs. chicken breasts
1/3 cup flour
1/3 cup butter or margarine
2 lbs. cleaned shrimp (thaw if frozen)
1 20-oz. package frozen mixed vegetables, thawed

Sauce Ingredients:
½ cup dry white wine—Sauterne
2 cups canned tomatoes
¼ tsp. celery seed
¼ tsp. hot sauce
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. oregano
1 clove garlic, chopped fine

Skin chicken breasts and remove meat from bones; cut into 1½-inch cubes. Dredge meat chunks with flour. Heat butter or margarine in heavy skillet; brown chicken cubes until golden. Place meat in a 4-qt. casserole; add shrimp and mixed vegetables, tossing lightly to mix. Add all sauce ingredients to drippings in skillet. Heat, scraping up browned bits from bottom of the pan. When mixture begins to bubble around the edges, pour sauce over ingredients in casserole. Cover casserole tightly and bake in preheated 350° oven for 45 to 50 minutes or until shrimp and chicken are tender. Serve with hot steamed rice. Serves 6 to 8.

Mrs. Selma Albrecht
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Egg Casserole, Near Eastern Style

2 large tomatoes
¼ lb. mushrooms
6 large eggs
1 clove garlic
2 tbsp. butter
½ pint yogurt (whole milk if possible)
Salt, pepper to taste
Dried mint leaves (optional)

Melt butter in a pan, reserving 1 teaspoon. Chop garlic and tomatoes into melted butter and stir until warm. Add salt and pepper. Then slice in mushrooms and sauté mixture three minutes on medium heat. Add two tbsp. cold water to eggs and beat until frothy. Add to mixture in pan and stir. Remove from fire. Butter the bottom and sides of a small casserole dish (1 qt.). Pour in mixture and place in pan with warm water rising as high as mixture. Place in preheated 325° oven for 20 minutes. Remove and spoon yogurt over the top. Rub dried mint between palms and allow to fall onto yogurt. Return to oven for 10 minutes until yogurt heats through, or remove casserole dish from pan of water and brown yogurt under broiler flame. Serve out portions gently, with spatula. Serves 2 or 3.

Stanley Sultan
Boston, Massachusetts

FOURTH GRAND PRIZE WINNING RECIPE:

Sour Cream Nut-Filled Rolls

4 cups sifted flour
¼ cup sugar
1½ tsp. salt
1 cup (2 sticks) margarine
2 yeast cakes or packages of dry yeast
½ cup milk
2 tbsp. sugar
1 cup sour cream
2 beaten eggs

Cut the margarine into dry ingredients in large bowl, as for pie crust. Make a "well" in center of mixture. Dissolve yeast and sugar in milk. Place in "well" with sour cream and eggs. Stir all ingredients together, using a large spoon to mix, forming a soft dough. Cover with a damp cloth or merely sift a little flour over the top of dough and place bowl of dough in refrigerator to rise overnight. The next morning, roll out half of dough at a time on well-floured board, forming a circle. Cut 12 pie-shaped wedges from each circle. Put a spoonful of nut filling at wide end of each wedge. Roll up, sealing ends as you start by pulling ends of dough up over the nut mixture, then rolling toward point of dough. Let rise in 2 greased 9 x 12 x 2-inch pans, or use two jelly-roll pans, if preferred. When rolls have doubled in size, bake at 350° for 20 or 25 minutes. Soon after taking from the oven, drizzle top with glaze.

Nut Filling:
2 cups walnuts, ground
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon (optional)
½ cup (1 stick) margarine

Melt margarine in saucepan and add remaining ingredients.

Glaze:
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
1½ tbsp. water
½ tsp. vanilla

Stir these three ingredients together in cup or bowl and drip over the rolls while they are still very warm from the oven.

Joyce H. Orcutt
Punta Gorda, Florida

RUNNERS-UP:

Sunrise-Sunset Loaf Bread

¾ cup glacé cherries

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1 cup sifted flour
¼ cup ground pecans
¾ cup margarine
¼ cup white seedless raisins
3 eggs
¼ cup brown sugar

Topping:
½ cup glacé cherries
1½ tsp. white sugar
Line a 2-lb. loaf pan with greased waxed paper. Halve cherries. Sift flour; stir in ground pecans, cherries and white raisins. Cream sugar and margarine until light and fluffy. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in dry ingredients. Gently turn mixture into loaf pan. Cover top with glacé cherries and sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 325° for 1½ to 1¾ hours, or until golden brown. Cool. Turn out on a rack.

Sheila Marie Rose O'Brien
East Lansing, Michigan

Butterscotch Party Rolls

1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup butter
1 tbsp. vanilla
4 eggs
2 tsp. salt
2 packages active dry yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
6 cups white flour
1 cup chopped nuts
2 cups confectioners' sugar
Combine evaporated milk and brown sugar in a saucepan and cook for 5 minutes after mixture has started to boil, stirring constantly. Take off stove and stir in butter and vanilla. Reserve ½ cup of this butterscotch sauce for the filling and frosting. Break eggs into a large mixing bowl and beat well. Add salt, lukewarm butterscotch sauce, and yeast that has been dissolved in the lukewarm water. Add 3 cups flour. Mix together using low speed, then beat at medium speed for 3 minutes. Stir in the remaining flour and half the nuts. Scrape bowl down, cover, and let rise until double in bulk. To the ½ cup reserved butterscotch sauce stir in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. When the dough is doubled in size, punch down and roll out to an 18 x 24-inch rectangle. Spread half the filling on the dough. Roll up as for a jellyroll, starting with the 24-inch side. Cut in 36-inch equal pieces. Put in greased muffin tins and top each roll with an equal amount of the remaining filling and nuts. Let rise until double in size. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes, or until golden brown.

Marilee Jean Johnson
Robbinsdale, Minnesota

Colonial Prune Bread

½ cup chopped prunes, cooked and drained
2 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
½ cup raw apples, peeled and chopped
½ cup chopped nuts
2 beaten eggs
1 tbsp. light molasses
1½ cups milk
½ cup quick oats
Wash prunes and chop fine. Combine flour, salt, baking powder, chopped prunes, apples and chopped nuts. In another bowl combine beaten eggs, molasses and milk. Blend well. Add this liquid mixture to the dry ingredients, stirring to blend well. Add quick oats. Turn into 9 x 5-inch loaf pan. Bake at 350° for 1 hour. Turn out on wire rack to cool.

Mrs. Vincent Garner
Valencia, Pennsylvania

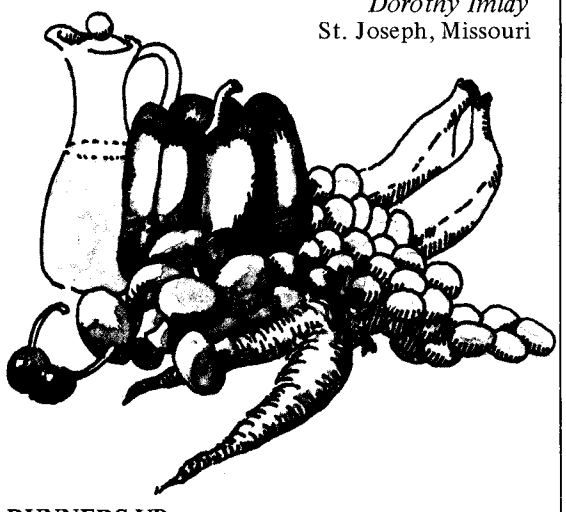
FIFTH GRAND PRIZE WINNING RECIPE:

Frozen Fruit Cheese Salad

1 3-oz. package cream cheese
2 tbsp. cream
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1/8 tsp. salt
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
½ cup small marshmallows
½ cup chopped pecans
1 cup Royal Ann cherries, drained and pitted
2 bananas, sliced
1 cup white grapes, seeded
2 cups whipping cream
¾ cup mayonnaise
Work the cheese, cream, lemon juice and salt together. Add pineapple, marshmallows, nuts, cherries, grapes and bananas. Whip the cream and work the mayonnaise into it. Fold this into the fruit mixture. Freeze about 3 hours, until firm. Serve on lettuce with cream cheese dressing. Serves 18.

Cream Cheese Dressing:
Cream 2 3-oz. packages cream cheese with 8 tbsp. vegetable oil. Add ½ tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. white pepper, 1½ tsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Dust with paprika.

Dorothy Imlay
St. Joseph, Missouri



RUNNERS-UP:

Chinese Century Salad

1 1-lb., 2-oz. can bean sprouts
3 carrots
2 green peppers
½ cup fresh mushrooms, sliced thin
4 thin slices baked or boiled ham
1 cup shrimp
2 tsp. soy sauce
1 sliced red pimiento
1 inch fresh ginger, grated and peeled
Drain bean sprouts well. Cut carrots into thin strips. Shred peppers. Wipe mushrooms, trim the stalks, and cut into thin slices. Place ingredients into a large salad bowl. Cut ham and red pimiento into thin strips and add to the bowl. Add shrimp. Mix soy sauce with fresh ginger and garlic dressing. Pour over salad and mix until well coated. Serves 4.

Garlic Dressing:
4 tbsp. salad oil
2 tbsp. apple cider
½ tsp. white pepper
½ tsp. dry mustard
1 clove of garlic, crushed
Combine all ingredients in a glass jar. Shake until well blended.

Pat O'Brien
Detroit, Michigan

Apple Orchard Salad

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup sugar
1¾ cups cranapple juice
2 tbsp. lime juice
½ cup chopped unpeeled apple
½ cup finely chopped fresh cranberries
½ cup chopped celery
1 3-oz. package cream cheese
½ cup finely chopped walnuts
Mix gelatin and sugar in saucepan. Stir in ¾ cup of the cranapple juice. Place over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved, about 3 to 5 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in remaining 1 cup cranapple juice and lime juice. Chill, stirring occasionally, until slightly thicker than the consistency of unbeaten egg white. Add chopped apple, finely chopped cranberries and celery. Cut cream cheese into 12 squares, roll into balls and then roll in chopped walnuts. Put 2 cream-cheese balls in each of 6 individual molds, then spoon in gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with lettuce. Serves 6.

Mrs. C. Mize
High Point, North Carolina

Tuna Salad Nicoise

2 6½-oz. cans tuna
4 stalks of celery
1 small onion, chopped
12 pitted black olives, sliced in half
4 hard-boiled eggs, sliced in half
4 large crisp lettuce leaves
4 cherry tomatoes
Drain tuna and break into small chunks. Combine first 4 ingredients in bowl. Place a lettuce leaf on each of 4 plates. Divide tuna mixture into 4 portions, placing each portion on a lettuce leaf. Top with hard-boiled egg wedges and cherry tomatoes. Pour 1 tbsp. dressing (combine 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tbsp. water and 1 tbsp. vegetable oil) over each serving. Serves 4.

Louise Rotello
Tucson, Arizona

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The Recipe Testers

Have you ever wondered where a person can receive training to manage a restaurant or cafeteria? operate a catering service? direct a food service operation in a hospital or school? manage a hotel or motel? There are, of course, some professional schools which specialize in training young hotel executives and food service personnel. For instance, Holiday Inn University in Memphis, Tennessee is well known for the excellence of its programs and its faculty. But for those who wish to receive an academic degree along with their training there are not many institutions to choose from. In fact, Purdue University is just one of a handful of colleges and universities in this country (Cornell University and Michigan State are two others) that have fully developed programs at the associate degree, bachelor's degree and master's degree levels to train people to enter the food service and lodging industry as professionals. It is to this institution's Department of Restaurant, Hotel, and Institutional Management that we turned for assistance in the testing and evaluation of the recipes submitted in our contest.

While working with members of the Purdue faculty on this project, we were able to experience something of the uniqueness of their educational programs. We thought that you might even want to hear a little bit more about them.

What is perhaps initially most impressive about this unusual department is the size of their laboratory facilities—that is, their kitchens. They're enormous! And they're filled with the most up-to-date equipment available: microwave ovens, a vertical cutter-mixer, and Flex-Seal steam cookers for vegetables, to mention just a few examples. It's in these fantastic kitchens that the students spend a good part of their working day—and working night. They don't just engage in academic exercises; they actually operate a business. Several of them, in fact. One very important aspect of student training is the operation of a cafeteria, a cook-to-order restaurant, and the Oval Room, a dining room where special menus, often revolving around ethnic foods, are presented two evenings a week. As students proceed through the program, they are given increasing responsibility for all aspects of the operation of these businesses. What's more, the students work side by side with paid employees of the university. They quickly learn about maintaining good interpersonal relationships with co-workers and promoting a spirit of cooperation.

A faculty member and his family prepare for chefs' surprise at Purdue University.

Are the students successful in the operation of the cafeteria and the dining rooms? Our answer is a resounding yes. The food is excellent in quality and in taste, the surroundings are warm and friendly, and the standards of cleanliness are impressively high. When we visited the Oval Room, the menu was in the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition: rivvel soup, sauerbraten meatballs, chicken pot pie, peas mit spaetzle, seven sweets 'n' sours, shoofly pie, apple kuchen. Student-planned, student-prepared, student-served. As the Oval Room menu read, "Feinschmecker—kum, esse gut!" or, "People who know what good food is—come, eat well!"

This hardcover, 128-page book—with 27 stories—has beautiful color illustrations throughout.

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

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"With the publication of *Favorite Stories*, I hope you and the children you love will discover adventure, the lilt of a poem, a laugh shared over a funny story, and the magic of a legend to dream on after the lights are turned out. Most of all I wish for your children a lifelong love of reading. *Favorite Stories* is a book your family can enjoy year after year. It is designed for children ages 6-12. Several of the stories are for "Read Aloud" time, such as "The Lost Watch In The Hay." Others—Pearl Buck's "The Big Wave" and Evan Wright's "Letter To Mr. Lincoln"—will stretch the imagination of older children. Love of reading is one of the few priceless gifts we can bestow on our children. My wish is that *Favorite Stories* will help your child find the key to the adventure, love, and laughter in the magic world of books."

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

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JULIE EISENHOWER'S FAVORITE STORIES

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GUIDE TO AMERICAN WINERIES

Beyond all reasonable doubt the 240 wineries listed hereafter are evidence par excellence that American winemaking is no longer a cottage industry. Of the almost 337 million gallons of wine consumed by Americans annually, 86 percent was *domestically* produced—and not all by California and New York, as the accompanying maps show. Concerning the symbols in our map key, most large (■) wineries producing over a quarter-million gallons annually have national or near-national distribution. Medium-sized (★) marketers usually sell in-state or to adjacent areas, while small (●) operations producing less than 10,000 gallons annually are primarily local. Regardless of size, many invite tours and tastings—but write or phone in advance.

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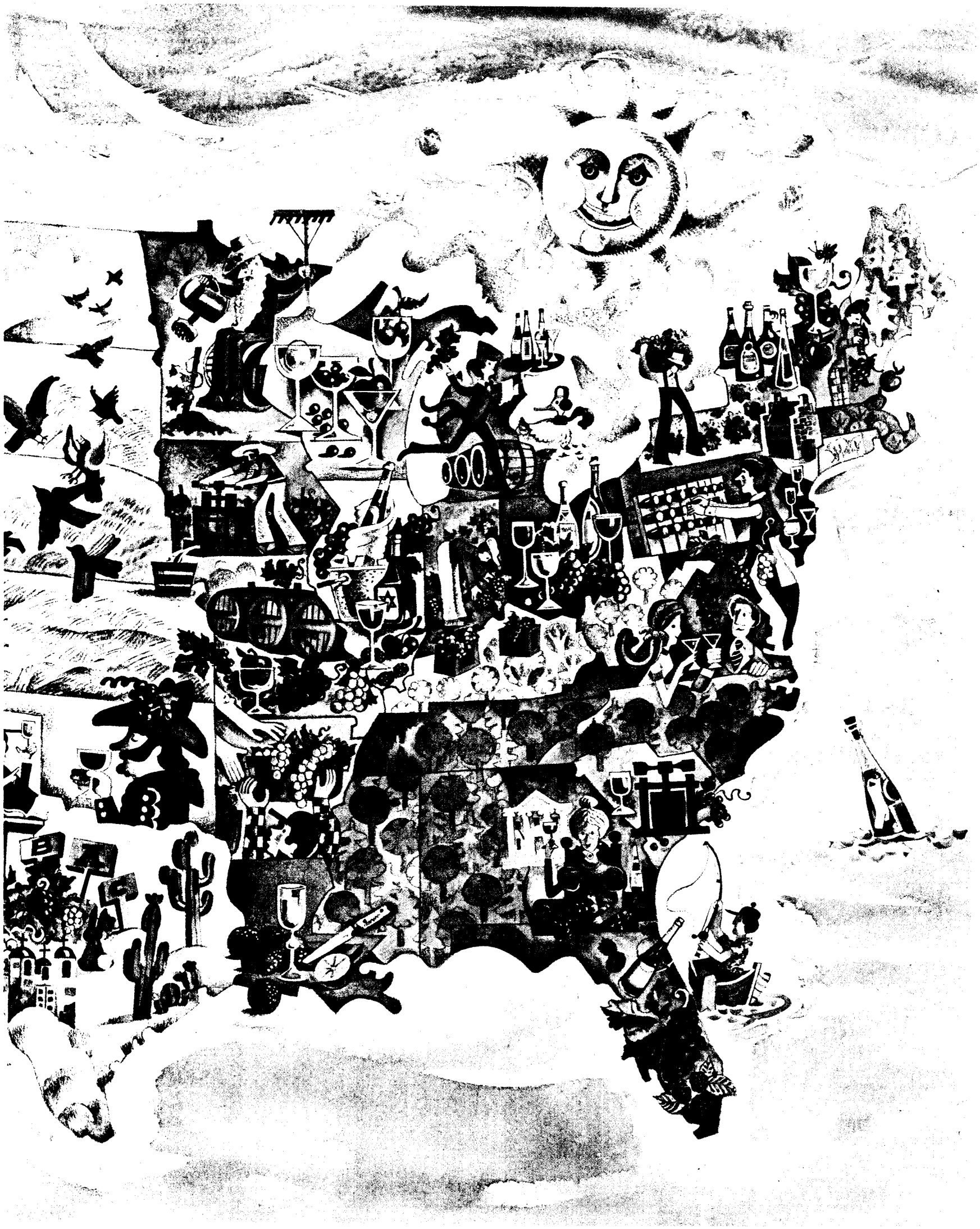

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STATE-BY-STATE GUIDE TO AMERICA'S WINE-PRODUCING AREAS AND INDIVIDUAL WINERIES

Key: ●–small ★–medium ■–large

ARKANSAS

1. Altus

Mount Bethel Winery ● Ives, Cynthiana; grapes: Niagara, Pink Delaware

Post's Winery ★ Rhine, sauterne, Burgundy, sherry, dessert types, claret, Chianti, rosé, Pink Catawba; pink and white champagnes; altar wine; apple, cherry, strawberry, blackberry; grapes: French hybrids, muscadine, Labrusca

Sax Winery ●Cynthiana, Campbell's Early (red), Delaware, Niagara

Wiederkehr Winery ★40 labels, most fortified, flavored "mod" wines; emphasis on premium-priced table wines, champagnes; 4 reds, 6 whites, 2 rosés, 12 desserts, 1 champagne

CALIFORNIA

(7 major regions–for smaller wineries see supplementary map on next page.)

SONOMA

2. Asti

Italian Swiss Colony ■ Generic wines, including table, appetizer, dessert; flavored wines (coffee, citrus, fruit)

3. Guerneville

Korbel ★Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Grey Riesling, Petite Sirah; appetizer and dessert wines; champagnes

4. Sonoma

Buena Vista ● Zinfandel, 2 other reds; wide range of whites; Sparkling Sonoma; ports, sherries; grapes: French-American hybrids

NAPA VALLEY

5. Mont LaSalle

Christian Brothers ■ Varietals and generics; appetizer and dessert wines, champagnes; Pinot St. George, Petite Sirah, and Château LaSalle (a light, sweet muscat)

6. Rutherford

Beaulieu Vineyard ★Vintage-dated Chardonnay, Johannisberg Riesling, Sémillon, Sauvignon Blanc, Sylvaner, Grenache Rosé, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Petite Sirah; 2 generic table wines, champagnes; nonvintage sherries, ports, Muscat de Frontigan

Inglenook ★ Chardonnay, White Pinot (Chenin Blanc), Petite Sirah, Traminer, Sémillon (white), Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Charbono (red); sherries, ports; new generic line

ALAMEDA

7. Fairfield

Cadenasso Winery ● Usual range of varietals and generics; Grignolino (red)

8. Livermore

Concannon Vineyards ●Usual range with stress on whites, including Moselle, red Petite Sirah

9. Martinez

Conrad Viano Winery ● Usual range, including Barbera, Zinfandel; dessert types (muscatel, port, sherries)

SANTA CLARA

10. San Jose

Almaden Vineyards ■ Varietals, generics, appetizer, dessert, sparkling wines

Mirassou Vineyards ★Usual range, including natural champagne (all vintage-dated)

11. Saratoga

Paul Masson ■ Complete range; sparkling types: specialty wines, including Emerald Dry, Rubion, Madeira

LODI

12. Lodi

Guild Wine Co. ★Complete line of table, appetizer, dessert, sparkling wines (vino da Tavola label)

13. Plymouth

d'Agostini Winery ●Burgundy, Zinfandel, some other table wines

14. Sacramento

Mills Winery ★ Complete line, including Pink Chablis

SAN JOAQUIN

15. Bakersfield

California Grape Products ★ H.O. Lanza "private reserve" wines, including Nebbiolo, a varietal red

16. Fresno

Bisceglia Brothers ● Full line of table, dessert, sparkling wines

17. Modesto

E. & J. Gallo ■ Complete line, few premiums

CUCAMONGA

18. Guasti

Brookside Vineyard Co. ★Wide range of table appetizer, dessert wines (varietal and generic); sparkling types; Dido Noir, Saint Emilion

19. Mira Loma

Joseph Filippi Vineyard Co. ★ Usual range; dessert types, including "Marsovo"

20. San Gabriel

Viotti Winery ● Wide range of generic table, appetizer, dessert, sparkling wines

COLORADO

21. Denver

Ivancie Cellars ★100% varietal Pinot Chardonnay, Chenin Blanc, French Colombard (white); Cabernet Sauvignon, Gamay Beaujolais, Zinfandel (red); Extra Dry Champagne; grapes from California

FLORIDA

22. Pensacola

Bartels Winery ★Muscadine-Scuppernong wine; blackberry wine

GEORGIA

23. Atlanta

Monarch Wine Co ★Fortified peach wine; small quantities of red and white table wines; grapes: Muscadine, Scuppernong, Concord, Niagara

IDAHO

24. Moscow

Idaho Wine and Grape Growers, Inc. ★ Chelois, Zinfandel, Cabernet Sauvignon (red), soon a Riesling (white;) grapes from southern Idaho and Washington's Prosser region

ILLINOIS

25. Chicago

Mogen David Wine Corp. ■16 varieties, including sacramental (kosher) wine; sweet and semisweet dessert types (blackberry, cherry, etc.); American Burgundy, Dry Concord, Dry Sauterne; grapes from Michigan, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania

26. Monee

Thompson Winery ● Sparkling wines

27. Nauvoo

Gem City Vineland Co., Inc. ★Concord (deep red), Niagara (white), sauterne, rosé; grapes locally grown

INDIANA

28. Bloomington

Oliver Wine Co. ● Red and white varietal and generic table wines; grapes: French-American hybrids, other European transplants

29. Liberty

Treaty Line Wine Cellars ★Dry red, white, rosé table wines; sweet and semisweet types, including Delaware Table Wine (white), Pink Catawba, Sweet Catawba (white), Concord (red); soon to add Pinot Noir, Gamay Beaujolais, Zinfandel, Cabernet Sauvignon, Riesling, Aligote, Muscat, Chardonnay; grapes: French-American hybrids, including Foch, Baco Noir, Chelois, Seibel, Aurora, Seyval Blanc, Villard Blanc, Vidal; native strains such as Concord, Catawba, Steuben, Bath and Delaware

IOWA

30. Amana

Old Style Colony Winery ● Red, white, rose table wines; grapes: Concord, Niagara; from Michigan

Sandstone Winery ● Concord (red) table wine; grapes from Michigan

31. Council Bluffs

Concord Grape Growers Association ● Dark port; grapes from Michigan

32. Homestead

Ehrle Brothers ● Red and white table wines; rhubarb wines; grapes: Concord, Niagara; from Michigan

LOUISIANA

33. Port Sulphur

Sig's Orange Wine ★ Sweet orange wine (18% alcohol); fruit locally grown

MARYLAND

34. Riderwood

Boordy Vineyards ★Premium red, white, rosé table wines; grapes: French-American hybrid, American Vinifera varietals including Baco Noir, Rayon Blanc, Aurore, Rayon d'Or

35. Westminister

Montbray Wine Cellars ● Dry red, white, rosé table wines, including Pinot Chardonnay, Johannisberg Riesling; grapes: French-American and Old World Vitis-Vinifera stock

MICHIGAN

36. Buchanan

Tabor Hill Vineyard & Winecellar, Inc. ★ Baco Noir, Couvée Rouge (reds); Vidal Blanc, Seyval Blanc (whites); grapes: French-American hybrids; locally grown

37. Harbert

Molly Pitcher Wines Corp. ● Concord and Niagara (red and white) table wines

38. Hartford

Bronte Champagne and Wines Co., Inc. ★ 30 types still, 6 sparkling wines, including 1 apple wine; red, white, rosé table wines; cocktail and dessert types; champagnes, Sparkling Burgundy, Cold Duck, Sparkling Rosé

39. Paw Paw

Frontenac Wineries ● Sparkling, fruit-flavored, "specialty" and generic table wines

Michigan Wineries ■ Over 40 "Cask"-line wines: 100% varietal reds, whites, rosés; cream sherry, champagne; grapes: New American, French-American, Vinifera stock

St. Julian Wine Co. ●Fortified "specialty" wines; champagnes; complete line of table and dessert wines; Sholem label kosher wines; 6 fruit wine "cocktails"

Warner's Vineyards ★ "Vineyard" label red, white, rosé wines; cream sherry, premium Brut champagne; grapes: French-American hybrid

MINNESOTA

40. Stillwater

Francis Gohlike St. Croix Valley Wines ● Vineyards now under cultivation, but no marketing yet: assume wines will be Niagara and Concord (red and white table types) as these hardier grapes are the only ones able to survive the climate

MISSOURI

41. Augusta

Mount Pleasant Wine Co. ● Red, white, rosé wines ("Emigré" label); Cynthiana, red and white Concord (sweet); grapes: French hybrid

42. Hermann

Stone Hill Wine Cellars ★Cynthiana, Burgundy, Virginia Seedling (dry reds); Catawba, Missouri Riesling (medium-dry whites); sweet (dessert) Concord, Catawba, Niagara; grapes: French and native American hybrid blends

43. St. James

St. James Winery ● Concord, Catawba, Rhine, rosé, sauterne Niagara; champagne; limited varietals blending Baco, Chelois, Aurore, Cascade

Stoltz Vineyards ●Missouri Riesling, Villard Blanc (whites); Villard Noir, Chelois (reds); dry Pink Catawba; Cardinal Red (blend of Concord and Catawba), Pink-N-Sweet Catawba, both dessert types; grapes: French-American blends

44. St. Louis

Continued on page 122

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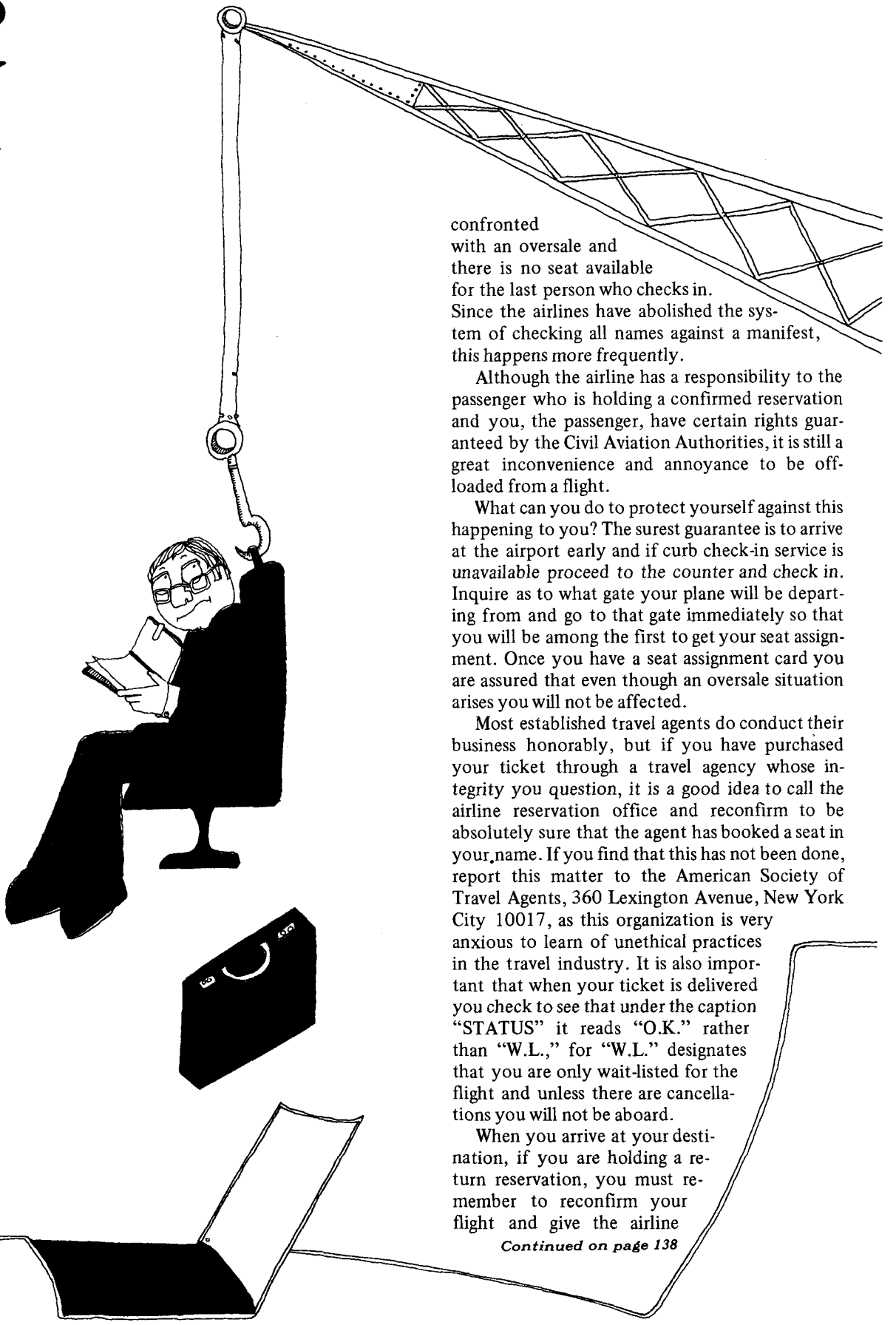
THE POST TAKES A HOLIDAY

By David and Evelyn Echols

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Editor's Note: The authors of this new travel department in the Post *are world-renowned travel authorities, experienced in all facets of this exciting field. The Echolses jointly operate an international training school for travel entrepreneurs, and Mrs. Echols conducts a weekly TV travel show in Chicago. In each issue they will answer travel inquiries of editorial interest to* Post *readers. Address: Post Travel, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.*



Airline oversales. What does this mean to you, the airline passenger? It means that somehow or other there have been more seats sold on a particular flight than there are seats available. This can happen for a number of reasons—computer problems, deliberate oversales on the part of the airlines, or failure of travel agents to confirm the booking with the carrier upon issuing tickets.

In cases where the airlines oversell, the traveling public is partially to blame. Many people book seats on flights and then do not cancel these reservations when their plans change. Others make duplicate bookings and on any given day may hold as many as five or six seats on various airlines going to the same destination so that they can leave at any time that suits their convenience. During the Christmas holiday rush one airline conducted a complete check and found 456 seats that were being held for one day by people who did not intend to fly. Since there is currently no penalty by the airlines for no-shows or for duplicate bookings, this is a very serious problem and in order for the airlines to protect themselves against these practices they do, in some instances, oversell flights. Otherwise, they might well be flying half-empty planes during the busiest seasons. Economically the airlines simply cannot afford to fly with a low load factor.

The unscrupulous travel agent who confirms space on flights for his clients without clearing the seat with the airline is also responsible for oversales. Such a client arrives at the airline check-in counter with his ticket confirmed by the agent and since the airline cannot possibly check every passenger's ticket, this person is assigned a seat. Then, as other passengers check in, the agent is suddenly confronted with an oversale and there is no seat available for the last person who checks in. Since the airlines have abolished the system of checking all names against a manifest, this happens more frequently.

Although the airline has a responsibility to the passenger who is holding a confirmed reservation and you, the passenger, have certain rights guaranteed by the Civil Aviation Authorities, it is still a great inconvenience and annoyance to be offloaded from a flight.

What can you do to protect yourself against this happening to you? The surest guarantee is to arrive at the airport early and if curb check-in service is unavailable proceed to the counter and check in. Inquire as to what gate your plane will be departing from and go to that gate immediately so that you will be among the first to get your seat assignment. Once you have a seat assignment card you are assured that even though an oversale situation arises you will not be affected.

Most established travel agents do conduct their business honorably, but if you have purchased your ticket through a travel agency whose integrity you question, it is a good idea to call the airline reservation office and reconfirm to be absolutely sure that the agent has booked a seat in your name. If you find that this has not been done, report this matter to the American Society of Travel Agents, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10017, as this organization is very anxious to learn of unethical practices in the travel industry. It is also important that when your ticket is delivered you check to see that under the caption "STATUS" it reads "O.K." rather than "W.L.," for "W.L." designates that you are only wait-listed for the flight and unless there are cancellations you will not be aboard.

When you arrive at your destination, if you are holding a return reservation, you must remember to reconfirm your flight and give the airline

Continued on page 138

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THE POST TRAVEL CENTER

Fall. Brilliant days and colors. Crisp air, clear skies. Time to see the world at a saving. Without the crowds. The hassle. Beautiful Virginia under the red and gold flags of maple and oak. India, cooler, more beautiful than ever. Canada. Mexico, South and Central America. England, Austria. If you've ever wanted to . . . now's the time. Circle the number on the card that matches the information you want, include charges, if any, and you're on your way.

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BRITISH AIRWAYS: It's a British Airways "tour de force." Famous show tours in Great Britain and in Europe. Please send for brochure for holidays in Britain and Europe. **7**

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NACIONAL HOTELERA: Your hosts in the fun-sun centers of Mexico. El Presidente and Del Prado in Mexico City. Posado de la Mision, Taxco. Merida Hotel in Merida. San Alberto, Hermosillo. El Presidente, Chihuahua and El Presidente on the island of Cozumel. **14**

PRINCESS CRUISES: Luxurious 3-17 day cruises. Send for our colorful new brochure on Mexico, Caribbean, South America, Alaska, Canada. **15**

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(A) Low seasonal rates to Brussels and other European destinations, including special discount books. **16**
(B) Africa. **17**

TAHITI TOURIST BOARD: Free brochures and maps tell you all about Moorea and the other vacation islands of Tahiti. **18**

UNION CASTLE LINE: Send for free 1974 "African Holidays" brochure. Choice of four sea safaris and ten air-sea holidays. Departures from Southampton to Cape Town and other cities throughout South Africa. **19**

UTA FRENCH AIRLINES: Low-cost Tahiti vacations plus color brochures on many enchanting South Pacific and Africa holidays. **20**

VIRGINIA: More America to the Mile—Williamsburg, Jamestown, Yorktown, historic homes, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and famous beaches are just a few of the attractions you'll find in our free 36-page color vacation guide. **21**

THE WARWICK HOTEL, Houston, Texas: Its unique aura is derived from a careful blending of traditional European formality with the warm, open hospitality of the South. Free brochures. **22**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: A highly diversified monthly publication about people, places, events, the arts. Each issue also has new ideas about travel, foods and wines, shopping, and medical care.
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HOLIDAY MAGAZINE: *HOLIDAY* combines the picturesque and the relevant as a one-two punch in presenting every new development in free time and travel. Bimonthly:
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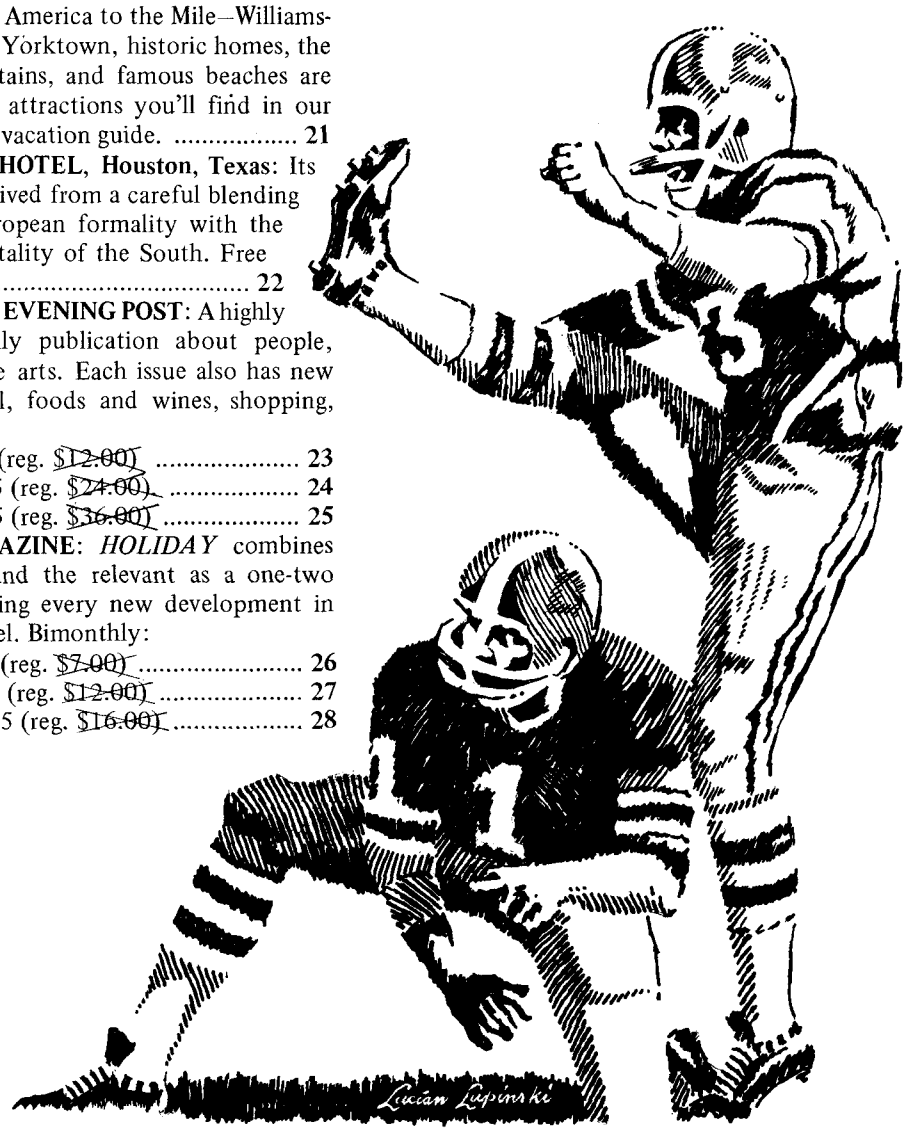

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continued from page 119

Bardenheier's Wine Cellars ■ Over 42 types, including Old Fashioned Concord Grape, Niagara (white and pink), Catawba (white and pink), Burgundy, sauterne, Rhine, rosé; fortified natural apple wine (21% alcohol); grapes: French-American, North American hybrids; from Missouri

NEW HAMPSHIRE

45. Laconia

White Mountain Vineyards, Inc. ●"Lakes Region" red, white, rosé table wines; Lakes Region Foch (robust Burgundy); Apple Time (natural apple wine); 4 "Cotton Hill" fruit wine coolers

NEW JERSEY

46. Absecon

Gross Highland Winery ■ Generic Rhine, Highland Pride (Liebfraumilch), Chablis, sauterne, Burgundy, claret, rosé, sweet claret, Schillerwein (spiced holiday wine); sparklings, including Golden Spumante; varietal Pink Catawba, Baco Noir, Niagara

47. Hammonton

Tomasello Winery ★ Red and white table wines (dry and semisweet); rosé (semisweet); champagnes (white and pink); Spumante, Sparkling Burgundy, Cold Duck

48. Linwood

Krumm's Winery ● Dry and semisweet white table wines; grapes: Niagara

49. Lodi

Tribuno Wines, Inc. ★Sweet and dry vermouths

NEW MEXICO

50. Albuquerque

Rico's Winery ●Zinfandel

51. Dona Ana

Isaac C. Garcia Winery ●Zinfandel (red), Mission (white); grapes; Mission

NEW YORK

Note: wineries are primarily around Finger Lakes, where grapes are grown; listed here are mainly premium wineries, using Vinifera stock and French-American hybrid grapes; see supplementary map on page 117 for other wineries producing mainly varietals and generics from native North American strains: few real premiums, much mass production. **Premium Wineries:**

52. Hammondsport

Bully Hill Vineyards, Inc. ●100% vintage-dated reds, whites, rosés (table wines), including Aurora Blanc

Vinifera Wine Cellars ★Full range of varietals, best known for Johannisberg Riesling

53. Marlboro

Benmarl Wine Co. ●Full range of French-American varietal blends; especially noteworthy is Seyval Blanc

54. New City

High Tor Vineyards ●Superior red, white, Rockland Rosé

55. Penn Yan

Boordy Vineyard ★ French-American hybrid blends, including Pinot Noir (red); Pinot Chardonnay, Chenin Blanc, Sémillon Sec (white); Pinard and nonvintage red, white, rosé types

OHIO

56. Avon Lake

John Christ Winery ● Concord, Niagara. "California White"; dessert wines, champagnes; grapes: French hybrid blends

Kingshirn Winery ● Dry and sweet Concord; sauterne, Niagara

57. Cardington

Le Boudin Vineyard & Winery ● Red, white, rosé table wines; Ohio Concord, Dry Niagara, Niagara. Concord Catawba; apple wine

58. Catawba Island

Mon Ami Champagne Co. ●Superior sparkling wines; good Dry Catawba, Delaware, Burgundy (mostly Chelois), "Agawum" (fruity aperitif wine)

59. Cincinnati

Fountain Wine Cellars ●5 white varietals, 2 reds

Meier's Wine Cellars, Inc. ■ 4 red table wines, 2 whites (mostly generics); 4 dessert types, including Meier's Wild Mountain Brand Blackberry; 6 sparklings; sherries, ports, vermouths; apple wine

60. Clarksville

Tarula Farms ● Slightly sweet Country-label wines; reds, whites, rosés; varietal and generic

61. Middle Bass

Lonz Winery ●Usual range

62. Morrow

Valley Vineyards Farm ●Semisweet Niagara and Concord, Baco Noir, Seyval Blanc; Blue Eye (new hybrid: light, dry rosé); sauterne, Hillside Red

63. Oregon

Ed Johlin Winery ●Fine dry Catawba

64. Put-In-Bay

Heineman Winery ● Usual range; grapes: native varietals, especially Catawba; some French blends

65. Sandusky

Mantey Vineyards, Inc. ★Fortified, sweet, "specialty" wines; some dry table wines; grapes: native strains, French hybrids

Meier's Wine Cellars, Inc. ■ (see Cincinnati)

Steuk's Winery ● Mostly semisweet Concords, Catawbas, Delawares, Niagaras; Clinton, Beta, Black Pearl (collectors' items); most notable: Black Pearl (tangy, fruity, purple-red wine with cherry-like aroma)

66. Westlake

Dover Vineyards, Inc. ★21 wines, including dry and sweet Concord, Pink Catawba, Labrusca

67. On Grand River, 7 miles south of Madison

Chalet De Bonne ●Dry red and white varietal table wines, both premiums; grapes: French-American hybrid blends

OKLAHOMA

68. Okarche

Pete Schwarz Winery ● Catawba and Concord table wines; grapes from Arkansas

OREGON

69. Forest Grove

Charles Coury Vineyards ● Dry red and white table wines

70. Hillsboro

Oak Knoll Winery, Inc. ★ 13 different wines, including tart "natural" fruit and berry wines: Zinfandel, Pinot Noir, Gamay Beaujolais, Riesling, Chardonnay, Gewürztraminer, White Grape (Swiss-French hybrid), Red Grape, rosé, Concord, Sweet Concord, Rhine; fruit wines include red currant, cherry, strawberry, loganberry, boysenberry, blackberry; all fruits locally grown

71. Roseburg

Bjelland Vineyards ● Full range of varietal wines, including Cabernet Sauvignon, Johannisberg Riesling, Sauvignon Blanc; grapes: French-American blends

Hillcrest Vineyard ● White Riesling, Gewürztraminer, Chardonnay, Sauvignon Blanc, Sémillon (whites); Zinfandel, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir (reds)

72. Sandy

Pioneer Homestead Winery ●Strictly non-grape wines; 7 kinds; raspberry, strawberry, loganberry, cherry, apple, blackberry, black appleberry (blend of apple and blackberry); adding elderberry, rhubarb

PENNSYLVANIA

73. North East

Penn Shore Vineyards, Inc. ★ 8 still, 2 sparkling wines (Burgundy, Champagne), Pinot Chardonnay being added; some 100% varietals among red, white, rosé table wines; grapes: French-American and native strains, including Aurore, Seyve Villard, Maréchal Foch, Baco Noir, Dutchess, Delaware, Catawba, Seibel, Ravat, Vidal, Pinot Chardonnay, Steuben, Leon Millot

Presque Isle Wine Cellars ● Dry table wines, mostly whites; grapes: Vinifera, native and French hybrid strains

SOUTH CAROLINA

74. Patrick

Tenner Brothers Winery ●Red and white table wines; grapes: Concord, Niagara

TEXAS

75. Del Rio

Val Verde Winery ● Red and "amber" wine; mostly sacramental wine for local churches; grapes: Black Lenoir, Herbemont

VERMONT

76. Danby

Vermont Wineries, Inc. ● "Vermont State" Apple Wine, Honey Wine, Rhubarb Wine, Maple Wine

VIRGINIA

77. Petersburg

Richard's Wine Cellars ●Medium-dry red, white, rosé table wines; dessert wines

WASHINGTON

78. Selah

Alhambra Wine Co. ★Red and white table wines; loganberry, currant, boysenberry, blackberry, apple wines

79. Yakima Valley

American Wine Growers, Ste. Michelle Vineyards ★Premium varietals, including Sémillon, Johannisberg Riesling, Grenache Rosé, Pinot Noir, Cabernet Sauvignon; all vintage-dated

WISCONSIN

80. Cedarburg

Newberry Wine Co., Inc. ●Cherry wine

81. Rhinelander

Von Stiehl Wine, Inc. ★Natural cherry, apple wines

82. Three Lakes

Fruit of the Woods Wine Cellar, Inc. ● Cranberry, apricot wines; cranberries locally grown, apricots from California

GUIDE TO WINERIES IN CALIFORNIA AND NEW YORK STATE

CALIFORNIA (7 major regions)

SONOMA

C1. Asti

Italian Swiss Colony ■

C2. Cloverdale

Giuseppe Mazzoni ●

Rege Winery ●

C3. Forestville

Robert Lasdin ●

Martini & Prati ●

C4. Geyersville

Nervo Winery ●

J. Pedroncelli Winery ●

C5. Glen Ellen

Valley of the Moon ●

C6. Guerneville

Korbel ★

C7. Healdsburg

Cambiasa ●

Foppiano Wine Co. ●

Simi Winery ●

C8. Kenwood

Pagani Brothers ●

C9. Sonoma

Buena Vista ●

Hanzell Vineyard ●

Samuele Sebastiana ●

C10. Ukiah

Parducci Wine Cellars ●

C11. Windsor

Windsor Vineyards ●

NAPA VALLEY

C12. Calistoga

Schramsberg Vineyards ●

C13. Mont LaSalle

Christian Brothers ■

C14. Napa

Carbone Napa Valley Winery ●

Mayacamas Vineyards ●

Justin Miller ●

C15. Oakville

Robert Mondavi Winery ●

C16. St. Helena

Continued on page 136

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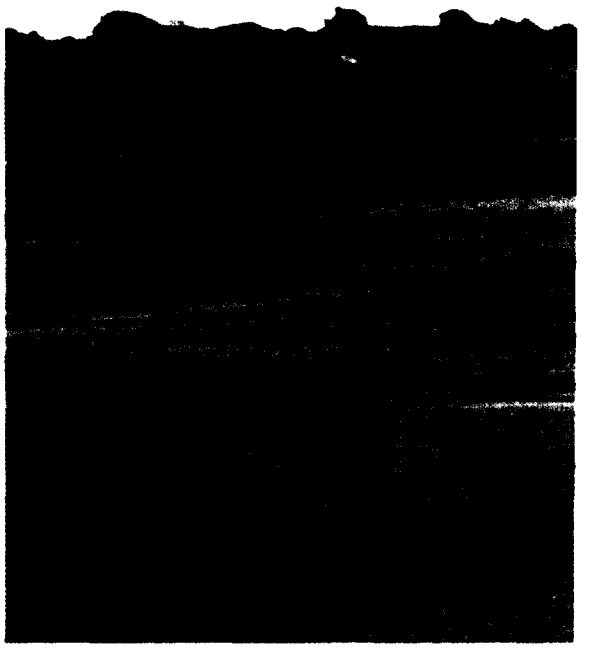
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Of all the jewels of the Caribbean, this is the one Columbus loved the most.

By John B. Fredrickson



Oscar de la Renta and his wife Francoise (above) enjoy hammock living on the designer's native island. New fairway villas flank the golf course (top right), and guests plot relaxation (bottom right) at Hotel Casa de Campo.

The Dominican Republic is presently serene in its blue Caribbean waters, reaping its harvests of sugar, busy developing resorts for its growing tourist industry. Like caffeine in coffee, the infamous Trujillo years are but a bitter pill of memories, tales for the disinterested ears of a new generation. The Columbian era has returned, when the explorer and his dynasty caused this region of Hispaniola to reach the pinnacle of elegance in the New World, with the building of some notable firsts in the Western Hemisphere—the first castle, cathedral, convent, hospital, and university. Today, a "helicopter president"—for that is how he travels his country—Joaquin Balaguer, a sprightly sixty-six-year-old bachelor, benignly holds the pieces together.

Not pieces-of-eight, although Hispaniola still has a piratical aura in the popular imagination. Rather, pieces of crystal glass, for the tourist is being cared for by some of the best resorts in the Caribbean. Even the capital, Santo Domingo, is ablaze with the lights of new and refurbished hotels: the socially elite El Embajador, the newly restored Jaragua with its casino, the just-opened Santo Domingo and San Geronimo, the Hispaniola that opens in the fall.

As for resorts, there is Puerto Plata. Until a few years ago this was a forgotten city punished by Trujillo for its role in an abortive rising against him. Now this ancient town, 130 miles north of the capital, at the end of a highway that curls through the loveliest valleys in the Tropics, is earmarked for tourist development. The surrounding coastline stretches for 65 miles and the government tourist department has already built two vacation communities on what was recently sagebrush and palm tree wasteland.

At Punta Cana, on the eastern tip of the island, a syndicate which includes union boss

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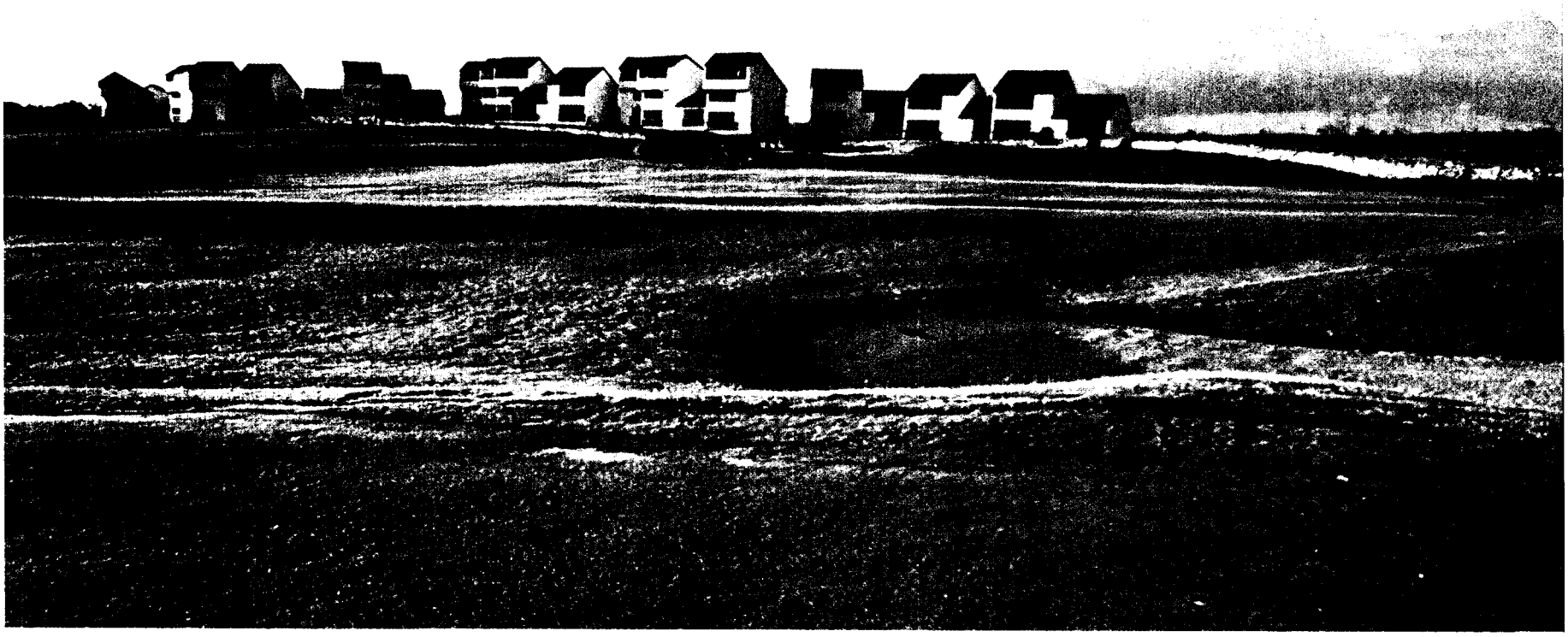

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Even the helicopters (top right) enjoy a leisurely existence at Hotel La Romana, while guests ride quarter horses (above), sail Hobie Cats (right center), or mingle for quiet saunters (bottom right).

George Meany and Phase Four czar John T. Dunlop is creating a plush complex in the remote trackless bush.

But the ultimate, perhaps *the* ultimate of all Caribbean resorts, is La Romana. Its regality is in taste, not opulence. Stretched languorously along the Costasur, a short drive east of Santo Domingo, the resort is a carefree scatter of thatched living. (Even the helicopters are parked under a thatch-roofed hangar.) Nothing statuesque. A part of the landscape, not making its own landscape.

The first hotel was a seventy-eight-room guesthouse, for visiting executives of the nearby sugar plant, boasting the world's largest production. A subsidiary of Gulf & Western runs the plant, employs 20,000 persons, breeds 77,000 head of cattle, is lord of 270,000 of the surrounding acres. It has also dropped these sugar cubes of delight along the coastline. Hotel Romana now sparkles in native stone, wood, and hand-laid tile. Thatched casitas shade today's Crusoes on the beach. By the crescent-shaped mahogany bar, you sip fruit punches and dream of Eden. Across the landscape wafts the ever-present smell of boiling sugar. An aroma of sweetness.

The elegance is casual. A waitress trips by in a blush of parrot colors. Her uniform created freely and free by Oscar de la Renta, the Dominican son, sun of haute couture, who lives in Thailandian splendor in his house on the grounds.

Oscar de la Renta is frankly enamored of his country and his spectacular career as a world-famous couturier has never dulled the fact that he is a living example of the happy return of the native. He can be quite eloquent over the beauties of the Dominican Republic: and what interests us, too, is how they have found a way into his designs:

"I left my country as a very young man, the land Columbus discovered and loved best. Where the explorer lies buried in the great cathedral; the candles around his grave, the 10,000-foot peaks clothed in mahogany groves. Where the valleys are luxuriant, the highways skirted by a cobalt sea; where magnificent monuments attest to an age of elegance in the early 1500's. And I left my people. Turned dark and light by successive invasions. Bent under revolutions and dictatorships. But resilient—and now showing a remarkable vigor under the stable government of Joaquin Balaguer.

"Columbus had called us 'gentle beings, hospitable . . . curious and merry, walking in beauty.' We are as he found us.

"We walk in beauty, beautifully, in bright, almost gypsy colors; in valleys (such as Cibao in the Yuboa region) that are among the wonders of the Caribbean. These colors, these settings, the stance were to inspire my collections years later. Paris, London, Rome, and New York gasped at such 'daring'—in my heart I took no credit for it, the bright swash in my mind had been painted there when I was already a child. My style, in one sense, was my inheritance. My art, a resurgence of the spirit of my native land. Later, I was to use more artifice and classic reserve in my designs. But in my fresh beginnings I was the pure instrument of my own origins."

A few beach miles away from La Romana there's an affiliated hotel, Casa de Campo—"House on the Course." Its seventy-six huge rooms with cathedral ceilings cluster in eight buildings, planted among sugarcane and guinea

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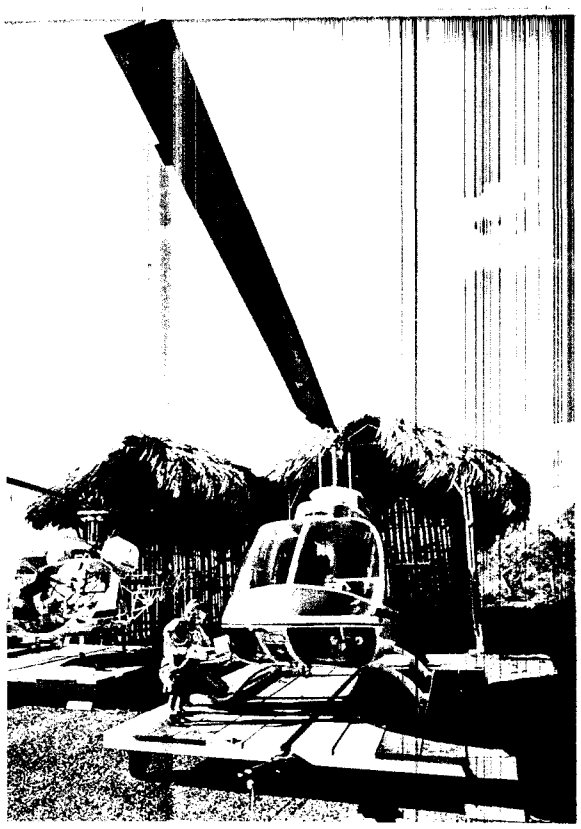

grass. The clubhouse is a thatched structure to beckon a Lord Jim, merengue music throbbing sensually in the background.

Casa de Campo is the golf course designed by Pete Dye. It could have been Pebble Beach East: the ocean, gentle greens. Instead, it is ruggedly sculpted—sculpted in an extraordinary way. Seven holes of what the natives affectionately call "Teeth of the Dog" hop among the bluffs, bite rockily into the Caribbean. The par-4 fifteenth hole, with its tee perched on the windy sea cliffs, "the longest 370 yards in golf." The gentler greens wander away among tall stands of sugarcane, citrus and coconut trees.

Dye had been given his choice of 300,000 acres to plot his course and selected this four miles of oceanfront.

The local people could not provide even a tractor. Only their hands. There was no topsoil. Dye made his own soil of sand, red dirt and *cachaza*, an organic residue obtainable from the nearby sugar mill. The backs of a local army dipped and humped the soil over the future fairways, then the army fanned out, elbow to elbow, to plant sprigs of tenacious Bermuda grass. Their achievement: the Axminster of the Caribbean.

As the workmen trundled away the piles of removed boulders, Dye was struck with an idea. Why not erect serpentine walls of bitter rock throughout the course. The Dominicans enjoyed the idea, the work—and the walls became an original feature.

Pete Dye had not finished with his recycling, however. Large piles of weatherbeaten sticks had been collected from the cleared land. With these he fashioned his "crooked stick" furniture (his first course, in Indianapolis, was named "Crooked Stick") that added to the casualness—an almost Kentuckian homeyness of gnarled chairs and patchwork quilts.

Across the greens are the new fairway villas (a ninety-nine-year lease costs around $40,000). There are thick sandwiches under a beachside *bohio*. Quarter-horse riding, tennis, snorkeling. Across the polo field; the rodeo ground; the Chavon River filled with *robalo*.

Coconut fringes become green blurs as the fifty-two-foot gaff-rigged schooner *Merengue* wades into tarpon and wahoo on its way to Bayahibe, the resort's private beach. Native laughter up and down the gunwales; a welcome by the world's Beautiful Children at the fishing village, the village of Mayor Aurelio Santana, "Neneno." The beach is secure, cut off from the roads; only the palm fronds and a lazy afternoon.

Oscar de la Renta, perhaps, is the best salesman that his lovely country has. Yes, he lives in New York City, where he is the darling of the Beautiful People and a centerpiece in the dizzy life of the fashion and society worlds. He doesn't feel the need to apologize for that, as a man who came from a small island in the Caribbean. In fact, he shows a great wisdom of place, an understanding of how geography can shape a man's viewpoint toward life. He can say this, for example, of the great steel and stone fortress of Manhattan:

"In New York, we have all the worst—and all the best. But the city breeds success. The creative person is continually stimulated; he's got to be good because there is so much to work with. That I have three times won the coveted Coty Awards and hence have earned a place in the industry's Hall of Fame—a grandfather of fashion before reaching forty—must be attributed to this most important city in the world; so disturbing yet so challenging. I must thank New York for my being able to look out across America and watch the Beautiful People, the Candice Bergens, the Raquel Welches, the Mrs. William Paleys reach for my off-the-peg creations.

"But I had come to America for another reason, to be closer to my native Dominican Republic, to be able to nestle my heart closer to my origins. When you come from a very small place, you feel more strongly toward it than if you came from a huge country. It's a deeply personal matter.

"Years ago, when I was in Europe nobody knew of the Dominican Republic. If I said I came from the Dominican Republic they'd ask, "Where's that?" I'd have to tell them I came from the same island as Porfirio Rubirosa, the playboy diplomat who was busily marrying the likes of Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke. Later, my wife, Françoise, would laugh at my jealous regard for my country. After all, it was such a small place, no hotels: nobody thought it would make it. But the Republic has come a long way and it is my turn to laugh since my wife has become a leading promoter.

"One of my greatest blessings is my ability to return to my native country eight to ten times a year. It is hard to be impartial about the home we were able to build in the beautiful resort at La Romana, a haven of thatched elegance on the Costasur. Nothing could be more relaxing. I am so involved with my work in New York, with no time to sit and read, that I need a place to forget my hectic daily life. Nine years ago, I was staying at the home of Jimmy Thompson in Thailand. It was a marvelous house and I vowed that if I should ever build back home this would be it. The dream has come true. Ours is not an actual Thai house since it would look out of place in the Caribbean, but it captures the strong use of wood, the big unpretentious proportions of Thompson's home. It's strictly for bare feet. Here Françoise can listen to her favorite opera records while I snorkel in the clear waters below.

"My early promise to myself to help the Republic in any way I can has not been forgotten. I've found an outlet for my feelings, and also for my love of children, in the orphanage at La Suisa, at the other end of the island. Through a friend, I was introduced to the director, Father Diaz. I found him to be an extraordinary man who needed help. Over the years I've been able to raise money for his work through benefit fashion shows, have shipped in a truck, a TV and army surplus beds. Just this morning, the children phoned me from the island to make a date with me. They want me at the inauguration of a new building that's just been erected. The call reminded me of Abraham, a favorite youngster of ours. He arrived at the orphanage four years ago with his three brothers: a beautiful child, then only two and a half years old—his parents both dead. At first, he knew only two words. I'd ask him if he'd like to go away with me—'Si,' he'd answer. Would he like me to die—'no!' "

The return of the native son, indeed. The bonds are never quite cut away from home, no matter how glorious the journey away from the little island. The Dominican Republic is a nice place to visit: it is a nicer place to come from. Either way, it is as Cristoforo Colombo found it—a jewel in the setting of the jeweled sea. ⁂

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Young, Successful, and First

continued from page 53

Annie Dillard

paralyzes it with enzymes injected during a vicious bite. That one bite is the only bite it ever takes. Through the puncture shoot the poisons that dissolve the victim's muscles and bones and organs—all but the skin—and through it the giant water bug sucks out the victim's body, reduced to a juice.

Not exactly secretarial work—or housekeeping—that observation. As valuable, though, as weekly wages. The right—more precious than any of our constitutional rights—to do nothing. To make nothing pay. To put together nothing and doing until nothing doing becomes doing something, doing *the* thing worth doing.

"You can slow life down by slowing yourself down," she says, her voice curiously normal, free from the hard edge of the work ethic, and guiltless about the freedom. And her style is as masterfully casual as a bandanna. Philosophy and theology in her work are the kisses that make frogs princes.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek is a best-seller. From Annie Dillard's nature walks you and the whole class emerge familiar with leaves and lives, the horrors of nature that become the hopes of man. It takes a hard and deep person to see through the romance of blue skies and green trees. And frogs. They used to say, "It took a man."

Barbara ("Biff") Borin

tennis) and studied journalism in college, then worked on TV in Ohio and Miami, including a stint on educational television teaching history. Her break in Boston came next, and Biff earned the respect of her colleagues who had first condescended to her. Sports Director Bob Gamere pays the ultimate compliment: "She's one of the guys."

Not usually awed by athletes, Biff respects Billie Jean King's "insistence on equality for women" and admires Celtics player John Havlicek, "a rare type of human being; he never stops giving of himself as an athlete, and he's always willing to donate time to charity—a tremendous gentleman."

Nor is she an archetypal women's libber, although she insists on equal pay for equal work and hopes people will be judged on their individual merits. Besides, she loves being a woman, is engaged and will marry later this year, and contemplates an eventual career in politics. Now, a year since her first appearance on Boston TV—"I was awful"—Biff is indeed considered by sports fans as "just one of the guys," and a helluva fine sportscaster as well.

Cindy Dodge

event to promote attendance.

Although the casualty rate among cowgirls isn't as high as that for their male counterparts of the Rodeo Cowboys Association, the business certainly is not without its peril. Cindy recalls that Sheila Bussey, a Texas cowgirl who was the all-around champion in 1973, suffered a broken jaw during the rodeo finals at Spring Creek, Nevada, when a bull hit her with his head.

"I have been really lucky," says Cindy. Her only serious injury was a fractured left ankle suffered in 1971 when a horse fell on her. Of course, there have been plenty of bumps and bruises along the way.

But Cindy clearly loves her work. "I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't enjoy it," she says.

Pamela Allyson Powell

Pam also works with the Bicentennial Administration, meeting frequently with people and organizations who are working throughout the country to make America's 200th birthday a significant one.

She is out of town on speaking engagements an average of two days a week.

What this means is ten- and twelve-hour work days, and for Pam, a job that is the "perfect combination of everything I've ever wanted to do."

She has been involved in politics and government since she was twelve years old and spending afternoons pasting Richard Nixon bumper strips on cars in Los Angeles. She became interested in working with youth when she was nineteen and left college to cover the 1968 campaign as a reporter for the *Orange Coast Pilot*. She was convinced young people could make a difference in politics and government if they got involved. And she wanted to be a part of getting them interested.

When the election was over, Pam finished up assignments on the newspaper, and went to work in Los Angeles for a theatrical public relations firm. After a year and a half, she plunged into acting and moved to New York, where she appeared in several television serials and commercials. But she still had politics on her mind.

She started phoning Nixon campaign organizers early in 1972, and six months later was named national chairman of Young Voters for the President. She went on to serve as chairman of the Inaugural Concerts in 1973 (the youngest such appointment in the Inaugural's history). She was named director of youth activities for the White House a little more than a year ago, and reports to Presidential Counsellor Anne Armstrong.

Pam is attractive, a five-foot blonde with green eyes (the President's "tiniest powerhouse," one newspaper says). She is soft-spoken but articulate, and has an enthusiasm which is constant. She is totally at ease on a platform or with reporters, with an inbred stage presence and a naturalness her audiences immediately sense.

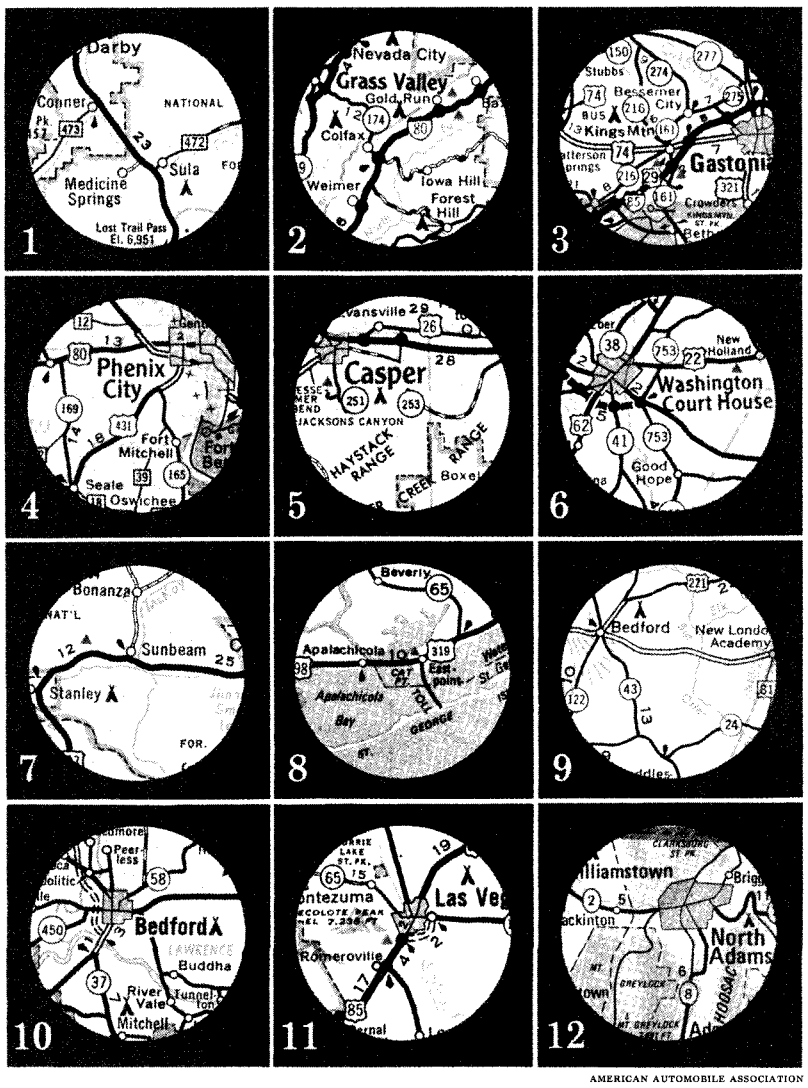
Pam feels she has two responsibilities in her give-and-take sessions with young people across the country. "I want them to know what's going on in government, and what government is doing for them," she explains. "But I also want young people to recognize the importance of getting involved in the system themselves."

She says she tries to emphasize her listening role during her speaking engagements. "The give-and-take is important, particularly in keeping the President informed."

Pam senses no great disillusionment in young people today on the subject of government. "Of course they're disturbed about Watergate—we all are. But it's more issue oriented . . . like Vietnam in '72 and civil rights in '68. Kids are questioning things today just as they always have, and that's good. But they're not dropping out. If anything, they're questioning to the point of wanting to do something significant themselves to change the situation.

"There are few kids who've taken the time to go to a City Council

Continued on page 134



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Harley P. Cook

(Answers on Page 134)

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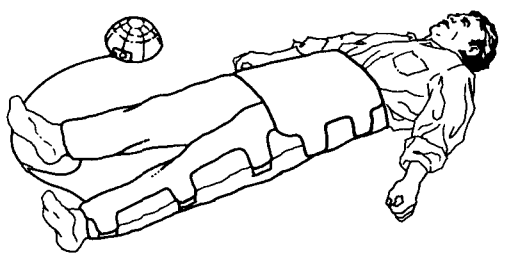
MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"If, after exercise, we feed sparingly, the digestion will be easy and good, the body lightsome, the temper cheerful, and all the animal functions performed agreeably." — Benjamin Franklin

I saw an automobile accident last week, and when the ambulance arrived, the technician put what looked like a pair of pants on one of the victims. He put these right over his clothes. What are these pants, and what do they do?

Emergency care of the trauma victim has been radically refashioned by the addition of a pair of "pants." This pair of pants is a pneumatic trouser that stabilizes a patient's cardiovascular system and prevents or reverses shock, moments after it is put on and inflated, a sixty-second process. In the case of a badly mangled accident victim, this is equivalent to transfusing 1,000 cc of blood (about one-seventh of the body's total amount of blood) into the patient. Within one to two minutes after inflation, this pneumatic trouser starts an auto-transfusion of blood, blood that would otherwise have remained trapped in the patient's lower extremities.



This new garment (called MAST–Military Antishock Trouser) is a take-off on the anti-gravity or G suit of World War II. G suits were famous for saving an aviator from blacking out while pulling out of a sharp dive or other maneuvers which caused blood to rush to the extremities in response to centrifugal forces. G suits prevented pooling of blood in the aviator's legs.

The inventor of MAST, Dr. Burton Kaplan, set out to design a "big diaper" into which he could pump some pressure. MAST actually looks little like a diaper and more like a costume for a male flamenco dancer—a high-waisted trouser that covers the body totally from the lower rib cage to the feet. The trouser is inflated by a simple foot pump. Pressure relief valves are built into the suit to prevent overinflation. Once inflated, the trouser also serves as a splint, effectively immobilizing and protecting the patient.

Clinical trials of MAST have produced dramatic results. Almost all patients awaken or at least show a pulse or blood pressure when the trouser is applied. In terms of salvaging lives, immeasurable time is gained when MAST is applied as opposed to simply loading the patient into an ambulance and transporting him to the hospital.

I recently received a letter from my sister. Her husband was in an automobile accident in which he was hurt badly. He is now much better, but my sister says that he received four pints of his own blood right after he was hurt. How can this be?

Your sister was probably referring to the technique of autotransfusion, a procedure in which the blood lost by a patient during an active bleeding episode is subsequently returned to his circulation. It has been used sporadically during the past 100 years, usually as an emergency measure, when the patient's life was in danger because of a sudden, massive hemorrhage, such as your brother-in-law might have had. Currently, autotransfusion is being investigated as having more than emergency potential.

The development of autotransfusion for use as a routine procedure has been neglected as a result of the large-scale use of banked donor blood. After the discovery of blood types in 1900, and the development of preservative agents, there was a rapid increase in the use of donor blood transfusions. Donor blood, even though correctly typed, is not without complications. Most complications occur in the form of febrile (fever) or allergic reactions. More currently, the biggest danger of banked donor blood is hepatitis. It has been estimated that post-transfusion hepatitis develops in 30,000 patients in the United States each year. Approximately 1 out of every 200 donors is a carrier of hepatitis. To detect the hepatitis virus in blood requires a number of rather expensive, and not totally accurate, tests. Many blood banks buy their blood from habitual donors who earn their living by donating units of blood. All too often these individuals have had hepatitis and carry the virus in their blood.

To protect their citizens, many states have enacted legislation prohibiting the buying of blood. Although well intentioned, this type of law has temporarily created a blood and blood product shortage. Autotransfusion may be an answer to this shortage.

Even without the blood shortage, the demand for blood far exceeds the supply. Considerable advances in surgical and anesthetic technology have made possible more extensive surgical procedures. Coupled with the increase of trauma from accidents of various kinds, the demand for blood frequently exceeds the available donor reserves. If a safe technique for autotransfusion could be developed, it might relieve this need and even prove superior to the use of banked blood.

Autotransfusion is currently being investigated with two major applications, the first being for emergency use as a replacement for lost blood volume, and the second as an elective procedure prior to planned surgery. In the first application, blood is collected as quickly as the patient bleeds. This can be done in a variety of ways, such as by using suction to collect the blood from the patient's chest or abdomen. The collected blood is then diluted and reinfused as rapidly as it can be collected.

In the second application, the patient is bled one to three weeks prior to surgery. The blood is then preserved and made available to him at the time of his scheduled surgery.

Physicians studying autotransfusion have many questions to answer, such as what is the risk of infection in blood salvage, what are the upper limits of blood that it is safe to reinfuse (some patients have received as much as thirty pints safely), what damage happens to the blood during this repeated reinfusion, and is there any permanent damage to the patient? Thus far, the procedure seems to be very safe.

Certainly autotransfusion has many advantages. It absolutely rules out the possibility of post-transfusion hepatitis, it conserves available donor blood, it is less expensive than banked donor blood, there is no possibility of an incorrect matching of blood types, it provides blood quickly (typing and cross-matching blood requires one hour), and it may be used with patients of religious groups that do not permit blood transfusion. It is obvious to many physicians that autotransfusion is a viable and practical alternative to banked donor blood. As blood supplies continue to be overtaxed, autotransfusion will acquire wider usage throughout the country.

"Sir, could you spare a health enthusiast the price of a hundred vitamin E tablets, 50-milligram strength?"

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MEDICAL HISTORY

Quinidine

The drug quinidine should be familiar to many heart patients. Its primary use is in the treatment of atrial fibrillation, a rhythm disorder of the heart in which the filling chambers of the heart (atria, also called auricles in the past) quiver rather than beat synchronously. Quinidine is one of the natural alkaloids found in cinchona bark and a very close relative of quinine.

Modern use of this drug really began in 1914 when the Viennese cardiologist Karl Friedrich Wenckebach reported on the value of quinine alkaloids in certain cardiac problems. He related the following experience:

> In 1912, a patient presented himself in my office wishing to get rid of his attacks of auricular fibrillation. He knew that this was the so-called perpetual or complete arrhythmia and that his attacks ceased for the most part spontaneously after two to fourteen days. He was a stout man, aged about fifty, able to do a good deal of bodily exercise and even during the attack to walk for four or five hours. From this fact it was clear that the efficiency of his heart and circulation was only slightly diminished during the attack. He did not feel great discomfort during the attack but, as he said, being a Dutch merchant, used to good order in his affairs, he would like to have good order in his heart business also and asked why there were heart specialists if they could not abolish this very disagreeable phenomenon. On my telling him that I could promise him nothing, he told me that he knew himself how to get rid of his attacks, and as I did not believe him he promised to come back the next morning with a regular pulse, and he did. It happens that quinine, in many countries where there is a good deal of malaria, is a sort of drug for everything, just as one takes acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) today if one does not feel well or is afraid of having taken a cold. Occasionally taking the drug during an attack of fibrillation, the patient found that the attack was stopped within twenty to twenty-five minutes, and later he found that a gram of quinine regularly abolished his irregularity.
>
> I was greatly struck by this fact, and afterward tried this sort of treatment in many cases of auricular fibrillation.

In 1918, Dr. Enrico Frey, impressed by the report of Dr. Wenckebach, tried drugs related to quinine in patients with atrial fibrillation, and introduced quinidine, the most effective of these, into cardiac therapy. During succeeding years, the therapeutic action of quinidine was confirmed, its indications for use were recognized, and it obtained its present position as a valuable cardiac drug.

MEDICAL NEWS

Nursing Mothers and Vitamin C

Dr. Eleonore Guvakova in Russia has produced evidence that babies from nursing mothers whose milk is high in vitamin C content cry less, gain weight faster, and do better in many ways than babies whose mothers' milk is low in vitamin C content. Much of Dr. Guvakova's work was done in Siberia where the diet of nursing mothers was low in vitamin C. When the vitamin C was increased in the mothers' diets, the health of the newborn babies improved measurably.

Teddy Bear is Safer

The ordinary toy balloon—the kind associated with birthday parties, circuses, and children—may not be as safe as parents once believed. Three Honolulu physicians have reported two incidents in which a balloon was responsible for the death of one youngster and the near-death of another. In both cases the youngster was suffocated by an exploding balloon. Rubber fragments were driven into the back of the throat, lodging there, and closing the airway.

The unluckier of the two children was a nine-month-old boy left alone in his crib with a blown-up balloon for a toy. Ten minutes later, his father found him non-breathing and non-responsive. Despite cardiopulmonary resuscitation, the child died. In the second case, a two-year-old boy was found not breathing shortly after he was seen playing with a balloon. His father also applied mouth-to-mouth breathing. On arrival at the hospital, the deflated balloon was found in his throat. It was removed and the boy survived.

Death by balloon may be very rare, but the potential for it is frightening. With any child who collapses suddenly and inexplicably, parents should be suspicious of foreign-body obstruction (such as a balloon) in the airway. Infants or toddlers should never be left alone with an inflated, or even deflated, balloon. The well-worn teddy bear is a much safer toy.

Hepatitis as a Venereal Disease

Recently a group of physicians practicing in an adult clinic in the Greenwich Village area of New York City reported that of 12 patients with a diagnosis of hepatitis, 10 were male homosexuals. It is estimated that 20 percent of the residents of that area are homosexual. Although drug abuse is a major health problem in Greenwich Village, none of the 10 homosexual patients admitted to or showed signs of drug administration via a needle. It seems that hepatitis, at least in the male homosexual population, should be considered the most severe type of venereal disease, with a definite mortality.

Blood Test For Birth Defects

A new blood test is being used by a doctor in Scotland to diagnose anencephaly (absence of brain and skull) and spina bifida (open spine) during early pregnancy. These are the most common serious structural birth defects, affecting 1 in 500 infants born in the U.S. and up to 1 in 100 in parts of Great Britain. Dr. D.J.H. Brock of Western General Hospital, Edinburgh, tested maternal blood levels of AFP (alphafetoprotein) in a pregnant woman who had already been delivered of a stillborn anencephalic, and had, according to statistics, a 1 in 20 chance of recurrence. The AFP level was more than triple the normal level for a 16-week pregnancy, and almost seven times normal for a 21-week pregnancy. Dr. Brock's diagnosis of anencephaly was confirmed by X-ray. High levels of AFP in expectant mothers, particularly those with a history of family occurrence of anencephaly or spina bifida, should definitely be regarded as a danger signal. This relatively simple blood test is suitable for routine prenatal screening which is not now possible.

"I'm putting you on monogamy."

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continued from page 28

as well as small amounts of several vitamins and minerals and some chemicals to permit keeping the food on the store shelf for a long time.

Moreover, there was for sale in the food store another kind of cornflakes, frosted with sugar. These cornflakes contain only one gram of protein per ounce, instead of two grams. This means that there is only half as much corn in the frosted flakes—the other half is the added sugar. Children are being trained to want more and more sugar in their food by the high-sugar processed foods that are seductively advertised on television, and they are going to suffer from poor health as a result.

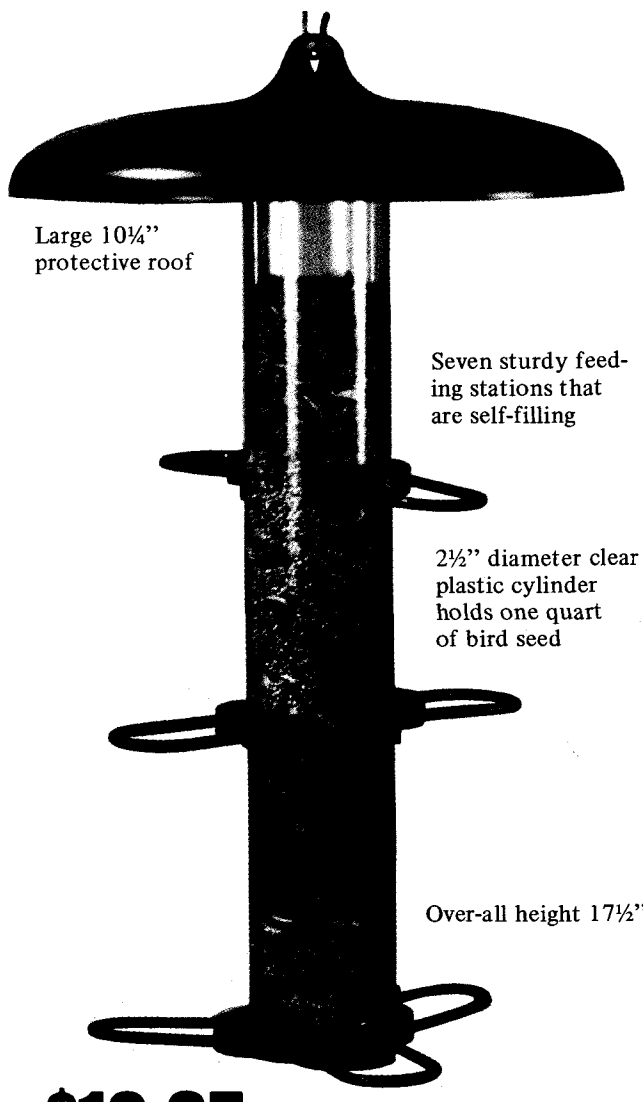
My conclusion is that by eating good unadulterated natural food, with emphasis on green and yellow or red vegetables, by a proper intake of vitamin C, vitamin E, and other vitamins, by largely eliminating ordinary sugar from the diet, and by some physical exercise every day, the process of deterioration that ultimately leads to death can be postponed an average of twenty years. (I have not discussed here the important matter of cigarette smoking; it is well known that on the average cigarette smokers deteriorate in health and die eight years earlier than nonsmokers.)

The prediction of an extra twenty years of good health with this regime is uncertain, because the federal government and other granting agencies have not thought it worthwhile to support the research that would permit a better estimate to be made. The regime itself is uncertain for the same reason—lack of money for research. We do not have reliable information about the intake of vitamins and other nutrients that could lead to the best of health.

One might ask if there is much reason to strive to lengthen the period of well-being by twenty years, if it is only to be followed by the same miserable years of deterioration leading to death. Fortunately, there is some evidence that death is often easier for very old people who have managed to stay in good health than it is for younger people who have not taken good care of themselves. The body changes with the passing years. The process of aging is not understood at present, but it has been observed that often old people remain in good health, enjoying life, and then die quietly and suddenly, or after only a very short period of rapid deterioration. This is a good way to die. We cannot abolish death, nor should we strive to, but we can hope to eliminate those causes of death, such as cancer, that are accompanied by unusual suffering. I am encouraged now by the recent observations that certain nutritional measures, especially the proper use of vitamin C, have some value in preventing and treating cancer. It is my hope that a thorough study of this possibility will be made, and that it will lead to a significant diminution in the amount of human suffering.

2 Great Ways You Can Help Our Environment

1. Feed the Birds



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Signature _____
If you prefer, use perforated order form on page 115A.
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

(Please print name to appear on Award.) _____
(Addl. name if more than one ordered.) _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State_____ Zip_____

4G

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T.V. Bias

continued from page 15

highlighted, the better to give the impression its author (pseudonymously known as "Sedulus") intended: that concern about the left-liberal bias of public TV is nonsense.

It is my contention that the TV and radio media, public and commercial alike, consciously slant the news, thereby showing disrespect for the truth. *Not* always, but often.

Space precludes a complete cataloguing of even the major recent examples but let us mention a few.

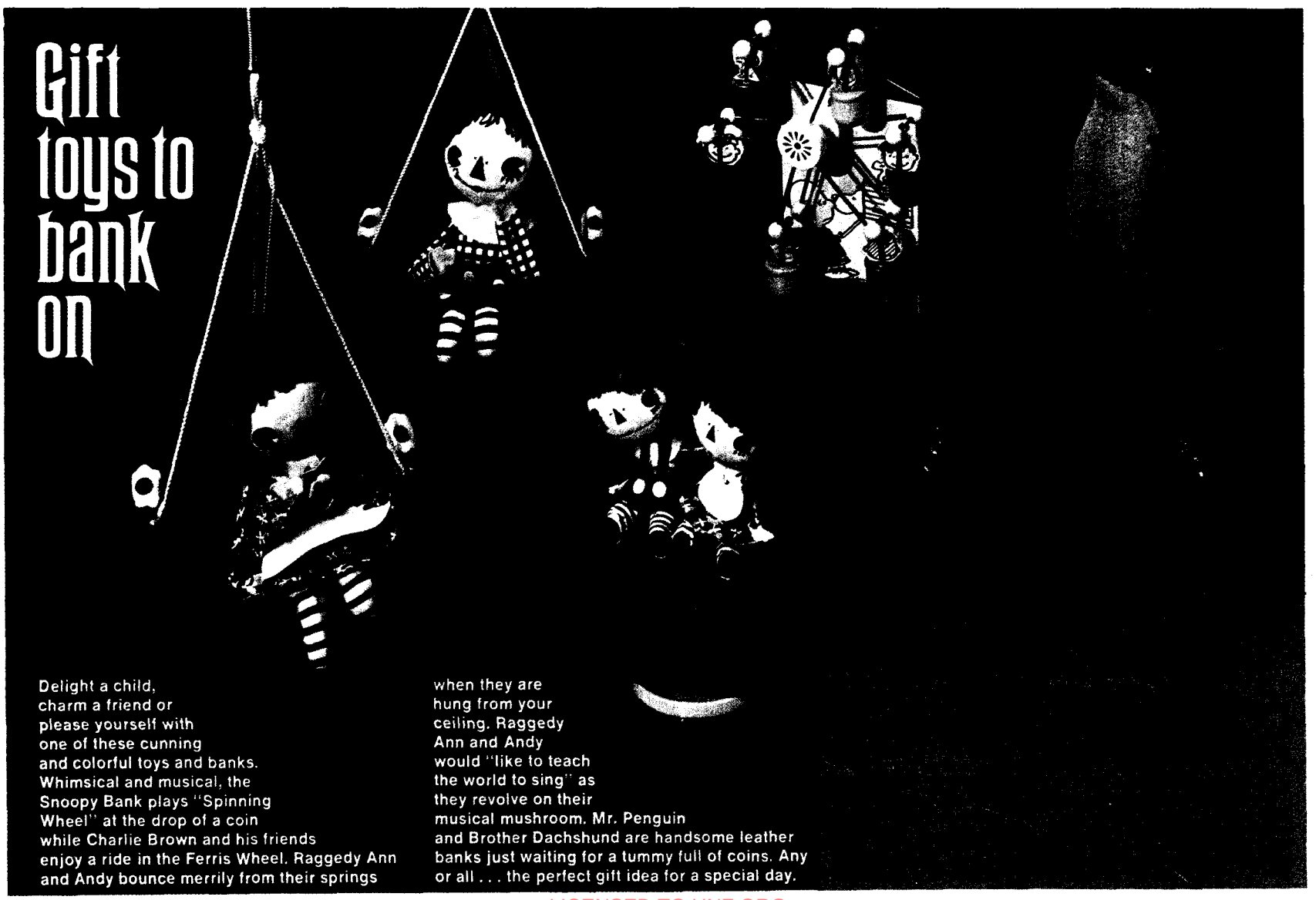
When then Vice-President Agnew visited his native Greece a few years ago, liberal commentators treated the event as reprehensible, because the "right-wing" Greek regime is "evil," therefore the Vice-President shouldn't have honored it with his presence. But when President Nixon visited Red China in 1972, did the media note that the regime in that sad nation is the most repressive, reprehensible, and fanatical on earth?

When the energy shortage suddenly caught up with America in 1973, the radio-TV media began their assault on oil companies, which were, we learned, experiencing "windfall profits." But they said and say nothing about the contribution to that energy problem of the disaster lobby (the ecology movement gone bonkers in recent years) or the government's decades-long restrictions on oil imports and on domestic oil production. While TV regularly chides the top oil companies for a profit increase of 43 percent in the first three-quarters of 1973 as compared to the same period in 1972 (and that too entails a bit of toying with statistics), do they tell us, as the American Institute for Political Communications pointed out in a February 1974 bulletin, that "the *New York Times* had increased its profits by 98.3 percent in the same period, the *Washington Post* 59.4 percent and the American Broadcasting Company by 42.3 percent"?

When ABC makes two well-publicized efforts in as many years to "balance" the Dick Cavett Show—once to provide a conservative to appear with communist Angela Davis, a program that collapsed because Miss Davis wouldn't allow it; the second time to grant thirty minutes in the wee hours of the morning to two conservatives following a ninety-minute special with four radicals—does it chance to observe that Cavett's show has for years featured personalities on the left with but infrequent gestures to provide spokesmen for the other side?

The answer to all these questions

Continued on page 144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continued from page 128

meeting. But those who have know that it *is* possible for one person—even a young person—to make a difference. And if they don't come away with that feeling, they at least have a better idea of how to go about making a difference. The important thing is getting them involved in the first place."

Pam says the hardest part of her job is finding the time for everything she feels could be accomplished. There are more than a hundred major youth conventions a year, and thousands of youth organizations to touch base with as well. Pam admits that it's often difficult to get accurate feedback.

"I have to take a 'shotgun' approach. I know that personal contact is important, but there's no way to reach everyone face to face. So you do the best you can, and hope you're able to influence at least a few."

A native Californian, Pam says she sometimes feels torn between her East Coast and West Coast homes, as she used to feel split between her acting and political interests. She leans toward the government-politics end of things now, though, and doesn't rule out the possibility of running for office herself someday.

"I have no overwhelming desire for any particular elected position," she explains. "But if I see something I think needs to get done, I'll find a way—either look for a good candidate or run myself."

One can see Pam Powell doing just that.

Lieutenant Barbara Ann Allen

Tactical Support Squadron #30, based at the Naval Air Station in Alameda, California, forty-five miles from where John is stationed. She is flying propeller-driven cargo planes She plans to take further instruction to qualify for jets. Women are restricted by law from assuming combat roles, so the women aviators are limited to flying transport aircraft or fleet-type helicopters.

The first part of Lieutenant Allen's training was at the Pensacola (Florida) Naval Air Station. "I met my fiancé on the first day of classes," she recalls. "I think we both noticed each other. It was about a week after that before we started talking to each other in class and maybe another week or two before our first date."

Rainey was a 1972 Naval Academy graduate and, until he got his own pilot's wings a couple of months after Miss Allen, was an ensign. "There was no problem because I outranked him," says Lieutenant Allen, "but it was kind of a tricky situation."

Lieutenant Allen is the daughter of a retired Navy Commander, William Allen of Long Beach, California, who had the honor of pinning the Wings of Gold on her at the Naval Air Station in Corpus Christi, Texas. Barbara Ann was graduated in 1970 from Whittier College in California, which is also the alma mater of President Richard M. Nixon.

Despite her pioneer role, Lieutenant Allen does not consider herself a "women's libber." "Frankly, I never considered myself enslaved," she said. "Everybody should have the right to develop his talent and do what he wants to do. I don't like the term is what I am trying to say."

But Lieutenant Allen does believe that there is no ground for any discrimination between men and women in aviation. "I think I have the same talents as my counterparts," she says. "There is absolutely no physical reason why a woman can't be just as good a pilot as a man. I would very much encourage any woman who is interested and willing to work to go into aviation. It is one of the most rewarding things that you could do."

Dr. Elaine Jaffe

Maryland. She then was named a Fellow in the hematopathology section of the National Cancer Institute.

Her children, Gregory, five, and Caleb, one, keep her busy most of the time when she isn't doing research. But she still finds time for "international cooking."

"I don't think I'm really a gourmet cook," she says. "I just cook for my own enjoyment—and consumption."

Elaine Jaffe has a full life and many years ahead of service to the medical world.

Rabbi Sally J. Priesand

important because many people join a church "for the children" but never become active participants themselves.)

What led Sally to become a rabbi? She explains that she first considered that goal when she was in the tenth grade in Cleveland. Fortunately, her family was extremely supportive, as was Dr. Nelson Glueck, then president of Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. Many of her classmates and professors assumed she enrolled to find a husband, or thought she would go into teaching rather than seek a pulpit. Some challenged a woman's right under Jewish law to be ordained. That question was resolved when an Orthodox rabbi in Jerusalem was quoted as saying, "There is nothing in Jewish law prohibiting women rabbis. We just don't need any." Sally now recounts that anecdote with amusement, but admits that from the time she decided to become a rabbi to the time she was ordained, she tried to think very little about the precedent she was setting. "It's very scary to think you're the first person to do something—anything."

Inevitably the question of possible marriage and family comes up. Originally Sally thought she might like to serve as assistant to her husband if she were to marry a rabbi. Now, however, she feels she would not choose to be married to a practicing rabbi unless perhaps he were in the field of education. "I'm afraid there might be a sense of competition." As for children, she would set up a nursery next to her office to be with them as much as possible.

Certainly the Women's Liberation movement has helped Rabbi Priesand gain acceptance, but the movement itself did not prompt her to choose her precedent-setting career. She simply felt becoming a rabbi was what she as an individual wanted. Speaking of her achievement she has said, "Aside from becoming a rabbi, I think I am most proud of the fact that I haven't changed. I am myself." Being herself has prompted antagonists to complain about the miniskirts and boots she wore when they were in style, and her long hair which she wears loose—not to mention her love of watching and betting on horse races. "But if I changed those things, they would always find something else."

It is unusual for a rabbi to remain an assistant in one congregation longer than three years, but Sally finds little time in her hectic schedule to make long-range plans. The one thing she would like to do in the near future, however, is to take a year off to study in Israel. As a recently ordained rabbi she feels she still has much to learn about Judaism.

Frequently people ask Sally Priesand if she encourages other women to enter the rabbinate. She responds: "If they are sincere, patient, and have a sense of humor." Fortunately for all who meet her, Rabbi Sally herself possesses an abundance of those qualities. ✡

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 128

1. Montana
2. California
3. North Carolina
4. Alabama
5. Wyoming
6. Ohio
7. Idaho
8. Florida
9. Virginia
10. Indiana
11. New Mexico
12. Massachusetts

People is all everything is, all it has ever been, all it can ever be.

—*William Saroyan*

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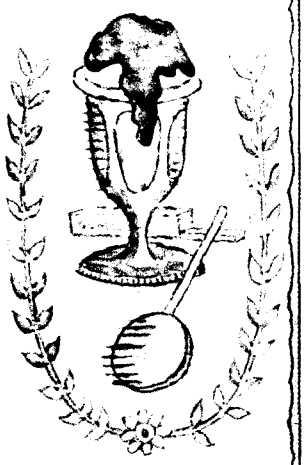
SPOTS & STAINS

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE



Acid Stains: Rinse with water immediately. Then apply ammonia (to neutralize acid) and rinse again with water. If fabric changes color, apply white vinegar and rinse with water.
Adhesive Tape: Sponge with carbon tetrachloride in open air.
Alcoholic Beverage: Sponge with cold water, then glycerine and water. Before laundering, rinse with vinegar water.

Ballpoint Pen Ink: Pour denatured alcohol through cloth. Rub vaseline into stain. Rub fireproof Energine into stain. Soak in detergent solution and launder.
Blood: Soak in cold water for about a half hour. If stain remains, soak in lukewarm ammonia water (3 tablespoons of household ammonia per gallon of water). Alternative: Ordinary club soda. On thick fabrics, spread stain with paste of corn starch and water. Let dry and brush off.
Brass Tarnish: Clean and polish with BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Makes your antique brass articles glisten and gleam like new.

Ceramic Smooth Top Ranges: Use trusted, non-abrasive BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove pot marks, food spills, coffee and tea stains.
Chocolate (also cocoa and candy): For washable fabrics, just launder. On others, rub glycerine into fabric and wash out with clear water.
Chewing Gum: Put article in plastic bag and place in freezer. Gum will come off with a flick of the finger. On washable fabrics, soften gum with egg white and launder.
Chrome (faucets, bumpers, grills, whistles, musical instruments): Shine and polish better than new by using BAR KEEPERS FRIEND.
Coffee: Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for at least 30 minutes. Work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
Copper: Use BKF to renew the finish on your copper-bottomed cookware. Works quickly and effectively, without hard scouring.
Crayons: Loosen stain with kitchen shortening. Apply detergent, working until outline of stain is removed. Launder. On silk or wool, use fireproof Energine.

Dishwasher film: Add BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular washing cycle.
Dinginess of Fabrics: Use 3 tablespoons of BKF in your washing machine (BKF contains no phosphates and dissolves grease and dirt).

Egg: Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, work in a soap or detergent.
Eyebrow pencil or eye shadow: Rub in undiluted detergent or soap and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Fruit Stains (also berry): Stretch cloth over bowl and pour boiling water through it. If stain persists, sponge with lemon solution. Never use soap and water on fresh fruit stains.

Gravy/Meat Juice (greasy stains): Sponge in lukewarm water. Launder in warm soapy water. On some fabrics, it may be necessary to rub soap or detergent thoroughly into stain and allow to stand for several hours before rinsing.
Grass Stains: Work detergent into stains, then rinse. If safe for dye, sponge stain with alcohol solution (2 parts water, 1 part alcohol).

Honey (syrup): Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for 30 minutes. If trace remains, work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.
"Hard" Water Stains: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove mineral deposits left in tubs, sinks, shower stalls, toilet bowls, etc.

Ice Cream: Sponge in cold water. Apply either neutral detergent solution or vinegar water.
Ink: Force water through stain. Then wash with soap or detergent several times. Then soak in warm suds containing 1 to 4 tablespoons of ammonia to a quart of water.

Ketchup: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Work in detergent and rinse.

Lipstick: Loosen stain with cold cream or glycerine. Wash as usual in undiluted detergent. If necessary, rubbing alcohol may be used, if safe for fabric.
Liquid Makeup: Dampen stain. Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Work in and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Mildew: Add ½ cup liquid Lysol to wash water in washing machine. On leather, sponge with 50% water and 50% rubbing alcohol.
Mustard: Work glycerine into stain. Launder. If stain persists, sponge with rubbing alcohol.
Milk: Launder washable fabrics with plenty of soap. Repeat, if necessary.

Nail Polish: If fabric is acetate, Arnel, Dynel or Verel, sponge stain with amyl acetate. On other fabrics use acetone.

Oil (fish, liver oil, linseed oil, machine oil, vegetable oil): Rub soap or detergent into stain and rinse with warm water. Or sponge with fireproof Energine.
Oxidation (of aluminum, chrome, copper, stainless steel, etc.): BAR KEEPERS FRIEND efficiently cleans and polishes all oxidized metal surfaces without hard scrubbing.

Paint: Treat immediately. No one method will remove all stains. For fresh stains, rub in soap or detergent and wash. If stain remains, sponge with turpentine. While stain is still wet with solvent, work soap or detergent into stain, put in hot water and soak overnight. Then wash again.
Pet "Stains": Wash with solution of ¼ cup salt to 1 pint water. Then with ammonia solution, 1 part ammonia to 20 parts water.

Rust (on almost anything): Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains from fabrics as well as from tools, toys, hardware, and other household items.

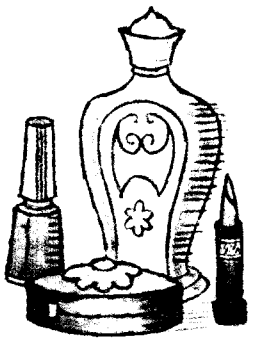
Soft Drinks: Sponge immediately with cool water. If persistent, sponge with alcohol solution. Rub in glycerine and rinse after 30 minutes.
Scorch: If light, wash with soap or detergent or wash with a small amount of chlorine bleach added to wash water. For heavier scorching, cover stain with cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide. Cover with dry cloth and press with iron. Rinse.
Shoe Polish: Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Rinse. If necessary, sponge with rubbing diluted alcohol (30% solution).
Shellac: Sponge stain with alcohol, or soak in alcohol. Dilute alcohol with 2 parts water for use on acetate. If alcohol bleeds the dye, try turpentine.
Soup: Sponge with cool water. If stain remains, work in soap or detergent. Allow to dry. If greasy stain remains, sponge with Energine. If a colored stain remains after the fabric dries, use a chlorine or peroxygen bleach. Always test fabrics for color fastness first.

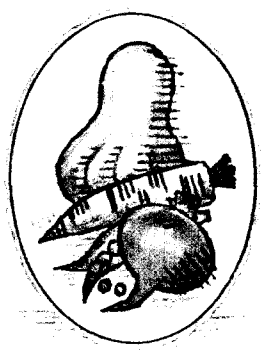
Tar: Scrape off as much as possible. Rub stain with petroleum jelly. Then sponge with cleaning fluid. Wash in warm, soapy water. Rinse.
Tomato: Sponge with cold water. Work glycerine into stain and let stand half hour. Sponge with soap and water.

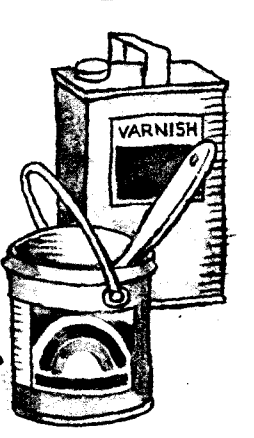
Varnish: Same as "Paint" above.
Vegetable Stains: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Then work in detergent and rinse.
Vomit: Sponge or soak in a solution of two quarts of cold water with half cup of salt. Rinse in clear water and wash with warm soapsuds.

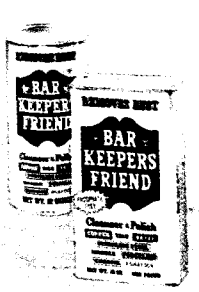
Walnut Stain: Very difficult to remove. Boil washable articles in soap or detergent solution for fresh stains. If safe for fabric and stain remains, use chlorine or sodium perborate bleach treatment.
Wax (candle): Scrape off as much as possible. Place fabric between two paper towels and press with warm iron. Sponge final traces of oily stain with denatured alcohol and water (1 part alcohol, 2 parts water).
Wax (car, floor, furniture): Rub with soap or detergent and rinse with warm water. On some wash-wear fabrics, it may be necessary to let stand for several hours before rinsing and then laundering as usual. Sometimes you may need to use grease solvent.

Yellowing (fabrics): For general overall yellowing, add 3 tablespoons BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular wash. For localized unknown yellow-brown stains, make a paste of BKF and water, apply to stain and let stand few moments. Launder as usual.









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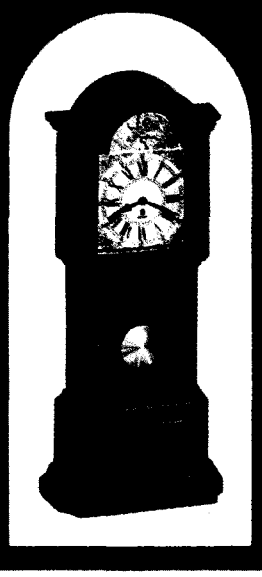

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continued from page 122

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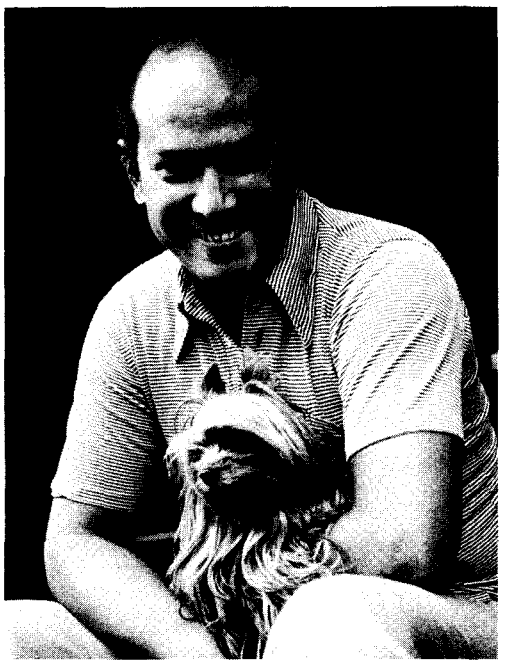

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"Are you sure?" Mrs. Johnson inquired.

"I most certainly am," the woman snapped, "and I think it is high time that something is done about it."

"So do I," Mrs. Johnson replied evenly. "I think you should pay part of our real-estate tax."

Albert M. Hobbs

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KEEPING POSTED

Rebecca Webb Wilson

The English language is a magnificent instrument of speech which belongs to us all, although only a few are gifted with its eloquence. But when one such shines through our daily scrambles through baskets of manuscripts, nothing can quite equal the shared excitement—the author is close to exultation, and once more *we* have the tingling of the skin which makes all the uncertainty of the search worthwhile. Such was the case when we first read "The Pall" by Rebecca Wilson. (See pages 60-61 of this issue.)

Becky Wilson's story is based upon a factual incident to the extent that there had indeed been a drowning in a Southern river.

"The Pall," of course, is not a flourish of plot. It is a prose poem with all of the realism and restraint of a Robert Frost: it is an exercise in the dark rhythms of everyday living recalling Frost's line in his stark poem where the boy's hand is shockingly amputated during a woodcutting chore: "and they, since they were not the one dead, turned and went on about their work." It is the poetry of emotions uncovered so delicately that they culminate in a hammer blow. It is the cry of the author to all humble beings who must suffer their special tragedies of existence without overt help or sympathy from others. It is a great theme, simply told, as it should be, matching the lonely nobility of the frightened death it describes.

Mrs. Wilson took over six years to write "The Pall," noodling it and noodling it, until the framework of its telling could be as spare as the pitiful little tragedy by the side of the river, framed in an early Southern spring.

One can wonder how she could find time to think of writing. Born in 1943 in Jackson, Mississippi, her vocations and her avocations have taken her all over the world, doing more things than we can comfortably list here. "I am probably the dilettante of the decade! After college I was a stewardess for Pan Am for two and a half years. I obtained my real estate license and sold for a year and a half. Also, I got my private pilot's license. My primary regret about life is the fact I know I will never be able to know all or do all I want to, but I will go out trying!"

With the publication of "The Pall," Becky Wilson says she is motivated to write more. We want her to. We think she'll do it; we hope for many more stories from someone who thinks and feels like Becky Wilson, because that is what writing is all about, and what it always has been about.

• • •

Unsung heroes of our time include countless numbers of practicing and research physicians who make discoveries which save lives or lessen pain.

One reason these men are unsung is that the protocol of the medical profession prohibits, in general, publicity of a professional or personal nature which might tend to glamorize an individual in the commercial sense. This is understandable and laudable, but in talking with Becky Wilson, we learned that, after a series of miscarriages in the second trimester of pregnancy, she had been fortunate enough to learn of a device, the silicone cuff, which had been developed to correct an incompetent cervix (see Medical Mailbox, August/September 1974). The happiness in the birth of a daughter, reflected by the young mother in the photograph above, was the shining result. Becky wished all would-be mothers with a similar problem could know of this device.

The physician who developed the silicone cuff is Dr. Edward Yosowitz, a modest young practicing internist and clinical instructor at Baylor University. And even more remarkably coincidental, the doctor had once been a lab partner of one of our editors during medical school. The three strands come together in a way which illustrates once more—to editors, readers, and scientists all—the seeming fictions that real life contrives to cast up around us.

Saying Hello to Mary

The technique of interviewing famous people varies according to the author. Some writers like to come on strong with provocative questions to unsettle the person being interviewed. Obviously, celebrities are on their guard against such tactics. When Managing Editor Fred Birmingham went to interview Mary Tyler Moore, he took the exact opposite tack. He brought her a present of a *Saturday Evening Post* bag, the perfect gift for a girl who has everything. The latest word from the West Coast is that Mary carries it everywhere with her, and as far as we're concerned she can represent the *Post* anytime.

Echols

continued from page 120

your local telephone number so that they can contact you in case of delays or a change in schedule. If you do not reconfirm your flight the airline can legally cancel your reservation.

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continued from page 108

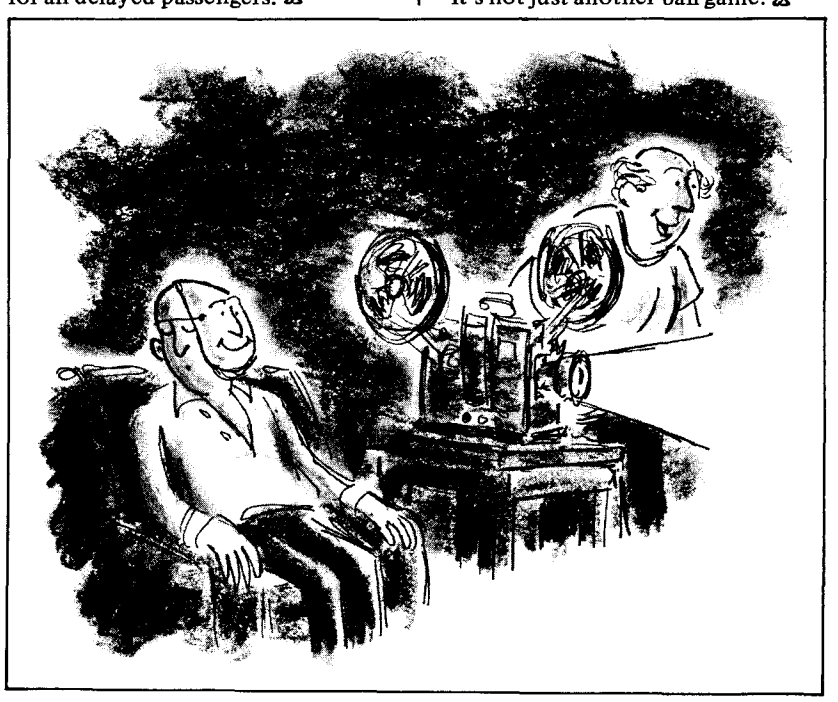
World Series. In the final game of the 1970 World Series, with two out in the ninth inning and Baltimore leading, 9-3, Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson sent Pat Corrales up as a pinch-hitter for Hal McRae. Corrales grounded out to Brooks Robinson and the Series was over. But I couldn't get that pinch-hitting move out of my head. It just didn't figure.

In the clubhouse later, I managed to get Anderson off to the side, and ask him about the move. I'll never forget his answer. He said, "Being a catcher on the same club with Johnny Bench isn't easy. Nobody knows you're around. But I know what Pat Corrales meant to this club even when he wasn't playing. I knew that this might be the last chance Pat Corrales would ever have to be in a World Series. I knew what it would mean to him, and I wanted to see that he got that chance.

> Nice guys finish last.
> *Leo Durocher*

I hear a lot about people in other sports who go into seclusion when there's a big event. No phones, no friends, just peace and quiet. When I hear that I always think of Eddie Sawyer, who managed the Philadelphia Phillies in the 1950 World Series. I don't think you could really say that Eddie got much seclusion. He had nineteen house guests for the World Series. And the manager of the National League champions wound up sleeping on the floor in his own house.

I don't know what the World Series is. It's more than two baseball teams, under a bright spotlight of competition and publicity. It's more than an outfielder ducking fruit, or an umpire going without sleep, or a veteran telling a young player that he will *always* be nervous before a World Series, no matter how many he plays. I suppose that a World Series is made up of these things, and a lot more. But one thing I do know: it's not just another ball game.



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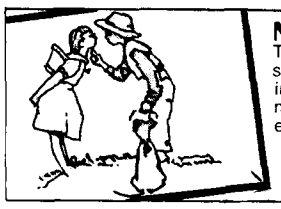

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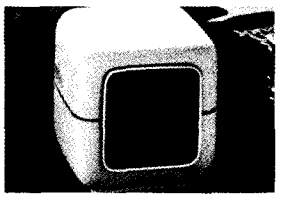

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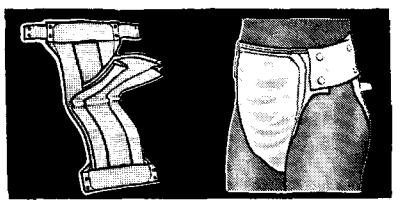

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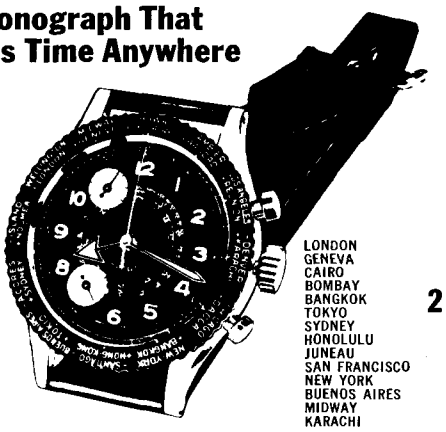

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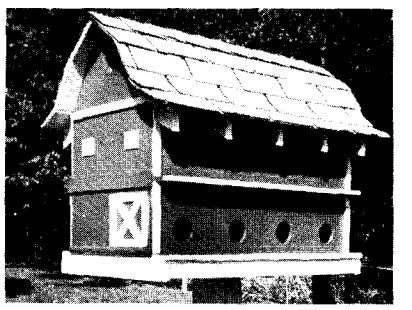

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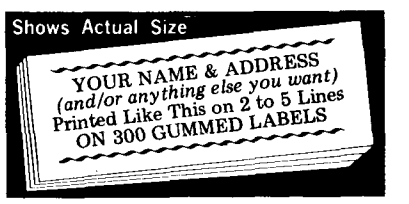

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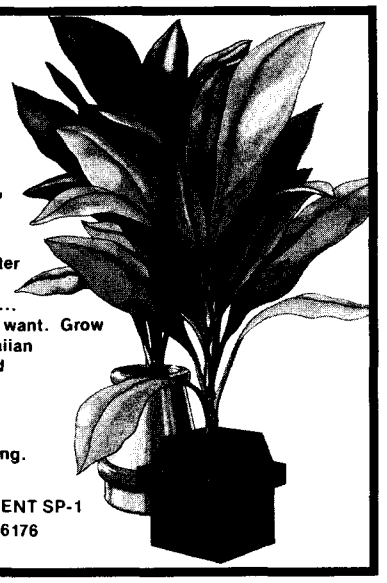

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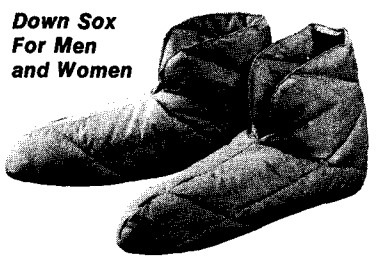

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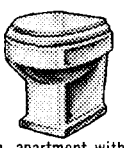

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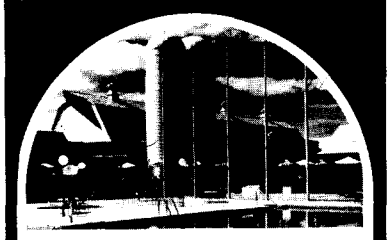

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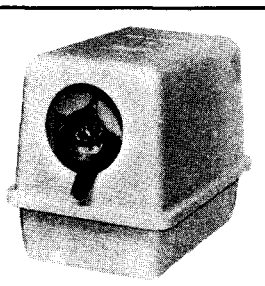

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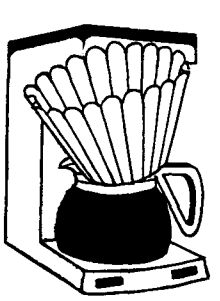

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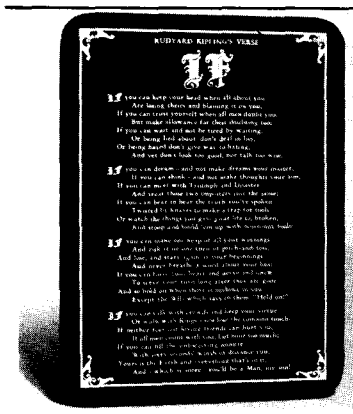

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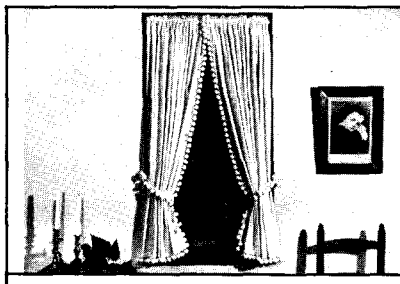

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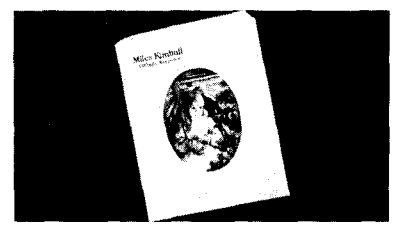

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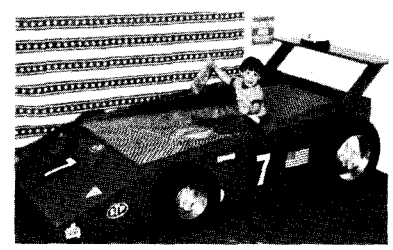

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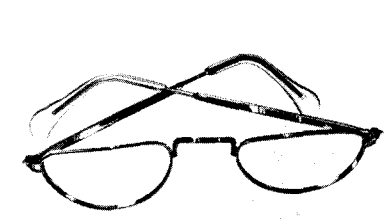

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SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH

continued from page 6

"Es ist nicht ladylike on the rocks zu trinken," she said questioningly when the waiter left.

"Das ist kein handicap," Mr. Payne observed. "Wir sind keine gentlemen."

"Ah," teased the girl, "Sie sind gangsters."

Mr. Payne motioned to me. "Mein partner ist ein rowdy, aber ich bin ein good guy."

I ignored my student's freshness and explaining to the girl I said, "Es ist modern on the rocks zu trinken."

"Sehr up to date, ja?"

"Mehr up to date als Kansas City," laughed my student alone.

The girl smiled sweetly at him. "Ich habe ein sixth sense dass Sie ein ladykiller sind. Sie sind clever und haben den dandy look."

"Und Sie haben ein swinger look."

The blonde smiled coyly. "Ich bin ein old-fashioned girl."

"Ja," said Mr. Payne, "Ich bin ein greenhorn. Ich wait und see."

The waiter brought the martini and we all raised our glasses. "Prosit," said my student.

"Party time is coming," responded the girl.

This seemed like a good time to introduce ourselves and the girl said her name was Ingrid. "Sie sind keine old-timers in Berlin?" she asked.

"Wir sind newcomers," I said. "Wir sind tourists. Wir gehen sightseeing."

"Berlin hat keine gute skyline," Ingrid said.

"Ich gehe girls sightseeing," said young Mr. Payne.

"Viel success," said the beautiful blonde.

"Was machen Sie today?" I asked her.

"Ich gehe shopping in city center. Ich kaufe blue jeans, einen pullover, ein paar slippers, und makeup für mich und T-shirts für meinen teen-age Bruder. Und last but not least LP records für mein hi-fi."

"Haben Sie viel money?" asked Mr. Payne.

"Nein. Aber ich habe viel credit."

"Credit is mehr 'in' als money," I ventured.

"Ich habe kein money oder kein credit," volunteered Mr. Payne, and I wondered how he intended to pay for his BAD course.

"Keine checks von daddy?" the girl asked sadly.

Mr. Payne shook his head. "Wir sind nicht high society. Wir sind self-made men."

"Aber Sie haben das know-how?"

"Know-how ist das American way of life," I added.

The waiter passed our table and I mentioned a cigarette brand to him. In a moment he was back carrying a cigarette tray. "Ich bin sorry," he said, "den brand haben wir nicht in der box." He waved the tray. "Aber, bitte, self-service."

I lighted a cigarette and watched my student get ready for the final question of his final exam.

"Ingrid," he said, taking a deep breath. "Ich habe ein brainstorm. Ich möchte ein weekend date mit Ihnen."

> Many a man wishes he were strong enough to tear a telephone book in half—especially if he has a teen-age daughter.
> —*Guy Lombardo*

It was obvious she wanted to accept, but she hesitated. My student pressed on. "Nicht worry," he said soothingly, "Ich kidnappe Sie nicht."

"Aha," she surrendered laughing, "Gehen wir zu einem drive-in movie?"

"Sie like movies?"

"Nicht diese dirty fight und kill movies. Ich bin für law und order."

"Kein trouble. Wir gehen nicht zu movies aber zu einem nightclub."

"Ein topless nightclub?"

"Ein nightclub mit candlelight und wine und dancing all night."

"All night dancing. Sie sind top fit."

"Ja. Ich mache viel training and camping. Ich bin ein outdoors man," Mr. Payne boasted, flexing his muscles.

"Ich bin sick," I mumbled.

"Aber ein meeting ist unfair wenn Sie eine wife haben."

The young student formed the fingers of his right hand into the scout's honor sign. "Ich bin single," he promised.

"Er hat ein fair-play trophy," I said, trying to help him.

Ingrid looked suspiciously at me. "Sie haben gutes teamwork."

"Ich bin loyal aber ich bin kein matchmaker," I protested. "Wir haben kein gentlemen's agreement."

They made a Friday night date then and Ingrid stood up to go shopping. We shook hands around. "Ich see you later, gentlemen," she said.

"Sie take it easy," I answered.

We watched her wiggle between the tables and then disappear into the crowd. I turned to my student and put out my hand. "Congratulations, Dr. Payne. You're now a Ph.D. from the University of BAD."

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continued from page 133

is no. And on it runs, and runs.

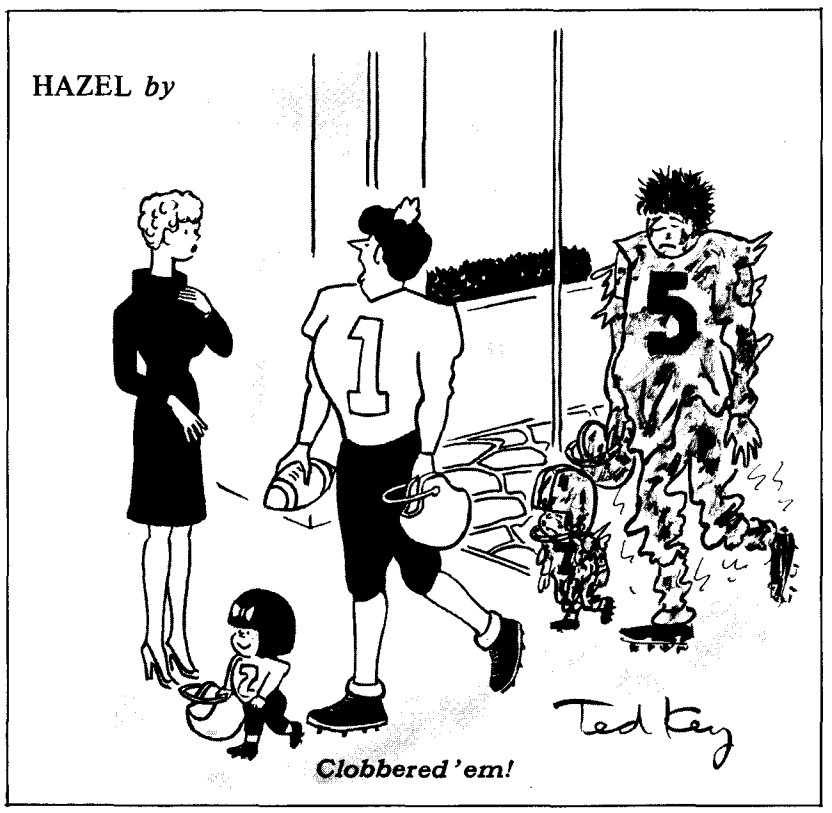
The tiniest peccadillo of anyone currently serving in the Administration is headline news in the jaundiced eye. But where have you seen reports of columnist Earl Wilson's 1974 book, *Show Business Laid Bare,* detailing sordid scandals (as yet unchallenged by JFK intimates) in the presidential life of John F. Kennedy? You haven't—and you won't. The liberal TV and radio media will not tarnish *their* heroes, just their enemies. The liberal media will not publicize that which they prefer not to believe, or believe but wish not to let you and me know about.

Currently a rehabilitation effort is underway, involving the careers of the convicted perjurer (and communist spy) Alger Hiss, and the convicted and executed spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Because Congressman Richard Nixon participated in Hiss's rightful exposure, and because Mr. Nixon is now in grievous trouble, therefore Hiss is innocent. Or so one would believe if one watches recent TV and radio news programs treat Hiss's allies and his own views and protestations of innocence seriously.

As for the Rosenbergs, former federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind, who had no connection with the Rosenberg case, entitled an article in *TV Guide* (March 16, 1974) "TV Turns Soviet Spies into U.S. Folk Heroes." Of course the Rosenbergs were framed; that's what we are to believe in the newly minted history churned out by the National Public Affairs Center for TV "documentary" on the two traitors. All this despite incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. What the cinema attempted in 1971 to do to the convicted anarchist murderers Sacco and Vanzetti—"If you see no other film this year, you must see *Sacco and Vanzetti*," the ads screamed—TV and radio are attempting to do to the Rosenbergs: make of them innocent victims of a horrid, capitalist, proto-fascist America.

Blind to the transgressions of those on the left (unless they are fundamentally savage, like the Symbionese Liberation Army thugs, and even there one will find timid efforts to highlight the "humanitarian" tendencies of that outrageous band of hooligans); attuned always to the slightest evil on the right; year in year out given to employing language designed to implant in the minds of viewers and listeners the wonders of the United Nations, the evil of those who oppose forced busing, and so forth: the jaundiced eye is active, on the go to get its points across. Liberals, like others, have viewpoints; when they have *power*—the media—they use it.

And who protests? Bill Leonard of CBS News recently acknowledged, in re news and documentary programs, that "the subjective impact of the writer-editor has a profound effect." Read between the lines, that means: bias is not only possible, it exists. And ABC's Howard K. Smith blew the whistle on his colleagues in all three commercial networks when he observed in print two years ago that there was much justice, and more than a little truth, in Spiro Agnew's critique of the media. But these instances of media criticism from within the higher echelons of the media themselves are rare, isolated, lonely. In general, the media cover their tracks, acting as aggrieved victims of madmen's assaults, whenever anyone dares suggest that they might cleanse their own stables before running white-gloved paws across someone else's files. CBS, for instance, has done nearly everything short of throwing Molotov cocktails to destroy the Vanderbilt University Television News Archives, which is faithfully recording and storing *every* network news program for scholarly research purposes. CBS fears, quite obviously, that documented evidence of its own biases might hurt it.



The foregoing merely skims the surface. Every page of this issue of this magazine, and of all those to come for the next year, wouldn't suffice to give complete documentation of the workings of the jaundiced eye. Which is not to say that media bias is all there is to the media. I myself find my extensive involvement with television enjoyable, stimulating, and rewarding in friendships made with colleagues and audiences alike, if not in the sometimes still patronizing attitude of those who see me as a token. And we are all richer for the entertainment and genuine educational programs made available to us by the commercial networks and public TV both.

But as Kevin Phillips notes, "The imbalance is massive. The big media don't attack their fellow liberals in the top ranks of organized labor. . . . Business gets almost all the sticks and stones thrown by the New York-Washington media." And that is just about attitudes taken by the biased media toward the free enterprise system; much the same can be said about other facets of our society.

How have they done with their retrospectives on history? To hear TV tell it, Joseph McCarthy had *no* truth on his side: there simply weren't any Communists, you know, and it was all a great witch-hunt, and every fellow traveler now being taken out of mothballs and "restored" to honor—why, just innocent victims of a 1950's "cold war" hysteria. Or so you are to believe.

How do they do in general with political coverage? You'll hear a lot about "ultraconservatives" in politics, but when you hear Walter Cronkite call somebody, say, George McGovern, an "ultraliberal," tell me about it and I'll recant. It is unconscionable for one set of ideological biases to dominate American TV, but that is precisely the case.

Spending by government? For what? Defense? Too much, way too much; coexistence is the name of that game. Welfare? Not nearly enough; tax the peasants more to pay for the serfs. Or something like that, not necessarily so bold or bald, but quite that biased.

Family life? In 1972 and 1973, public TV gave us twelve weeks of the Loud family of Santa Barbara, California—warts and all, upper-middle-class "counterculture" kids, havoc galore. Can one imagine public TV devoting that much time and the $1.6 million of the taxpayers' money it costs to present "An American Family," to treat of a family composed, shall we say, *dare* we say, of "average" Americans who barely scrape by after taxes gouge them, who honor the flag, who support America's commitments abroad, who distrust Reds? The answer, resolutely, is no.

Currently fashionable movements? We all know about the "downtrodden" Indians at Wounded Knee, and of the "valiant efforts" of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers. But does TV tell us about the strong-arm tactics of the American Indian Movement (AIM) and the Chavez bully boys, and, among a *majority* of grape and lettuce workers of the unpopularity of the UFW?

Maybe I overstress. Perhaps, having monitored TV for years and functioned within TV for some time, I'm disposed to see the darker side, to note the jaundice in the big tube more quickly than are those who merely let it passively influence them. But, as *National Review* Senior Editor Jeffrey Hart observed recently in his column: the networks have "become in effect a fourth branch of government, a liberal branch, with a political leverage far superior to that of the variegated and largely ill-informed Congress, and to that of the Court—those two supposedly 'equal' branches."

The evidence is overwhelming. We can read of it in a new weekly feature in *TV Guide,* "News Watch," now beginning to make a dent in the way Americans are led to consider the TV medium. We can watch as *The New Yorker,* a bastion of liberalism, editorializes in early April of this year that *TV Guide* is "unbalancing" its coverage by having four conservatives and only one liberal comprise its "New Watch" team. I don't recall reading similar complaints in *The New Yorker* about the *leftward* bias in most of the media.

There is no simple answer, although one proposal would be a way out. Cable TV and pay TV must be allowed nationwide freedom to operate; the FCC should be abolished and TV and radio stations put up for sale to the highest bidder (obviously including the present licensees), with complete rights of management devolving upon the owner.

Short of that complete reversal of the present situation, the public has to be watchful, ever vigilant, and insist that true, even-handed balance—*fairness*—be the order of the day, not the exception, in TV and radio. A start in that direction would be if viewers and listeners kept a log of news events covered, attitudes expressed, and commentators permitted to air their views on TV and radio. The CBS "Spectrum" series of commentators is billed as a balanced mix of conservatives, liberals, and "centrists." Two weeks of such monitoring by a few thousand Americans, followed up if need be by protest letters to the FCC and local stations, and we could witness a massive upheaval, which might begin the necessary medical treatment of that jaundice afflicting the big TV eye, and the selective hearing infecting TV's cousin, the radio ear.

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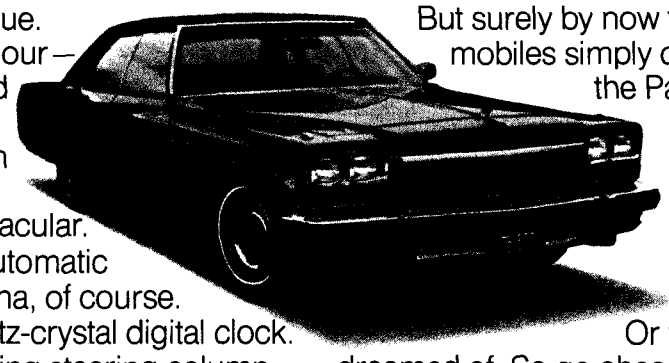

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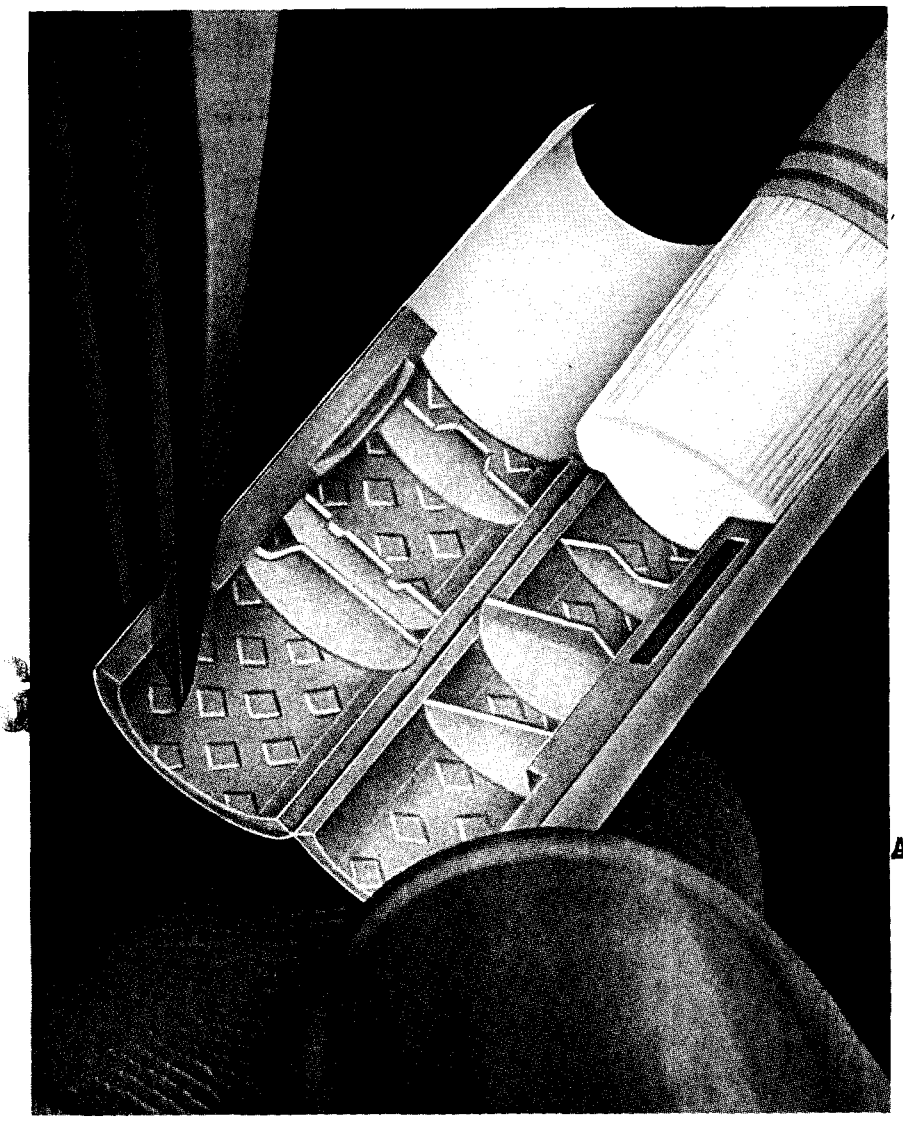

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